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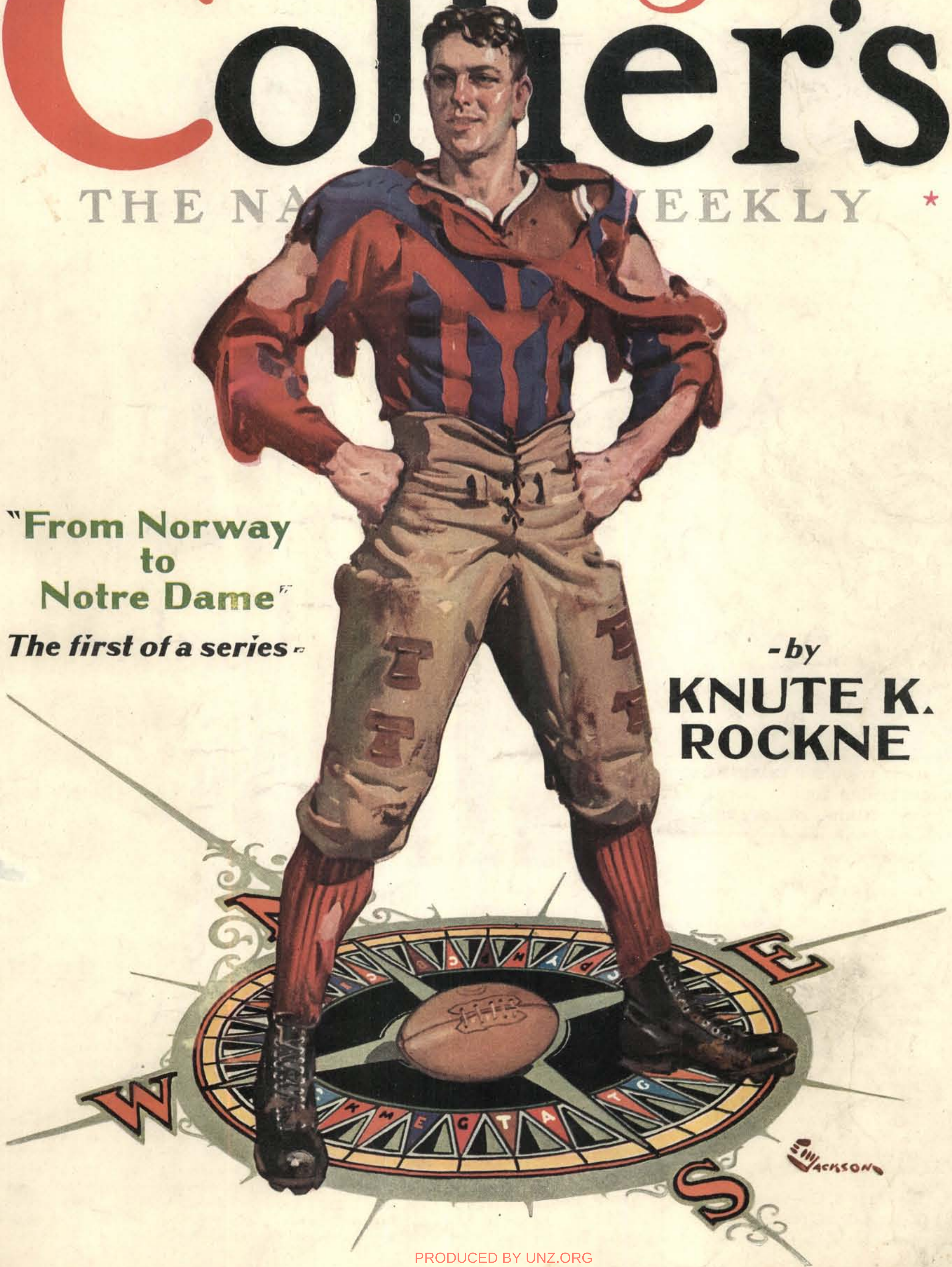
October 18, 1930

Collier's

THE NA EEKLY *


N
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JACKSON

"From Norway to Notre Dame"

The first of a series

-by

KNUTE K. ROCKNE

Even a Queen *couldn't get away with it*

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heartbreak. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

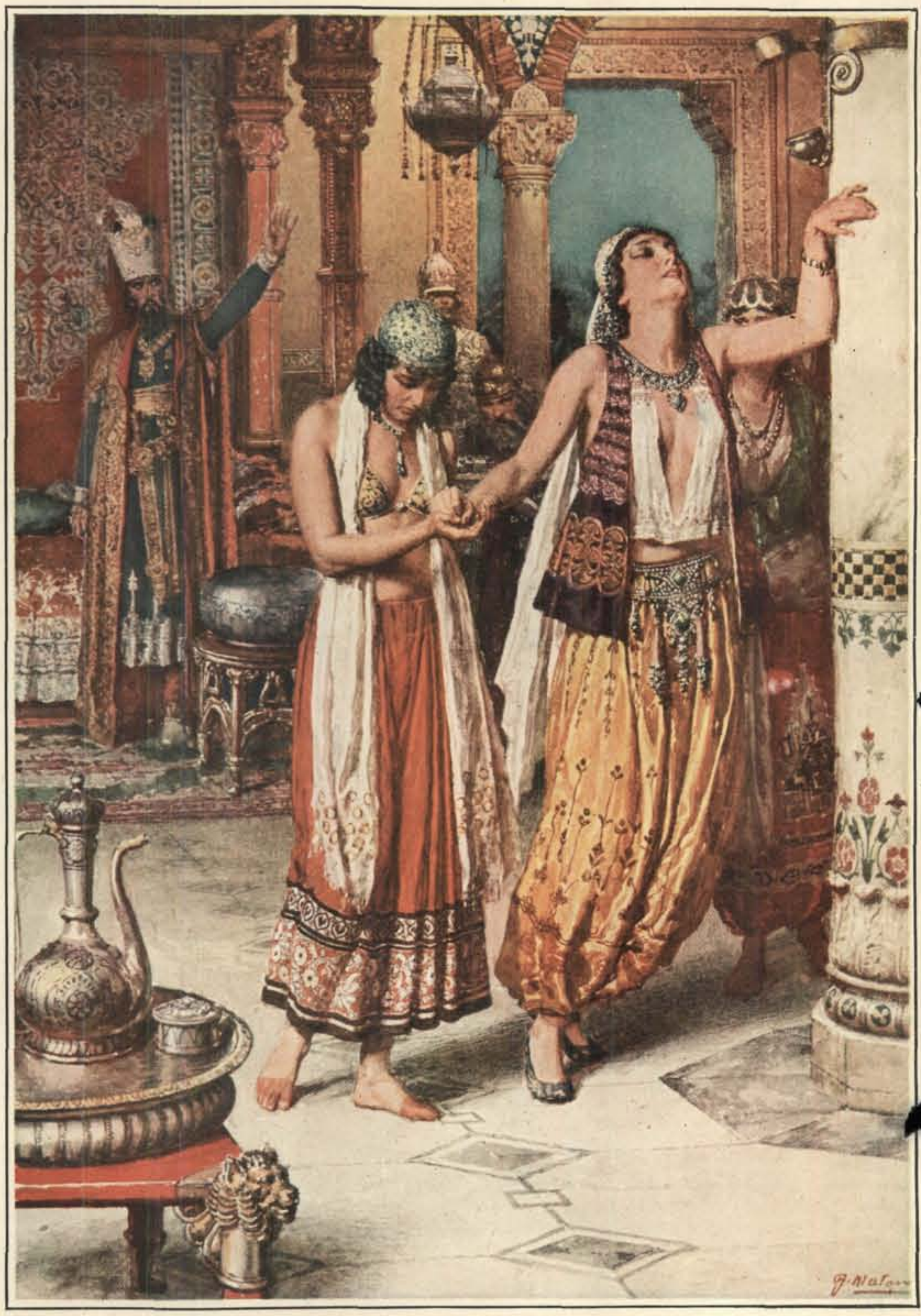
With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

> *"She was sleeping . . . ,*
> *All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.*
> *But verily her breathing was not sweet,*
> *And grew disgustful to the king of kings,*
> *Who shrank and turned his head away from her*
> *Upon the couch because her breath was foul.*
> *The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,*
> *His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.*
> *They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,*
> *And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,*
> *Examined till he found a remedy—*
> *A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,*
> *Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This*
> *He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,*
> *And caused her eyes to water lustily.*
> *The fetor fled away, her palate burned,*
> *Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair*
> *Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.*
> *The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,*
> *And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * *"*

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.



"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

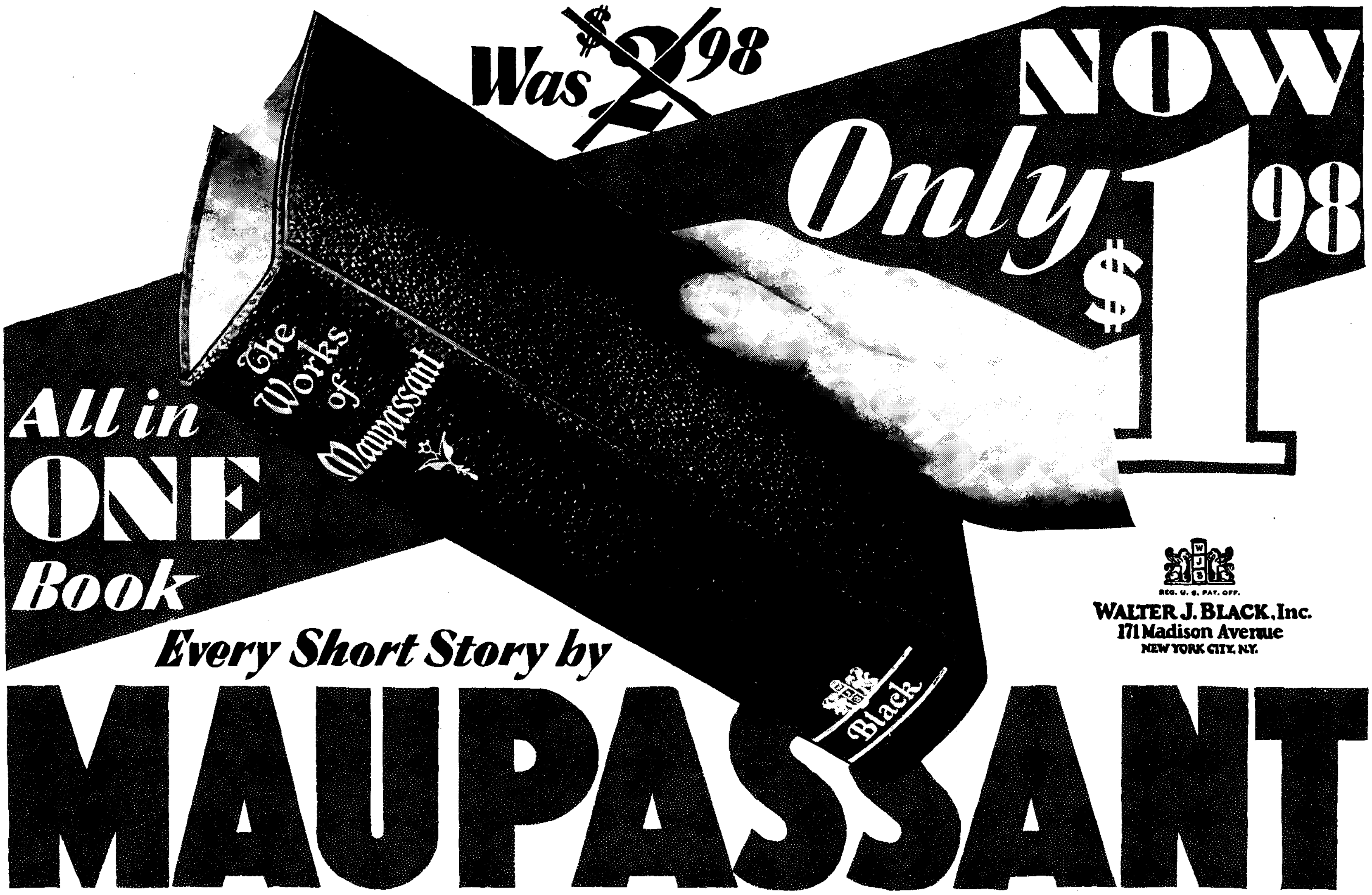
THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others. Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* *

***Though non-poisonous, safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine is at the same time a swift and powerful germicide. Repeated tests show that it kills even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Catarrhalis (catarrh), and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).**



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- A Mesalliance
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- Under the Yoke
- Virtue in the Ballet
- Mademoiselle
- A Passion
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- Moonlight
- The Bed
- The Devil
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- Magnetism
- A Wife's Confession
- The Story of a Farm Girl
- Letter Found on a Corpse
- In His Sweetheart's Livery
- Bed No. 29
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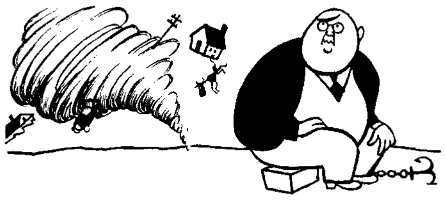
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MEN, we have heard it said, go straight to their goal, boldly pushing obstacles aside, whereas women take a detour and not infrequently get there first. It's probably true. In fact we've come to expect something of that sort from our heroines; but Maribell Mead surprised us. Not every young woman—not even every young woman with red hair—would undertake to reorganize a moving picture company. And surely very few young women would put that company in a position to earn forty million dollars simply in order to save Bob Hutchinson's sixty-five-dollar-a-week job for him. But that's what Maribell, with her unobtrusive talent for bossing the works and her highly visible red hair, did. And she seemed to think it worth the trouble. Jerome Beatty tells you about it in "A Bracelet for Maribell."



MR. GRUNDY of Pennsylvania gave expression to his views about backward states and became famous. Nobody doubted that Mr. Grundy meant what he said: there was the ring of sincerity in his voice. But a good many people thought that he would have done better to have left it unsaid. In Pennsylvania certain persons of importance decided that the thing to do was to ditch Mr. Grundy. The confusion that resulted resembled a whirlwind. When it subsided, it became evident that Mr. Grundy had been the motionless point at its center; he was just where he had been before, but everything else in Pennsylvania had changed. Mr. Davenport takes the whirlwind apart for you in "Double Cross Marks the Spot."

THE Lebbeter twins were famous in the Glen for the perfect division of labor in their every effort. When Clem talked, Bert thought; and together they were unbeatable. It was only natural that when Finn & Dorner wanted to fleece them the first thing these shysters did was to force them to separate. Hugh MacNair Kahler tells what happened to the wolves when they got the Lebbeters apart. The story is called "Just a Couple of Lambs."

"IF YOU are the summit of a volcano the least you can do is to smoke." And that's what the ex-Kaiser was and did—until the volcano exploded and the top was blown into Holland. Winston Churchill, famous British statesman, draws a vivid picture of this weak and pretentious imperial sham in "The Truth About the ex-Kaiser."

KNUTE ROCKNE continues the story of his varied and amazing career as player and coach in "Beginning at End." Gilbert Frankau tells of the strange experience of Deirdre Summers at the altar. Others may have had moments of hesitation when they heard the wedding march, but no one ever saw the vision Deirdre saw. There are stories and articles by David Thibault, George Creel, Glenna Collett and Grantland Rice. And Zane Grey and P. G. Wodehouse will continue to play to capacity audiences.

THIS WEEK

October 18, 1930

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Knute K. Rockne

From Norway to Notre Dame: The making of a great coach.

Page 10—Emma-Lindsay Squier

Don Constanzio Dares! Love and danger at the Spanish court.

Page 12—The Short Short Story

Men Are Such Brutes: By Charles Brackett .

Page 13—Uncle Henry

The Lone Woof: Hi Johnson—on the alert.

Page 14—Aimee Larkin

Made in America: Fair warning to you, Paris.

Page 15—Hagar Wilde

Don't Wait Up for Me: A very modern love story.

Page 17—Grantland Rice

Chance-Takers: They gambled—and won.

Page 18—William G. Shepherd

Prohibition's Too Wet: Strong feeling in Montana.

Page 20—P. G. Wodehouse

Big Money, Part V: Lord Hoddesdon, housebreaker.

Page 22—Alan LeMay

Kindly Kick Out Bearer: Charley Busted Wing bears witness.

Page 24—John B. Kennedy

Beards Is the Bunk: And sometimes dangerous.

Page 25—Zane Grey

Robbers' Roost, Part II: Gunmen on the trail.

Page 29—Rube Goldberg

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A. K.

Page 48—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 51—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Seating Arrangements: Reservations in House and Senate.

Page 56—Word Hunt

Page 67—Sol Metzger

They Play with Brains: This shows you how.

Page 78—Editorial

Any Week

WHENEVER life falls short of our expectations we shall think gratefully of Mrs. Robert Hansen of Racine, Wisconsin. Collier's has been read in her home for years and years. The earliest number in her treasured file of the weekly is July 5, 1902. Our only fear is that Mrs. Hansen is being slowly crowded into the woodshed and that she will, perforce, stop reading us one day. Rather than that, move into a larger house, Mrs. Hansen.

LEST solitude affect us as it has Mr. George Pilcher, of Fortuna Ledge, Alaska, we stop yearning for it. He sends us our May 3d cover picturing a young married woman (she had a ring) regarding with dismay a broken pipe, presumably her husband's, which she has knocked to the floor while swinging a feather duster. Mr. Pilcher thinks she is looking at a book and notes that the book is upside down.

Mr. Pilcher has been isolated on the Yukon for thirty-two years and, we suspect, knows nothing of the trivialities which sometimes breed domestic storms. There will be those who envy Mr. Pilcher.

IT HAS been several weeks since we were last accused of having an itching palm and no conscience. Now it is Uncle Henry's turn and the old gentleman is quivering with indignation. It is Pastor Pittenger's fault. Mr. Pittenger shepherds the Normal City Methodist Episcopal Church of Muncie, Indiana. Addressing Uncle Henry as "Wet Hen," in itself a severe blow, he says: "I read with interested disgust your 'Thunder Clouds of Incense.' . . . We *certainly hope your wet check for the article* was large. A man who sells his integrity and intelligence for money ought to be largely rewarded."

"What money?" asks Uncle Henry, and goes off muttering. He comes back to say that if the Reverend Pittenger knows of any parties who may owe Uncle Henry any substantial, or even unsubstantial, sums of money he wishes the reverend wouldn't be so darned mysterious about it.

MR. J. C. McARTHUR writes from the Elks Club in San Antonio, Texas, that if we want to make about a hundred thousand dollars we can make a book of our prohibition articles. Mr. McArthur predicts it would be a tremendous success. We might turn the idea over to Uncle Henry. We'll have to do something if the Reverend Pittenger puts more notions in his head.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS M. PARSONS, of Hartford, Connecticut, are at home every Friday evening "because that is Collier's night" and Mr. Parsons, whose agreement with us is practically solid, slaps our back with one of the best letters we've seen lately. But lest we grow uppity we pick up a note from W. L. Mattis, who teaches history in Dayton, Ohio. He begins his letter of disagreement this way: "The older I get the more I am consoled by the fact that editors and other important personages can say just as darn' fool things as I can." Well, there's something in that.

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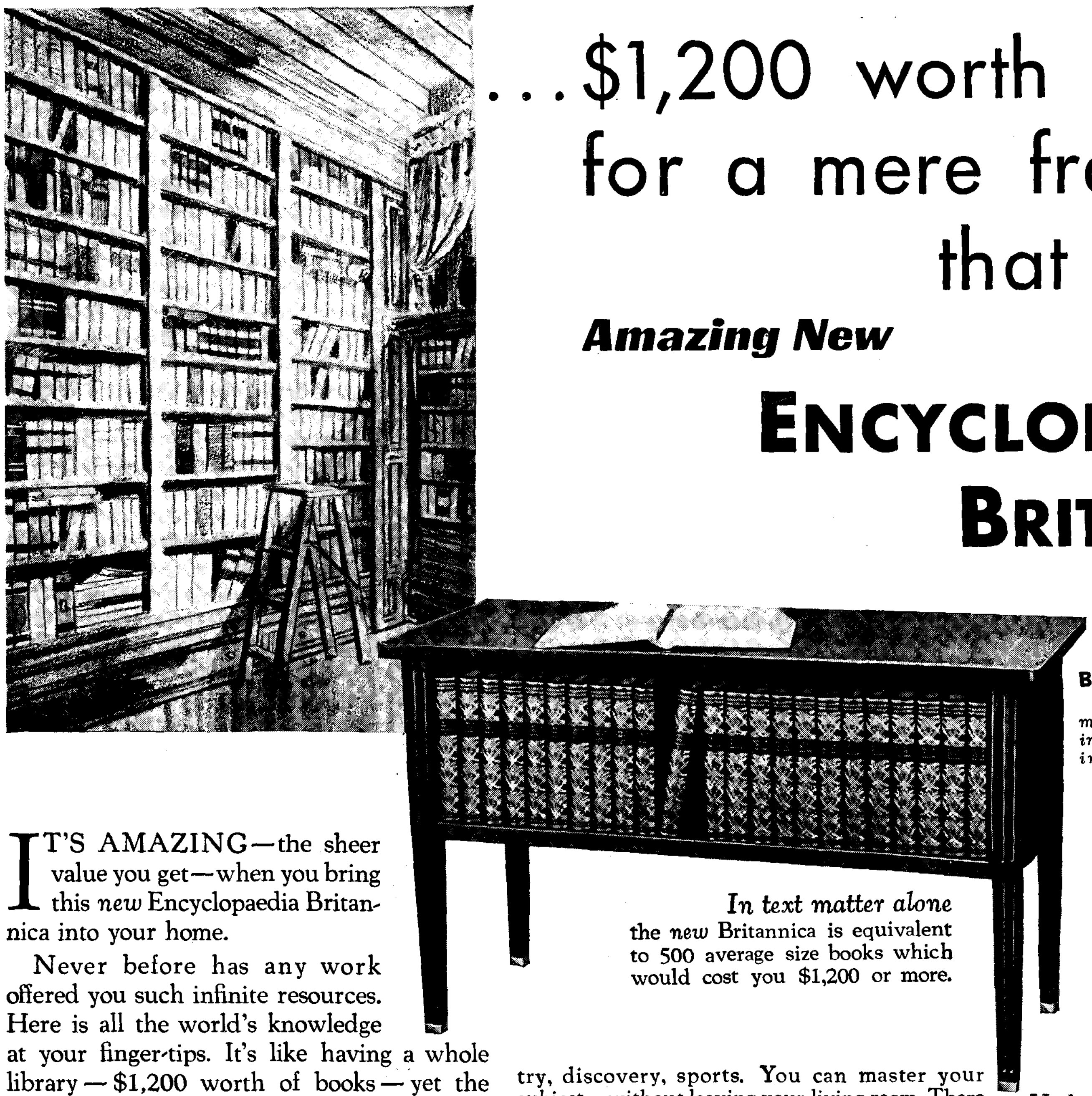

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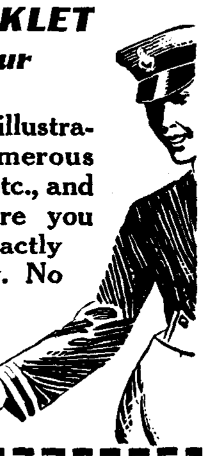

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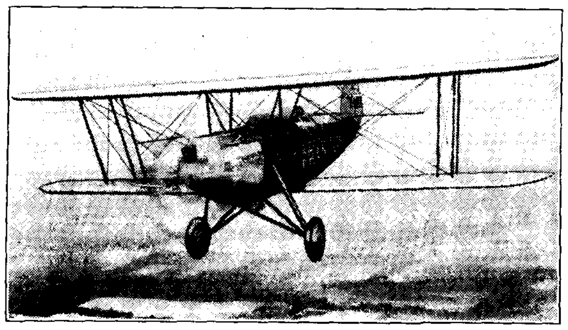
THE FAMOUS FRANKLIN *Airplane-type engine*

IN THE AIR



Franklin engine flies an airplane . . .

AIR-COOLED power has come into such universal use in aviation that at the National Air Races in Chicago this Fall, the field announcer, in describing events, constantly referred to the winner or performer as using an air-cooled ship.

On the ground, transporting the famous pilots, were dozens of Franklins powered with airplane-type motors. The hundreds of thousands of people gathered to watch air demonstrations caught the tremendous significance. And so should you.

Flies Airplane

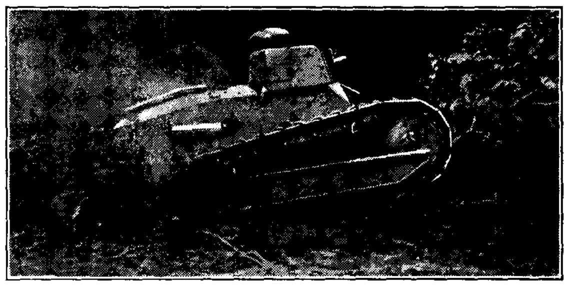
You need no longer wish for the pilot's feel of exhilaration as he moves his throttle wide open for his sweeping take-off. The same identical power is available for use on the open road. The Franklin engine, after being taken from a Franklin Sedan, flew a Waco plane in a series of difficult air maneuvers.

Since that epochal flight in Dayton, thousands have realized for the first time how far the airplane-type engine is ahead of other automobile engines.

IN U. S. ARMY TANKS

BUT if further demonstration of stamina, power and dependability were needed, think of this Franklin engine designed to power a 4000 pound sedan, out-performing in official tests all water-cooled engines when installed in a 14,000 pound Army tank.

1. *Trench crossing.* The Franklin-powered tank crossed 7-foot trenches easier than the others.
2. *Speed.* Accomplished an average high speed of 10.3 miles an hour. The high speed average of water-cooled tanks is about 6 miles an hour.
3. *Sustained speed on hills.* Pulled easier on the seventh lap than on the first. (Water in the other type power plant was half boiled away on the second lap.)
4. *Hill climbing.* Reached and climbed the "big" hill before the others covered half the distance.



. . . and powers a 7-ton tank

5. *Eight hour run.* About double the speed average of the same tank with a water-cooled engine.
6. *Successful cooling.* Engine operated perfectly in more than 8 continuous hours of all kinds of running.
7. *Maintenance of power.* Throughout all tests there was no loss of power in the Franklin-powered tank.

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These great records are translated to Franklin Owners in terms of ready, eager power, dependability and smooth, floating comfort.

Real Driving Pleasure

Your first Franklin ride is an absolutely new and different experience.

Now, you can enjoy a more thrilling automobile ride without the worry and danger of an overheated or frozen radiator.

In the Franklin there is no water to boil, freeze or leak; nothing to fill, drain, mix, tighten, lubricate, replace or repair.

Over any sort of road, Franklin riding is a new and more exciting sensation, whether you are creeping at 5 miles an hour or gliding along at 80. Mile-devouring speed, maintained steadily—because of air-cooling—actually makes trips seem much shorter. In the Franklin you get there quicker, you enjoy infinitely more comfort, and infinitely less worry.

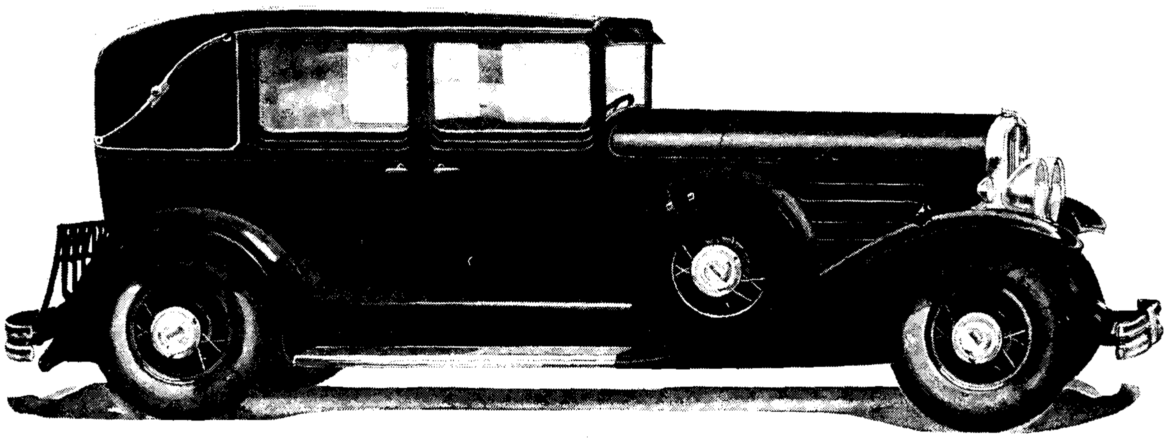
A Drive Tells the Story

One ride will convince you that Franklin brings to you the greatest possible pleasure in owning and driving an automobile.

Full-elliptic springs, a flexibly designed chassis and a number of other exclusive engineering achievements, have given Franklin a greater degree of comfort and driving ease than in any other automobile.

We invite you to your first Franklin ride at your earliest convenience.

Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

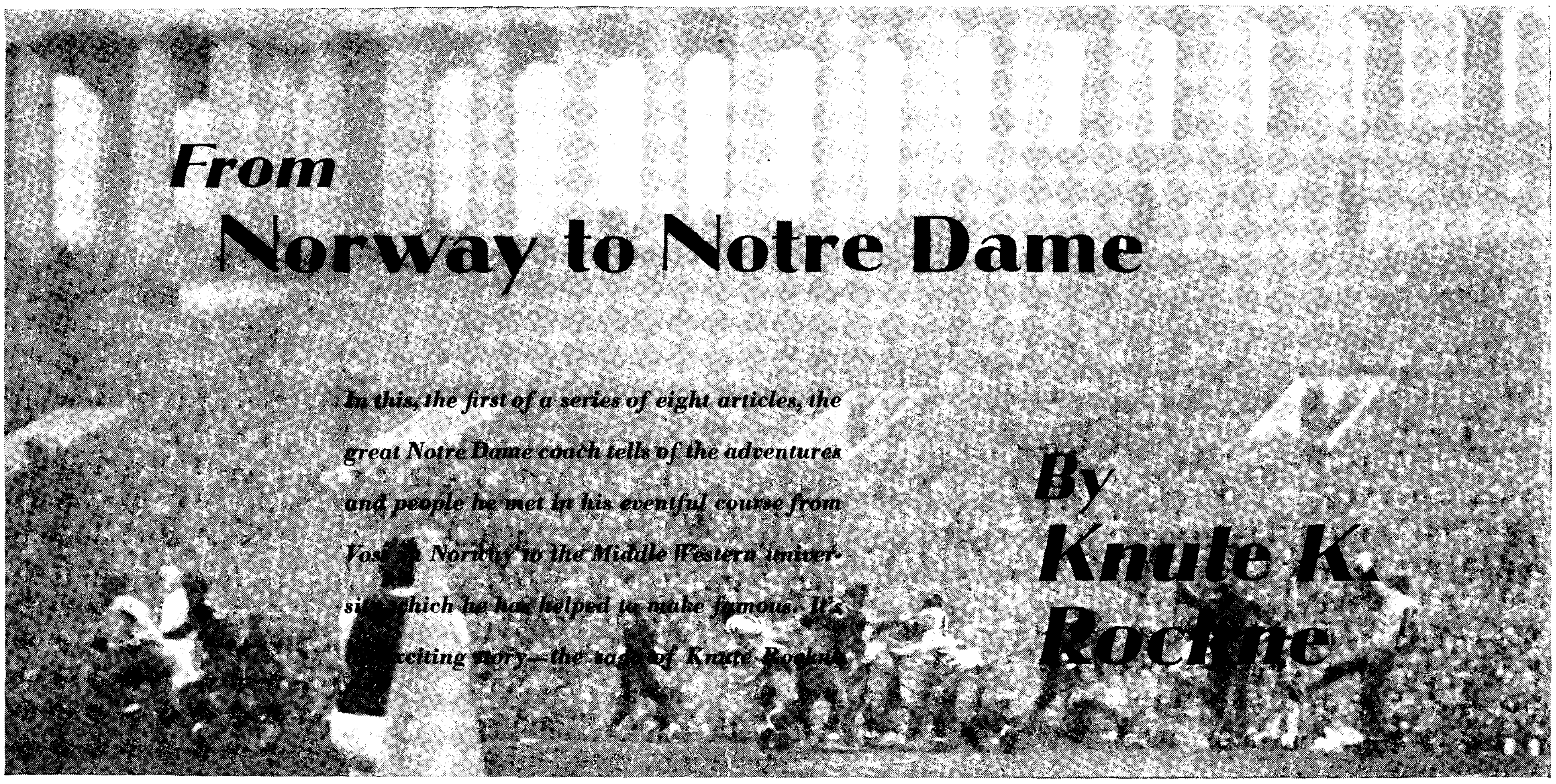


The Town Sedan. Prices of the 25 Franklin models range from $2395 to $7600, F. O. B. Factory

AIR-COOLED
FRANKLIN

AIR-COOLED POWER—BETTER FOR AUTOMOBILE AND AIRPLANE

Collier's The National Weekly for October 18, 1930



Wide World

From Norway to Notre Dame

In this, the first of a series of eight articles, the great Notre Dame coach tells of the adventures and people he met in his eventful course from Voss in Norway to the Middle Western university which he has helped to make famous. It's an exciting story—the saga of Knute Rockne

By Knute K. Rockne

THE first time I learned a football was not only something to kick, but something to think with, was when I saw a great football player in action for the first time. A sandlot youngster, who regarded football as a pleasantly rough recreation, I had no hero-worship for any player and no interest in any team. But when the Eastern high school champions of thirty years ago challenged the Western champions, the meeting of the two teams in Chicago was a great event.

Brooklyn Poly Prep was the Eastern outfit and Hyde Park High in Chicago the Western. Crashing the gate—a habit of mine as a youngster—I sat spellbound through that game. It was one-sided: the final score was 105 to 0 in favor of the Chicago team. But the clearest picture remaining from that slaughter was not the overpowering might of the Western lads, who had among them the famous Hammond brothers, later Michigan stars. The striking feature was the brilliant, heady play of Hyde Park's quarterback—a lad named Walter Eckersall. He played prairie football, mainly wide sweeps around ends; but by instinctive timing he hit the heavier Brooklyn linemen until they were dizzy. With no more than four fundamental plays he worked so quickly and coolly that he made his offense bewildering.

Eckersall's sharp, staccato calling of signals; his keen, handsome face, and the smooth precision with which he drove and countered and drove again, handling his players with the rhythm of an orchestra leader—all this gave football a new meaning to me.

After the game was over and the Western boys went cheering from the field, shouting the name Eckersall like a slogan over the defeated Easterners, I tried to get close to the hero of the day. Two or three thousand other youngsters were trying to do the same thing, so I had to go home without a handshake—yet, for the first time in a young and fairly crowded life, I went home with a hero. Dreams of how, some day, I might shine as Eckersall had shone that afternoon were my lonesome luxury. For years they were nothing but dreams. Eckersall went on to greater glory as the sensational star of the University of Chicago. My path took me from high school to nothing more athletic than being a mail dispatcher working nights, for years.

But there came an afternoon when the Notre Dame squad ran onto a Chicago field with the former sandlot boy, ex-mail dispatcher, as captain. The referee was Walter Eckersall. In his smart white togs, he looked hardly a day older than when he led Hyde Park in its overwhelming victory over Brooklyn. Grasping his hand, I said: "I've been waiting years for this."

"For what?" said Eckersall.

"To shake your hand," I said, recounting how his brilliant performance for Hyde Park High had turned my mind seriously to football.

"Stop, stop," said Eckersall in the middle of the recital, "or Notre Dame will be penalized five yards for speech-making."

How a youngster from Voss, a hamlet in Norway that lies between Bergen and Oslo, could find himself in his mid-twenties captain of a typical, mid-Western American football team may require explaining. Perhaps it's sufficient explanation to say that this evolution is a typical American story—in business, athletics and politics. It has occurred so often that it's ordinary. The breaks came my way when I had sense enough to take them; and while that's

International

Knute K. Rockne, the wizard of Notre Dame, whose fine teams have become football tradition

A member of the Northwest Division High School track team in Chicago, Rockne was an outstanding half-miler

An early picture, made in Chicago, of the author and his sisters

an unromantic way of explaining a career, it has the advantage of being the truth.

Her celebrated majesty Queen Margaret of Norway had something to do with it. At least, there's the word of a student of Norse genealogy to that effect. It's on an elaborately inscribed piece of parchment that looks like a map-outline of all the football plays ever invented. This, on close perusal, informs me that I'm descended—among others—from one Enidride Erlandson of Losna, Norway. He and his tribe were landowners of some consequence. When Queen Margaret merged the three kingdoms of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, she did not retain the best features of each. At least, my pride of ancestry won't permit me to believe that she did. For the Erlandsons of Losna refused to have anything to do with the merger, retiring, in a collective huff, to the town of Voss and there establishing themselves in the hills. Generations elapsed, the hills remained the same, but it became harder and harder to make a good living.

The traditional venturesomeness of the Norsemen, aided by infiltrations of Irish blood acquired when the earlier and hardier Vikings invaded Ireland looking for trouble and returned to Norway with colleens for wives, breaks out at intervals. With my father it broke out when I was about five. The World's Fair was to be held in Chicago. Dad, by profession a stationary engineer and by avocation a carriage builder, wanted to show his wares at the World's Fair. He went to America. Later, he sent for his family. My mother took her three daughters and her only son to New York and we were duly admitted through Castle Garden. My only equipment for life in the new country was a Norwegian vocabulary, a fervent memory of home cooking combined with pleasant recollections of skiing and skating among the Voss Mountains.

How my mother ever managed that tedious voyage, which I still recall with qualms; how she guided us through the intricacies of entry, knowing nothing of English, and took us into the heart of a new, strange and bewildering country without mishap—how, in brief, she achieved the first step in our Americanization unaided by anybody, is one of the millions of minor miracles that are of the stuff and fabric of America.

Perhaps it was a trick of Fate that the first natives of the new country to register favorably with me were not only natives, but aborigines—Indians. In the Elysium of the World's Fair, with its glittering palaces, amazing crowds, a tow-headed Norwegian youngster was lost one day. Elated by an award of a medal for his exhibit of a carriage, Dad had failed to check my natural curiosity. So I wandered all over that paradise of sights and sounds and smells; having a glorious time on popcorn, pink lemonade and the new and delightful rite of the hot-dog. At length—and it must have been a long time—I wound up before a reduced facsimile of an Indian reservation.

A Scandinavian Redskin

The contrast between me, a white-haired Nordic fresh from the original source of supply, and the jet-haired Indian papooses must have struck some minor Indian chief. When the fairgrounds police, in their nightly hunt for youngsters lost, stolen or strayed, came to item 181-B, specifying a Norwegian boy who knew no English but might respond to the name Knute Kenneth Rockne if pronounced with pressure on the K's, they gave it up. Until morning. Then a weary copper, passing the Indian reservation, beheld a blond head surmounted by feathers, bobbing through a scampering mob of Indian kids, wielding a wooden tomahawk and yelling for scalps.

They promptly collected me, stripped me of Indian finery and restored me to my puzzled parents. Ever since then I've held Indians in affection and esteem, unmodified even by collision on the football field with the greatest Indian athlete of them all. For when, as a professional player for Massillon, Ohio, I undertook the job of tackling Jim Thorpe and learned, while prostrate, following sudden and severe contact, that Mr. Thorpe was no respecter of even All-America persons—the Indian sign became more than an empty phrase.

We'll get back to that. Before I was to see and meet Indians again, a Chicago childhood and youth had to be gone through. It was not unpleasant going. The new, spacious city, with its endless corner lots and tolerant police, was a great place for a boy to grow up in, in the era B. C.—Before Capone. Our baseball and football games were undisturbed by rifle-fire and the popping of pineapples. At that, there was excitement enough for everybody.

We lived in the Logan Square neighborhood—chiefly inhabited by Irish and Swedes. Chicago's broad ethnology called all Scandinavians "Swedes." The Irish were clubby so were the Swedes. My lot was naturally with the latter. On a huge vacant corner boys of the two nationalities would meet on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in impromptu and sometimes violent contests. A husky middle-aged copper named O'Goole kept a paternal eye on us. When the Irish lads were pounding us "Swedes," O'Goole strode up and down the sidelines, grinning. To onlookers who protested that he should stop the free-for-all, he said:

"Nonsense! It's an elegant game, good for the youngsters. Look at Patsy Regan there knock that Swede lad from under a punt."

A few of us, dissatisfied with constant lickings at the hands—and feet—of the Irish, scouted other neighborhoods for bigger Swedes. When bigger boys couldn't be found, we enrolled a couple of bruiser-like Italians on our side.

O'Goole strolled by while a bigger and better battle was in progress and the Irishers were getting a free and liberal taste of mud.

This won't do at all," he said, striding to the midst of the battle and grabbing Swede boys by their necks. "The game is altogether brutal and unfit for small boys."

We could only even matters by appealing to the precinct captain to send us a Swede cop as well as O'Goole to supervise our games. Then mayhem was balanced for both sides.

Trouble—in Handfuls

My first real baptism of mire was received in one of those neighborhood corner-lot games. I was an end on the Tricky Tigers—historic rivals of the Avondales—so called because we had a wow of a triple pass back of the line when we wanted to impress opponents and onlookers. Our equipment wasn't elaborate. No helmets, one shin-guard per player. We tied our ears with elastic tape to prevent spreading.

Many of us graduated to the Barefoot Athletic Club of older boys, mostly Irish. In a crucial game with the Hamburg A. C. for the district championship trouble came in handfuls. Crowds lined the gridless gridiron and broke into it as the game progressed. Irish sympathizers were militant. Only seven policemen were there to hold back the mob. Things grew unpleasant as the more pugnacious spectators slipped away every now and then for refreshments at near-by saloons.

The game was held in a huge lot opposite the White Sox Ball Park. My part in it was not brilliant, but dramatic. In those early days I had spindly legs, which I've retained, and speedy feet, which left me long ago. When the call to carry the ball came, I'd lay back my ears and sprint. That afternoon the call came. Spurting in an end run with the Hamburg boys after me, my path to a touchdown was clear. Not a Hamburg player was in front. But Hamburg rooters came to the rescue. They threw me and swiped the ball.

Minor riot ensued, players on both teams being pummeled impartially. There were so many players' noses punched that a police sergeant would only let players with nose-guards wade into the crowd.

Most of us returned home that evening with evidence of a strenuous afternoon's sport. For me, this was a serious matter. As a football initiate, I played the game surreptitiously, my parents sharing the general belief that football was a system of modified massacre. My most prized possession, a pair of patched moleskin football pants, had to be smuggled in and out of the house. Scars of battle in the Hamburg game betrayed me. My football career was squelched. As it was nearing winter, this didn't matter much, for when spring arrived with the crack of baseballs on bats, I went out with the rest of the sandlot gang. The family approved baseball. During a vicious, extra-inning game with the Maplewood boys, a hot argument developed. Being blessed or bothered by hidden strains of Irish ancestry, I found myself in the thick of it. Suddenly a bat bent on the bridge of my nose. I went home blinded, but uppermost in my mind was not sorrow, but logic. The family had banned football because it was dangerous.

"And I got this nose from baseball," was my triumphant reply.

With full parental approval, when high school days arrived for me, I went out for football, after making the high school track team as a half-miler. There occurred the inspirational picture of Walter Eckersall in action. Likewise, such prodigies of sport as Rube Waddell and Three-Finger Brown took niches in what there was of my mind.

Rube Waddell was a figure to inspire any athletically-minded youngster with the easy glory of games. We knew something of his tradition: how he had jogged on to a crowded ball park in Harrisburg, driving a team of mules and a wagon, himself attired like a scarecrow; how, after parking mules and wagon by a players' bench, he took possession of the pitcher's box and struck out twelve men in a row.

The Rube always played up to the youngsters. He'd guide droves of us into the ball park free, and we'd even follow him miles and miles in his eccentricities. He'd take French leave from his club, go to Libertyville or some other town and pitch for a local semi-pro outfit. The man was a great showman. I remember once in a semi-pro game he turned dramatically in the box, waved in all the outfielders, sent them to the bench, and struck out every batter.

In those days, I yearned to follow in the footsteps of Waddell, or that other fine pitcher, Three-Finger Brown. That meant having exceedingly sizable feet, which may be one reason why I never became a pitcher, but an outfielder. When the football bug hit me after seeing Eckersall, the diamond's luster dimmed.

Pigs' Feet vs. Pork Chops

The first big thrill of my life came when, at thirteen years of age and weighing 110 pounds, they put me on the scrubs of the Northwest Division High, now Tuley High, in Chicago. In the scrubs we had some slight coaching. Our sandlot football was what the professors call eclectic: we pinched whatever plays we had seen and could remember.

We were keen for signals. Half the fun of the game was the solemnity with which our corner-lot quarterbacks would shout, and we would receive, the long litany of signals. Only colored players excel sandlot boys in love of signals. Two teams of Negro footballers I once umpired for devised a baffling code. Both named their plays after dishes. Pork chops meant a smash through right tackle, pigs' feet a run around right end, fried chicken a split buck, and so on. Very confusing to spectators and hardly less confusing to the players. The only worthwhile thing I recall about that strange game is that one side, led by a quarterback yelling items off a menu, marched down the field and paused on the one-yard line for the team pilot to scream in final challenge: "Now, boys, over that line with the whole blame' dining-car!"

High school football in those days had all the enthusiasm but none of the finesse of today. Coaches were few. Two professors, Peters and Ellis, volunteered to teach our school squad. They did a good job of it, if only by holding me back and making me realize there was something more to football than the ball. It took me until my senior year to get on the team. Chicago followed our high school games in huge crowds. In those days our team—Northwest Division—beat the powerful Marshall High, tied with Crane, and bowed only to North Division High, whose second team licked us. The first-string players, led by Wally Steffens, now Carnegie Tech coach, joshed us from the sidelines.

Running for Stagg

Then the name of Alonzo Stagg rose on my horizon. Not in connection with football, although I knew something of his fame. It was a favorite trick of the crowd I played with to hook into the Chicago U. football field through the motor-car gates, guarded less closely than the turnstiles. We saw Eckersall run his team against squads whose names were almost mythically great to us—teams like Northwestern, Haskell and Michigan. My ambition then was to become a quarterback. When Eckersall wasn't on the field, Wally Steffens or Lee Maxwell directed the Chicago plays; each had a snap to his style that made the quarterback's job the focal point in the football drama. That was right. But a good quarterback needed all of many qualities, only a few of which I had—the principal one being speed.

Coach Stagg supervised an annual series of interscholastic meets around Chicago. The half-mile was my specialty. With the fondness for coincidence that all of us share, many have asked me whether or not Stagg and I met in those days. If we did, it must have been under the stands when I dropped out of long-distance foot-races, as invariably occurred. But persistence at track meets won me a small reputation, and when a whimsical switch to pole-vaulting brought me in the news by making an indoor record of 12 ft. 4 in.—which today wouldn't qualify a boy to be a mascot—I began to think I'd arrived.

While in high school, I got on the Chicago A. A. junior team, after making the grade in one of the numerous athletic clubs dotted around Chicago. In minor meets, the chance to win depended as much on quick wits as stop-watches. Youngsters were quickly initiated into the tricks of the athletic trade. One official timer was known for his distaste for continuous Irish victories. When he was officiating and our teams faced stiff and conquering competition, somebody on our side would always stand near this official and holler of a winning opponent named Schmidt, "Watch that O'Brien come," or of a Thorgensen, "Look at that Reilly jump." But chickens came home to roost. Once when I was bold enough to sub for an absent teammate in an 880-yard sprint for what I thought was record time, some malicious bird yelled, "Come on, Kelly," as I dashed down the lane. The non-Hibernian official overheard: the record was not mine.

The interim between finishing high school and entering college—four years, to be exact—was the principal period of my not-too-celebrated career as a track athlete. I carried the colors of Irving Park A. C. and the Central Y. M. C. A., for which I managed to win the half-mile in 2.2, a good mark then, and graduated to the Illinois Athletic Club. In various meets, I ran against old-time stars like Lindberg, Harvey Blair, Ward and Belot. Martin Delaney and Dad Butler were our coaches, and we newcomers were able to touch shoulders with Olympic stars like Ralph Rose, Lightbody, Hogenson and Irons—and even the great Johnny Hayes, winner of the classic Olympic Marathon over Dorando, came to Chicago to fraternize but not to compete with us—because Johnny had turned pro.

If anybody wonders why it took so long for me to get from high school to college, the answer's easy. I was obliged to earn a living. Football, save as a spectator, was neglected, and I relied on track competition to keep in physical shape.

I had hoped, at high school, to make my way in college. To that end, I learned how to earn more money and save it. A Hebrew boy and I got the summertime job of cleaning our high school windows at good pay. But other boys, possibly jealous over our appointments, would break windows, invade the school, switch door signs from doors with coarsely diabolical wit and commit other sabotage for which the amateur window cleaners were blamed. Naturally, we were fired.

But with an urge for the public weal, I took civil service exams for the mail service and received appointment as a mail dispatcher. At this time, I was ambitious to go to Illinois U. and I set in my mind a goal—to save one thousand dollars and march on Illinois for an education. Athletic fame was secondary, for, to me, college players loomed as supermen to whose heights I could never aspire.

It seemed more and more unlikely that any college would have the opportunity to matriculate or reject me, as years of night work ensued, my prep school being the sorting-room of the post office.

A Good Investment

About the most a clerk could earn was $100 a month. He could make his job soft or hard by taking simple or complicated routines. I took the hard routine of dispatcher to have something to do in a temple of loafing. If a clerk took southern territory, he wouldn't have much to remember because few railroads fed the South from Chicago. But if he took the dispatching job in Illinois or eastern territory, he had to memorize every main-line and branch-line train and amend that knowledge with all the time-table changes made by the railroads.

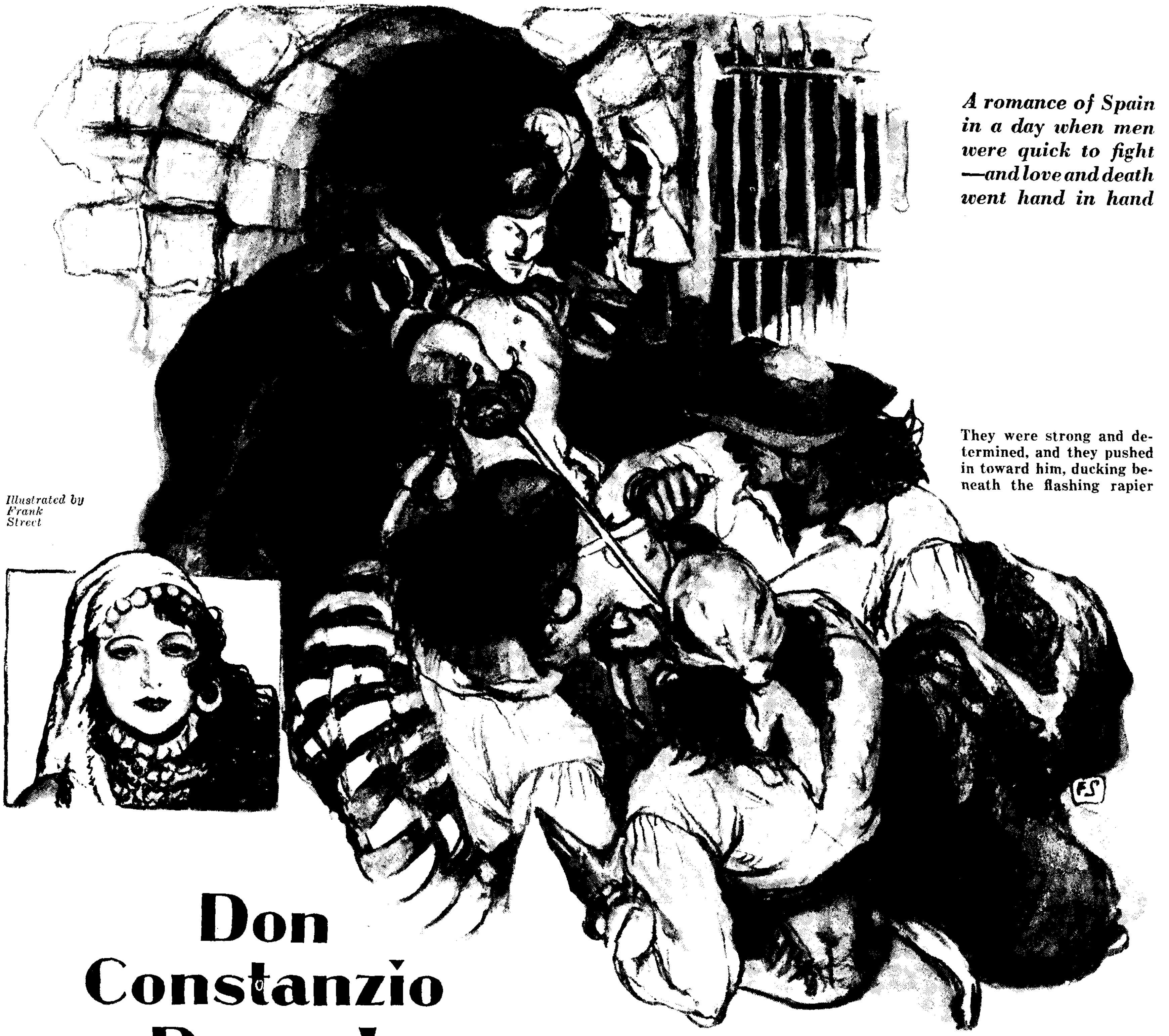
It took me a full year to learn the dispatching scheme or routine. Most

(*Continued on page 72*)

Wally Steffens, Carnegie's coach, and a contemporary of Rockne in the Chicago sandlot football era

P. & A. Photos

The glamorous Eckersall, traditionally great quarterback, was Rockne's inspiration in his pre-college days



A romance of Spain in a day when men were quick to fight —and love and death went hand in hand

They were strong and determined, and they pushed in toward him, ducking beneath the flashing rapier

Illustrated by Frank Street

Don Constanzio Dares!

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

IT IS not given to all people to have their wishes granted with the speed and thoroughness with which Don Constanzio de la Puerta Real was granted his. He had wished to die—and he very nearly did. But with that perverseness which infects human nature and makes it a smiling matter for whimsical gods of fate, at the moment when his desire was most imminent of fulfillment he fought furiously. Fought with all the skill of rapier that French training had given him and a startled forgetfulness of his recent prayer for oblivion.

There were three assailants—gypsies, so much he knew even in the darkness, as the burly shadows detached themselves suddenly from a doorway and flung themselves upon him. He caught the glint of rings in their ears, and heard the oaths in their Romany jargon as his rapier flashed from its scabbard and bit deeply of a hand that held an upraised knife.

Theirs was the advantage of surprise; but his the advantage of muscles tight as steel cords, and a lithe body that the softness of the Spanish court had not yet touched. His too was the elevation of a doorstep, slightly above the level of the black, narrow street, into which he had leaped at the first attack. So it was thrust and twist, a flash to the right and to the left, almost in silence, with only the grunting of the three assailants in front—the swish of the thin rapier like the whistling of a little wind, and the panting of breaths in the darkness.

BUT even so, the gypsies were quick, and strong, and determined. They were pushing in towards him—ducking and dodging underneath the flashing tongue of the rapier—it would have gone illy with the young Don Constanzio had not the door behind him opened so suddenly that he tumbled backward into a stagnant gloom. The three burly gitanos were after him like wolves. "Kill the Georgio—get him now," they were snarling.

But something lithe and slim slipped past him in a flash of swaying skirts and a tinkle as of golden coins strung together. He saw his own cloak snatched up from where it had fallen, saw it whipped out in a vicious black cloud, over the head of the foremost assassin, who cursed and slipped and fell.

It was an instant of grace for Don Constanzio. He was on his feet again, his breath coming in a sobbing gasp of fury.

Regardless of the defense rules he had so carefully learned in France, he thrust fully at the second burly figure. The thin blade went cleanly through, and there was a stifled scream of agony. The rapier bent with the weight of a falling body—snapped at the hilt. But the lithe woman figure at his side thrust into his hand a stiletto of Toledo steel, double-bladed, sharp, deadly.

The third gitano came clean on it, and fell away, clutching at the empty blackness, cursing foully.

"Come!" whispered a voice—a young voice. "I know the way!" He followed her without hesitation—though, as he knew afterwards, it might well have been a part of the same trap. For when they had slipped through the narrow, winding, cobblestoned passage, and had crept along a wall of crumbling stones, when they came at last into the blessed open of starlight and sweet cool air, he flung himself exhausted upon the ground, with only strength enough left in him to gasp out to her, "But you—you are a gitana. A Romany woman. Why have you saved me?"

SHE sat down beside him, the fullness of her many skirts spread out around her, her slim body silhouetted against the star-sprinkled sky.

"You do not know me, Señor, but I know you. You were kind to me once. A Romany pays all debts. I have paid mine—that is all."

"But why?" he urged, "and when? And how is it that you defended me against your own people?"

She shrugged briefly.

"It was three against one—not a fair fight. And—it pleased me to outwit the whim of a king, since we Romanies owe allegiance to none."

"The whim—of a king—" he repeated slowly, aware of a sick coldness in the depths of his soul. The foul gossip of the Spanish court—had it reached even the gitano camps?

She turned on him with an impatient

jingling of golden coins. Her face was oval, with great black eyes, and curled, cynical lips. The cheeks were thin; as if she had not always found life easy, although she was so young.

"Ah, you are well nicknamed 'Don Inocente'!" she said with a little cluck of her tongue. "Who but you would come unsuspectingly to the gitano quarter at night, at the urging of a message saying your servant was sick there? And who but you"—again her slender shoulders lifted in a shrug—"would presume to love the mistress of the King!"

UNMOVED, she heard the indrawn hissing of his breath. Unmoved, she felt the maniacal grip of his hands on her throat. He was shaking her, fiercely, unmercifully—

"You lying outcast!" he cried out, and flung her from him, burying his head in his arms.

She gathered herself together, arranging the shaken coins about her kerchief, feeling tenderly of her throat, dusting off her bodice. A Romany woman is well used to violence—

He lifted his face, a comely, unworldly face, and looked at her.

"Forgive me," he said. "I hurt you. Your words made me forget that I owe you a life which has become insupportable."

She smiled.

"I forgive you," she said slowly, "for I know much. I know that you, the godson of the Marqués de la Puerta Real, were educated first to be a priest, and that you were called back from France to Spain because your foster father was ill and needed you. I know that you saw and loved the beautiful, golden-haired Doña Mariana and would not believe the things men said of her. I know that for her sake you will never be a priest. And"—there was a hardness in her voice—"I know that such a woman is not worth dying for!"

Astounded, confused, torn between anger and bewilderment, he stared at her.

"Your words," he said bitterly, "are the siftings of the foul lies that sink to the bottom of that chaff and glitter that is the Spanish court. Because she is beautiful, the envious lances of poisoned tongues lacerate her. Because she is virtuous, her virtue is assailed. And because His Majesty the King takes pleasure in her society, it is said that—ah, Dios!" He broke off sharply, flinging out his arms in passionate resentment, "How cruel, cruel is life!"

The girl rose to her feet; so silently that Don Constanzio was not aware of the movement until he saw her standing there, her figure in dark, lovely pattern against the jeweled background of the sky. "Go back to the court, Don Inocente, and if you would live, for the sake of the old man who gave you his name and made you his heir—remember that the enmity of a king is like the bite of a serpent, deadly and unexpected."

He arose and stood beside her. Her first words came back to him.

"You spoke of a debt," he said, a little embarrassed. "When did I ever see you, or in any way serve you?"

"A night of silver moonlight," she said dreamily, her eyes on the far-away hills, "and at the court of the Spanish King a fiesta in honor of the lovely Doña Mariana's birthday. The gitanos came—do you not remember how we played and sang and danced? And do you not remember how one grandee, drunk with wine, tried to carry me off into the shadows, first having flung Gregorio Stefano, chieftain of our tribe, a bag of gold? I screamed, and the other hidalgos laughed. They thought it most amusing that a gypsy girl should fight for her honor. But you—you did not laugh. You snatched the bag of gold from the hand of Gregorio. You flung down two in its place and said, 'I am paying more for her! Go and get her!'

"They took me out of the arms of the drunken man who held me, laughing as they did so. It is a joke that the Romanies like. But you—you did not touch me. You only said very gently, 'Child, you had best go home.' Home! You said that to me, a gitana! That too was a jest, but not one to laugh at. I have never forgotten. The two bags of gold I could not return. But tonight when I learned what was to be done—I came to pay the debt."

"You are—you are that little gitana!" he said wonderingly, remembering how her young, dark beauty had touched him. "But now," he continued, still bewildered with the strangeness of it all, "where will you go? Is it permitted that I should take you safely back to your encampment—or wherever it is that you live?"

She stood very still. Slowly, she shook her head.

"I cannot go back— There is Romany blood upon my hands."

"Not on your hands, but mine!" he cried vehemently. "Yours is not the blame for that assassin's death!"

SHE looked at him silently, speaking no word. Her eyes were hard, resigned—fatalistic.

"But—but—" he stammered, and then broke into a laugh. "Very well, then, gitana, come back to Madrid with me! If the King's enmity be as you say, it may be that I am offering you no better than the death I escaped. But since Fate has had its jest in this, perhaps there will be a kindlier humor ahead of us. Will you place yourself under my protection—such as it is?"

Her lips smiled, a little sardonically, but her eyes were somber.

"Have you thought, Don Inocente, of what the world will say?"

He made a short, impatient gesture.

"Bah! A world of lies knows only its own language! What are you called, gitana?"

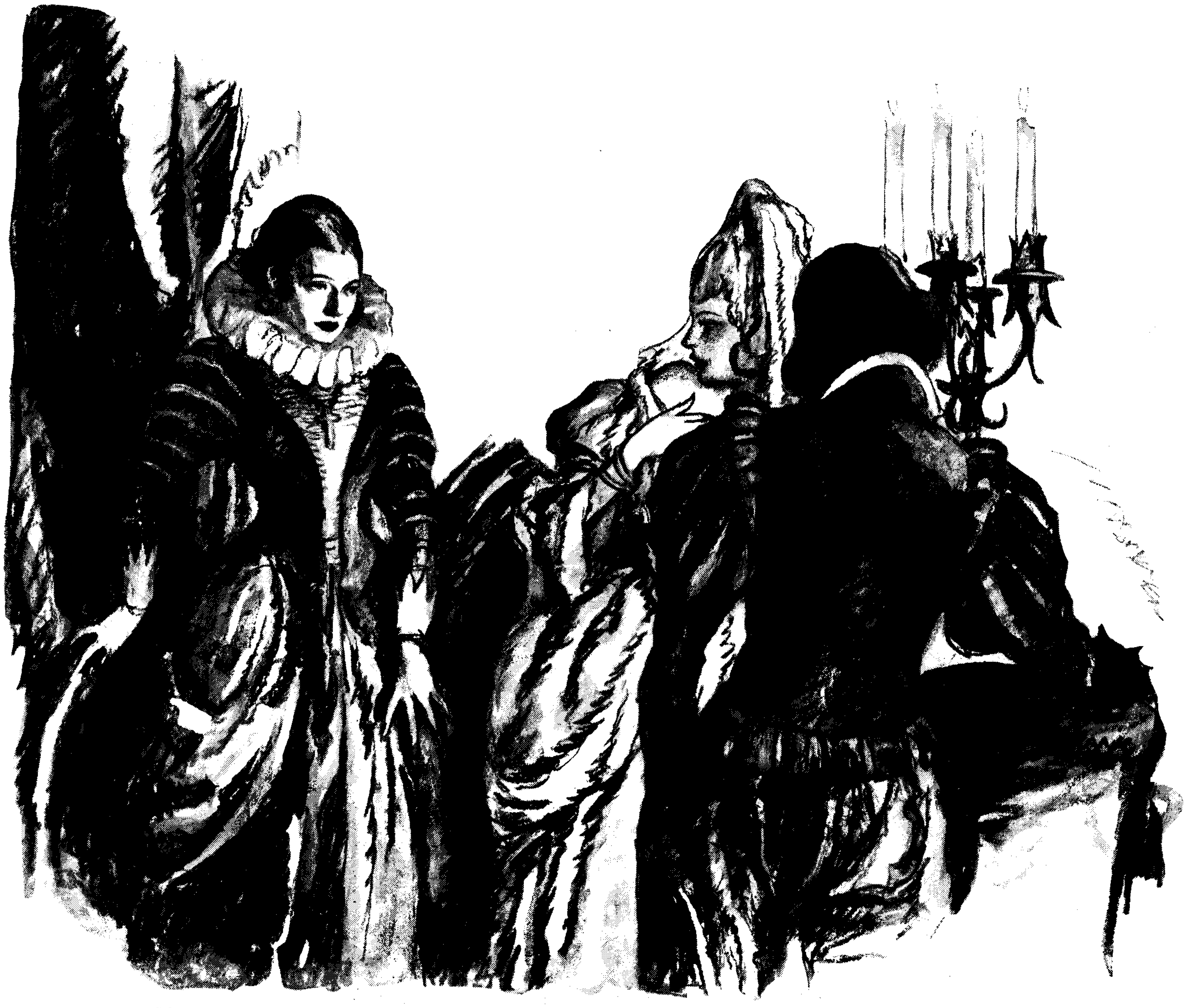
"My name, in the Romany tongue, means 'Fiery Torch.' But it is a name that I have ever hated."

"Nay," he said. "I remember that when I saw you at the court in the moonlight you were like a dark crimson rose. That is what I shall call you—'La Rosa'!"

THE Spanish court found plenty to say when the astounding news burst forth that the foster son of the old Marqués de la Puerta Real had brought a gypsy girl, garnered from Dios knew where, to his sumptuous apartments in the very shadow of the King's palace, and only a stone's throw from the spacious edifice that was the Doña Mariana's residence.

But with all the salacious merriment and scandalous comments the two who should have been the most concerned were the least. The house of Don Constanzio was old and spacious. Against its

(*Cont'd on page 42*)

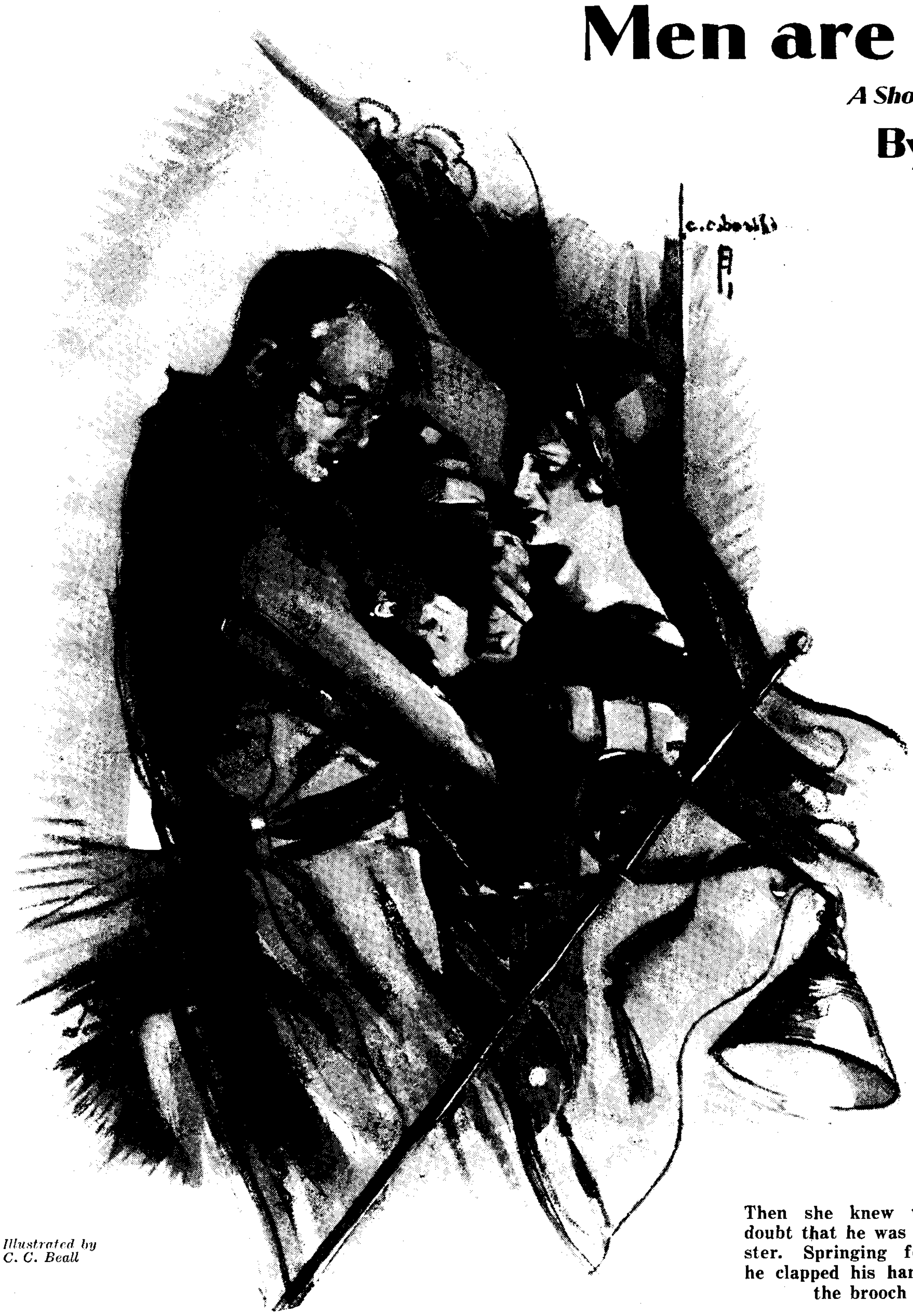


The two women, one so dazzlingly white, the other so somberly dark, gazed at each other without speaking

Men are such Brutes

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Charles Brackett



Then she knew without doubt that he was a monster. Springing forward, he clapped his hand over the brooch

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"COLLAR bones aren't pretty," was the excuse Mrs. Rix gave as she handed her brooch to her daughter, but Bessie knew there was some more profound reason why her mother thought she ought to shorten the V at her throat. Something Mamma wouldn't like to talk about.

"It does seem too awful your going to a man's apartment at this hour," Mrs. Rix went on in her little moaning voice, while Bessie put in the pin.

"Mr. Freeman said this would be the best time to find Mr. Carmody, just before his dinner."

The Rixes had had their supper an hour earlier.

"Certainly we've seen that sending poems by mail doesn't do any good."

Mrs. Rix was merely recapitulating what they'd said over and over again.

"I don't believe they're even read," she went on doing so.

"And Mr. Freeman wouldn't have made the arrangement if it hadn't been all right," Bessie continued the comforting process.

"Well, I can't stand in the way of your career, but you'll promise me that at the first sign—"

"Of course, Mamma."

There was a convulsive quality about Mamma's farewell embrace which unnerved Bessie a little. It was comforting to stop at the hall closet and put on her rubbers.

It wasn't really raining, but it was misting so hard that when she reached the address Mr. Freeman had given her, Bessie had to take off her glasses and dry them.

"Mr. Carmody?" she said to the colored elevator boy.

"Yes, ma'am. Sixth floor."

No telephoning up to announce a visitor. That was queer.

"Door to your left."

THE car had gone down before Bessie got up courage enough to press the bell.

A long wait ensued, then a man in a dressing gown came to the door. To be sure, he seemed to be clothed under it, but he was wearing a dressing gown.

"Excuse my appearance," he said, "but it's my servant's night out."

Bessie realized that her mother would have wanted her to go right then and there, but after all her art came first.

"I'm Bessie Rix," she said. "The one Mr. Freeman spoke to you about."

"Tom Freeman! That crazy poet! You didn't expect him to remember to speak about anything, did you? What was it?"

"I write poems, too. He thought maybe if I—"

"What's the matter with the United States mail?" Mr. Carmody inquired.

"I—I—I—" Bessie was on the verge of tears.

"I suppose you've got them there, haven't you? Well, come on in."

It wasn't until she looked back that Bessie realized that that bluffness had been merely a trick to throw her off her guard.

She followed him down a corridor into a living-room furnished with deep, sensuous chairs, opened her brief-case and got out the poems.

"If I could read one or two aloud," she suggested, sitting on the edge of her chair.

"No, but let me see them."

He put the sheaf on his desk and started glancing over the top one. As he did so Bessie, lowering her eyelids, saw to her confusion that the brooch had come unfastened. The idea of arranging her costume in the presence of a gentleman was horrid to her, but there was nothing else for it. If only Mr. Carmody would be absorbed enough not to look up.

"Nice sense of meter," Mr. Carmody commented.

Very cautiously Bessie reinserted the end of the brooch which had worked loose.

"Little chilly, perhaps."

As he said it he looked up. Bessie's hand trembled so that the brooch came out altogether, and at the sight Carmody's whole face changed. It was like those stories of a pet tiger that tastes blood and goes jungle on the instant.

"Hey, you!" he said.

Sensing danger Bessie leaped to her feet, opened her lips.

"Don't you scream."

THEN she knew without any doubt that he was a monster, and opened her mouth wider, but, springing forward, he clapped his hand over it.

Wildly they struggled. There was a telephone on the desk. She clutched for it, caught the receiver.

"No, you don't!"

He jerked the cord from the wall.

His doing so gave her the opportunity to jab at him with the pin which was still in her hand.

"Ow!" he said, and let her go.

It gave Bessie the chance she'd needed to reach the living-room door, and she raced along the little corridor.

Three doors faced her. She tried one, a closet.

He was puffing down the corridor now.

She tried another. It gave on the entrance hall. There were stairs, thank God. She never could have waited for the elevator.

It was her boast that she fainted twice in the taxi the black boy got for her, and when she reached home she promptly fainted again.

"WE'RE waiting for Mr. Carmody," Mrs. Gavin Warthead Spelving told her guests, "the editor of Good Form, you know. He's charming and I can't understand his being late. He's extraordinarily meticulous."

"Mr. Carmody," Mrs. Gavin Warthead Spelving's butler announced at that moment.

The gentleman who entered looked rather like an outraged robin.

"I can only apologize for such tardiness, dear lady," he said to Mrs. Spelving, "by telling you that I have been physically attacked."

That statement created quite a sensation in the Spelving drawing-room.

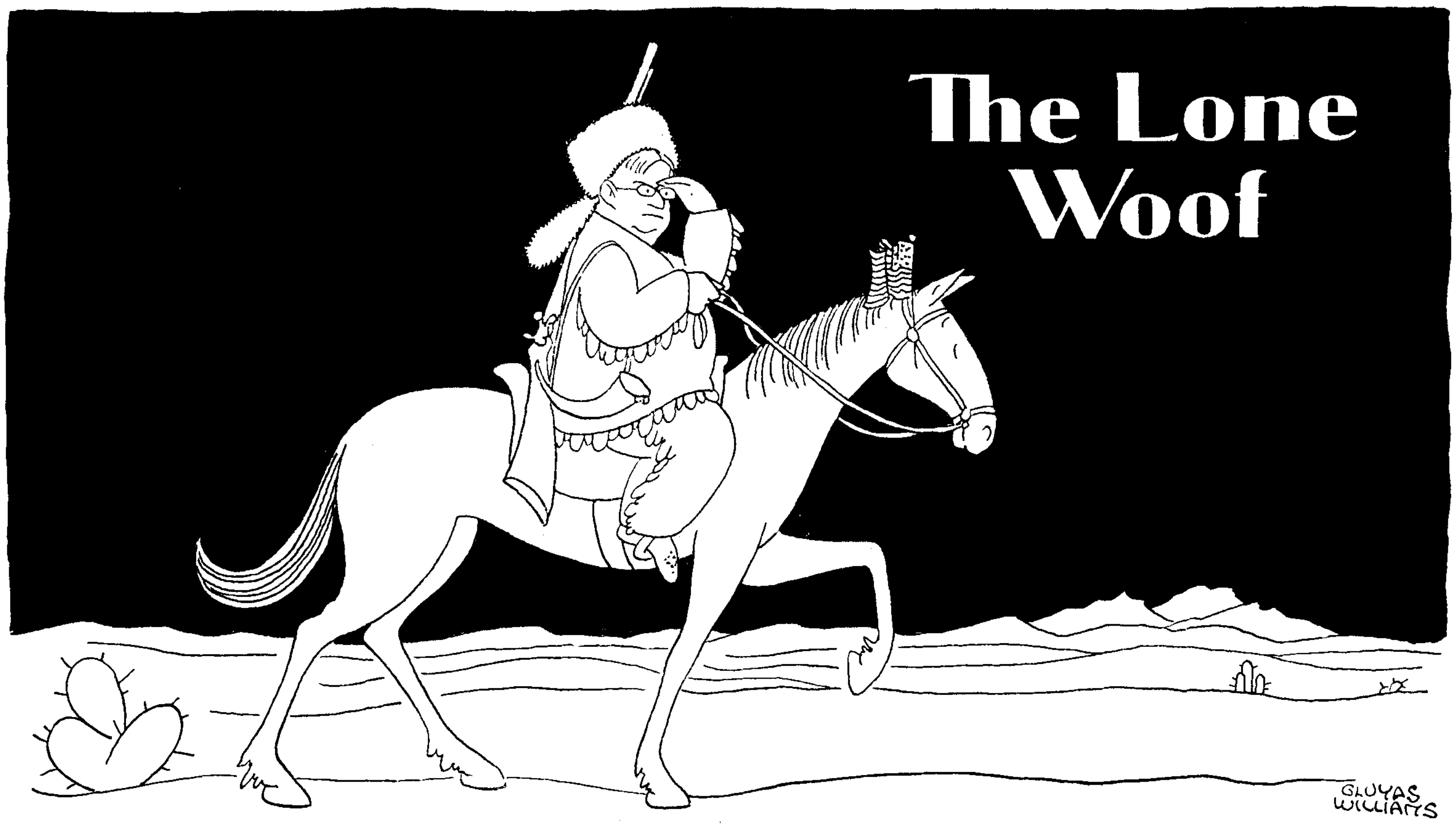
"A man in my position can't call his soul his own," Mr. Carmody continued. "A young woman came to my rooms under pretext of wanting to read her poems. Like a fool I let her in, but fortunately I saw her starting to tear open her blouse. Her next move would have been a scream, and then I'd have been in jail or paying blackmail."

Mr. Carmody paused for breath.

"Good-looking?" one of the male guests inquired, the equivalent of a leer in his voice.

"That was the diabolical part of the scheme," Mr. Carmody answered, "to gain admission she'd made herself up to look like a freak."

The Lone Woof



"A desperately lonely figure, 'Lonzo. All of the companions that he knew an' loved are gone"

"Hi Johnson knows that life is a dog-eat-dog struggle an' holds fast to his belief that it is the part of prudent patriotism to get in the first bite"

Uncle Henry

I DON'T know how you feel about it," ventured Mr. Stubbs, "but I think Hiram Johnson's a great American."

"Honest, 'Lonzo," complained Uncle Henry, "your habit of cautious speech is beginnin' to get on my nerves. Speak out boldly if you like the man. Great American indeed! Why, Hiram Johnson is our only American. If you don't believe it, ask him. Remove the mighty Californian from our midst an' the Spirit of '76 would be left so little kick that it could be served over the counter at a meetin' of the W. C. T. U.

"Of all our public men, Hiram alone occupies the distant, detached an' isolated position that George Washington enjoined in his Farewell Address. He won't even stand for the presence of near relatives, actually regards the waltz an' one-step as entanglin' alliances, an' even bans underwear because he don't want anything that close to him. Durin' the debate on the naval treaty, he reached such a state of suspiciousness that he had his meals served by television.

"Smith Brookhart, or Everlasting Bull, to give him his Indian name, boasts largely of his 100 per cent Americanism, but he has been heard to praise the Bolsheviks, an' young Bob La Follette's record, admirable in every other respect, is stained by a certain tolerance for the Teutons. Hi Johnson is the only one who stands four-square, for you can go through his entire record without findin' that he ever spoke well of anybody.

"President Hoover may fool some people with his bunk about universal peace an' world brotherhood, but Hi Johnson knows that life is a dog-eat-dog struggle an' holds fast to his belief that it is the part of prudent patriotism to get in the first bite. Even in bed at night he maintains a crouchin' position, ready to spring at a moment's notice, an' his teeth are sunburned from keepin' 'em bared.

"Old Ugwallapa, which is Siwash for Eagle Eye, is not deceived by all this modern gabble about the interdependence of peoples and that there is no such thing as isolation for any country.

"Other statesmen may be bamboozled, 'Lonzo, but Hiram knows that the whole disarmament business is nothin' more than a lot of foreign propaganda skillfully designed to lull the United States into a dream of false security so that predatory nations like Switzerland, Siam an' Holland can launch a surprise attack upon our unprotected coast.

The Good Old Days

"As far as Hi is concerned, America is jes' as it was when the iron hand of King George stretched out across the sea to strangle the hopes of a small but indomitable people. To him the whistle of a locomotive is but the huntin' call of the timber wolf, or the screech of the savage red man attackin' some lonely frontier cabin.

"When he sets out for Washington from California, it's on a horse, a coonskin cap over his ears, moccasins on his feet, an' Old Betsy, his trusty flintlock, slung across his shoulders. It takes him three months to make the journey, an' when he camps at night it's always in the deepest thicket, knife an' powder horn by his side.

"A lonely figure, 'Lonzo. A desperately lonely figure only saved from pathos by its dauntlessness. All of the companions that he knew an' loved have gone. No longer is he comforted by the presence of Daniel Boone, that wise old woodsman, and Mad Anthony Wayne is no more.

"As for Bill Borah, better for him to have died in his day of glory than live on as a traitor. Don't you remember how he actually voted for Hoover's naval treaty that calls for the sinkin' of four battleships as soon as we build 'em? It must have cut Hiram as far down as the fifth layer, but, even so, he said nothin', only breathin' the merest hint about British gold bein' at work.

"Frankly, 'Lonzo, I don't know what would become of the country if it wasn't for Hiram Johnson. Do you realize that he's the only man who's alive to the dangers of foreign attack? Heaven only knows how his strength keeps up, for after a gruelin' day in the Senate he swims out an' lays off Sandy Hook, watchin' for the smoke of British dreadnoughts.

"Even when he goes to California, Hiram's patriotic frenzy knows no abatement. Every night he wades out to see that the Golden Gate is safely locked, an' then anchors off the Farallones in a divin' bell to watch for the fleets of murderous Japan.

"Then there's Mexico, too, a land of blood an' battle only waitin' for a good chance to jump us. He kept so many people awake by his midnight rides from village to village that most California communities passed laws against him.

"The most amazin' thing about it all is Hi's courage in the face of downright apathy on the part of the public. You'd think unfortified ports like Topeka an' Albuquerque would appreciate his heroic efforts to get 'em battleships, but they don't. Even Vermont an' Iowa, with their long unguarded stretches of seacoast, give Hi no support in his fight for a big navy.

"People aren't aroused to America's peril even when impartial observers like rear admirals come out with strong statements showin' that the country is in an absolutely defenseless position, fairly invitin' conquest.

The Great Defender

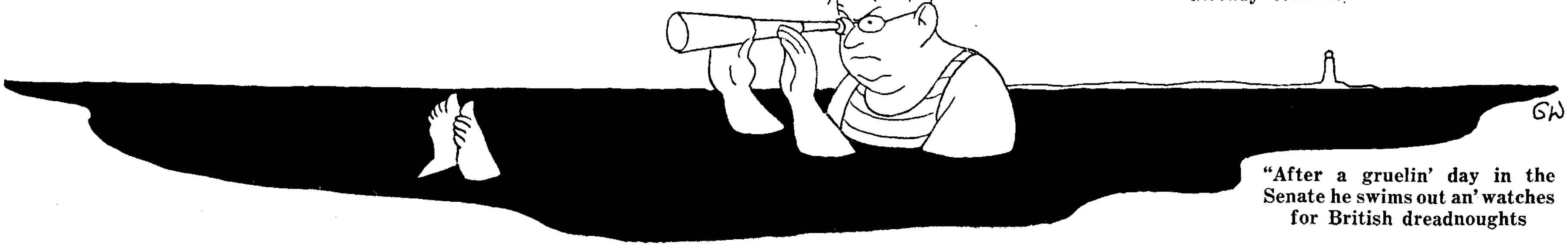
"Honest, I can't understand the present overwhelmin' prejudice against battleships, 'Lonzo, for it isn't as if they were long-lived. Even the best of 'em, costing forty millions, is ready for the junk pile in a year or two.

"But Hiram's indomitable where the national defense is concerned. Aside from buildin' up his General Federation of Hate Clubs, he's organizin' the squirrel hunters of the country, regardless of danger to himself, an' has a scheme on hand for armin' park rowboats. These toy golf courses ought to be a great help to him, for after a man has taken eighteen putts on a par-one hole, he's not goin' to be in any mood for world peace."

"Johnson's certainly been takin' some awful trimmin's," Mr. Stubbs agreed. "I wonder what's goin' to become of him!"

"Maybe the Smithsonian Institute will come forward," suggested Uncle Henry. "Y'see, it isn't as if he wasn't already stuffed."

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

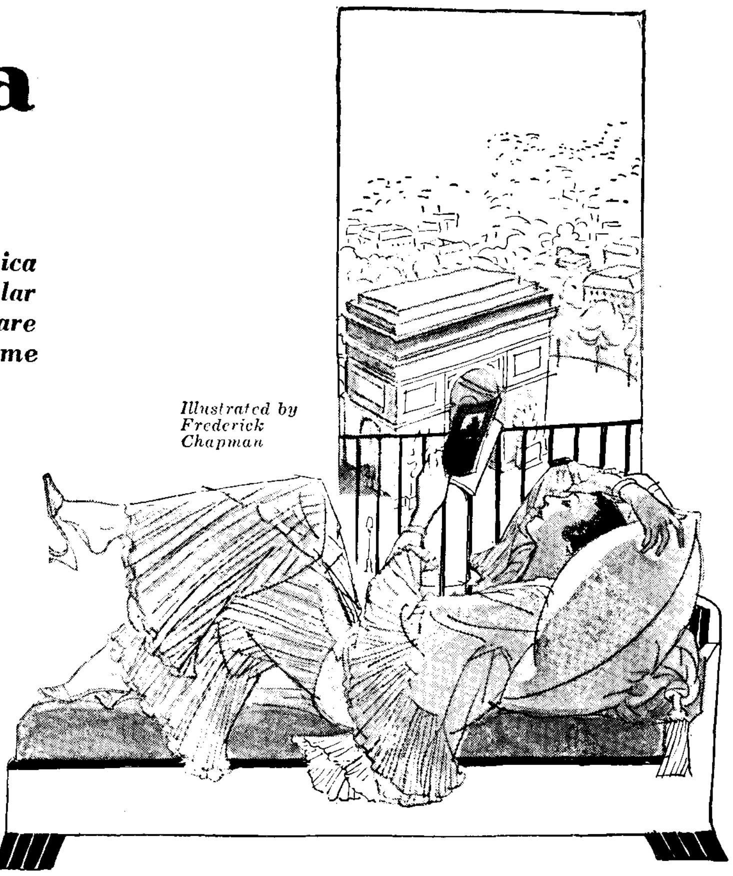


"After a gruelin' day in the Senate he swims out an' watches for British dreadnoughts

Made in America

By Aimee Larkin

Paris is the cradle of fashion undoubtedly. But America is too big to be anybody's baby. She has her own particular needs and has built an enormous fashion machine to take care of them. One result is that there is many a smart costume that never owned a Paris label



Illustrated by Frederick Chapman

The boudoir negligee is a French affair, for the European woman reads and rests when she is not with men

LAST year the women of America spent approximately one billion two hundred million dollars for dresses, adding to that awesome total another six hundred million odd for coats and suits—a ready-to-wear budget incomparably the biggest in the world. With it New York's largest industry is supported, the sixth in size in America. Yet, strange as it may seem, the twenty million alert consumers who do most of the purchasing have as much idea of the original sources responsible for their clothes, the ultimate destination to which the money goes, as though they'd wrapped the bills in oiled paper and left them under the fourth tree in Central Park.

In France the chic woman of the cosmopolitan world is at finger-tip touch with those who create everything she wears; the Paris that matters to her is a very small city, a mere frosting on the popular cake. Hoi polloi never think of copying her; they have their own sources of supply. Those who serve her think as she thinks and collaborate with her, improvising, tearing to pieces, building again with no thought of time, provided results are good enough.

In America, there is more money—and much less time. All women from top to bottom of the social scale have approximately the same idea of what constitutes smartness—and when they want it, they won't wait.

To satisfy this enormous demand a fashion machine has been built up the like of which the world has never before imagined for speed of output, economy of operation and precision of result. But in the very vastness of the undertaking the individuals responsible have lost out, so far as recognition goes. The American woman at large has never heard their names, though she wears their successes. She lays her chic at the door of Paris, though the imports sold and the exact copies made in this country wouldn't butter a muffin in the trade. If she thinks beyond the imagined French source of her smartness, she gives secondary credit to the retailer whose label appears in a product he merely handles for sale. Actual creation in the ready-to-wear industry is conducted on an anonymous basis which its leaders wouldn't be human if they didn't resent.

At the present moment something like rebellion is in process, yet the demand for reform is so modest as to be surprising—not individual recognition, but a sort of blanket acknowledgment that styles as worn by American women are created right here. Paris is the cradle of fashion undoubtedly. But America is too big to be anybody's baby—too individual in its needs, too dynamic in its demand for speed. And even Paris knows it.

Why Copy?

Whether Paris is aware of how far this growing-up process has proceeded is another matter. American visits on the part of the French *couture*, American correspondents maintained on this side of the Atlantic by the French creators, American mannequins taken abroad as concrete inspiration to design—what are these but signs that Paris has realized America as her primary market? That the market has developed an increasing habit of satisfying most of its own requirements is something else again.

The general lines of the silhouette, the main colors and some of the more outstanding materials are still taken from Paris, and the chances are that this will continue for at least some time to come. But the ambassadors who go from the American industry to the French openings are not, as they used to be, mere buyers. They themselves are creators, seeking for inspiration, rather than for something to grab and copy. What, may we ask, is the use of mere copying, when your competitor down the street can do this type of work as quickly as you can yourself? If his materials are cheaper and his finishing slapdash, he can whip up a kitchenette replica that will kill the sale of your own *chef-d'œuvre* before the mannequin has modeled it twice.

But does the American creator propose to cease going to Paris? Of course not. Every moment, from the time the gangplank is crossed at the New York end, means something that can't be reckoned in mere dollars. The voyage itself is part of it—the long, lazy deck-chair days, the slow purging the mind of shop. The destination, too, matters enormously.

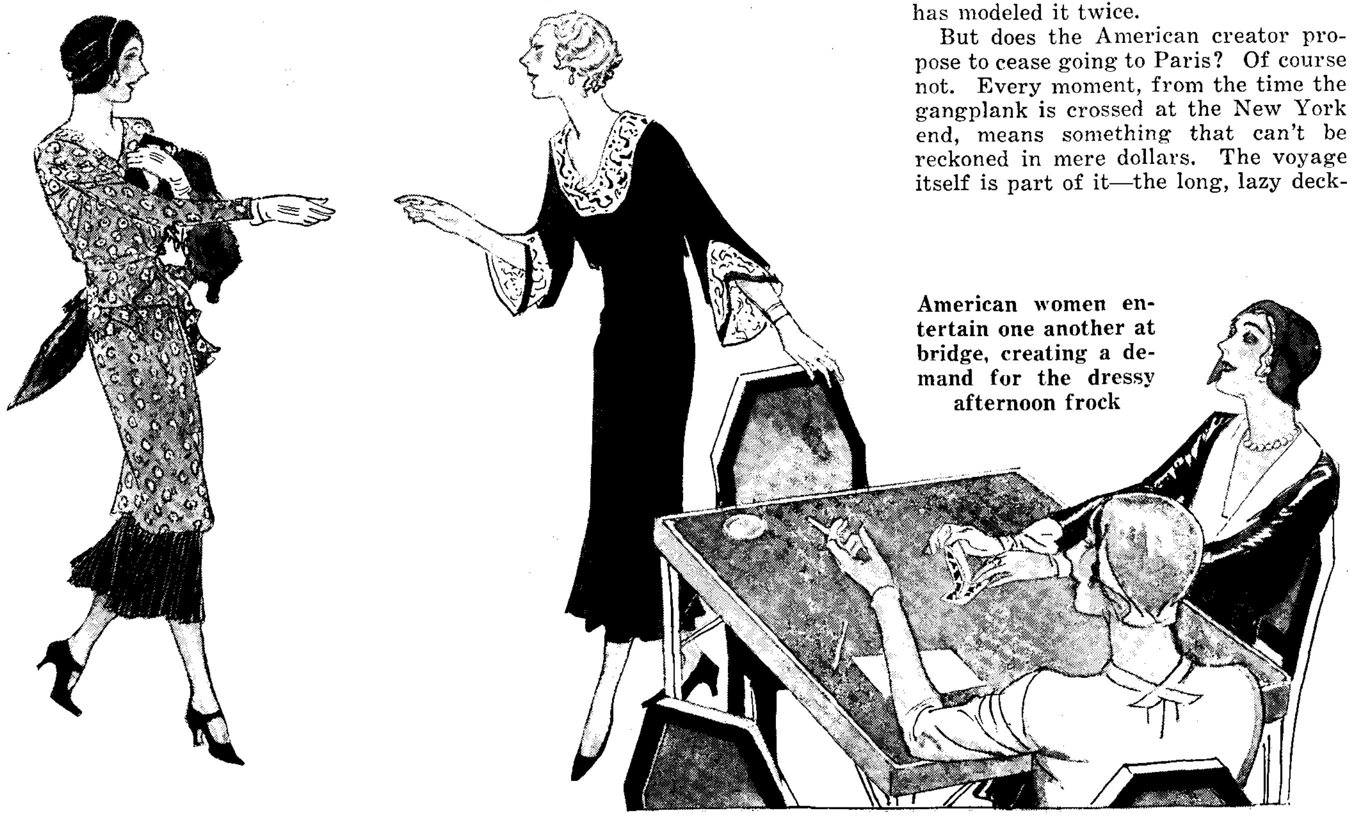
Paris is beautiful. Paris is gay. Paris is full of people who live in an interlude between two stretches of exertion. Paris is the goal of an international set of exotics whose whole code and creed consist in doing everything with a finish that takes no account of time or money. The American creator shakes off the tense hurry, the open commercialism of New York, in a world where everything is made easy for him to think in terms of beauty. He visits the smart places of the moment. He sees the lily without having to chart the method by which the gilt has been applied. If his appreciation of the arts has breadth and depth, he visits his favorite section of the Louvre, the Musée Carnavalet, the Musée des Arts Decoratifs. He spends a week-end at the nearest smart resort. Then he goes to the openings to see along what lines the mind of the *couture* is working.

Naturally his Paris trip is not limited to observation, and he doesn't put a chain around his check book. There are some outstanding successes that he must have, for there is a section of the trade and the public that attaches a sort of divine-right significance to a Paris label. There are other things that he sees as containing a new idea—a fresh manipulation of material, an inspired combination of colors, a trick sleeve, a previously untried method of using fur; so he buys the original even though he never intends to reproduce it *in toto.*

The American Problem

There are 1,475 manufacturers, eighty-five per cent of whom are affiliated with the Associated Dress Industries. Some of these firms do business up to eleven million dollars a year; any number range from five to six million. Two hundred and fifty thousand is the minimum allowed for membership in the Dress body. In the heart of each established firm, guiding its destiny even more surely than the business

(*Continued on page 29*)

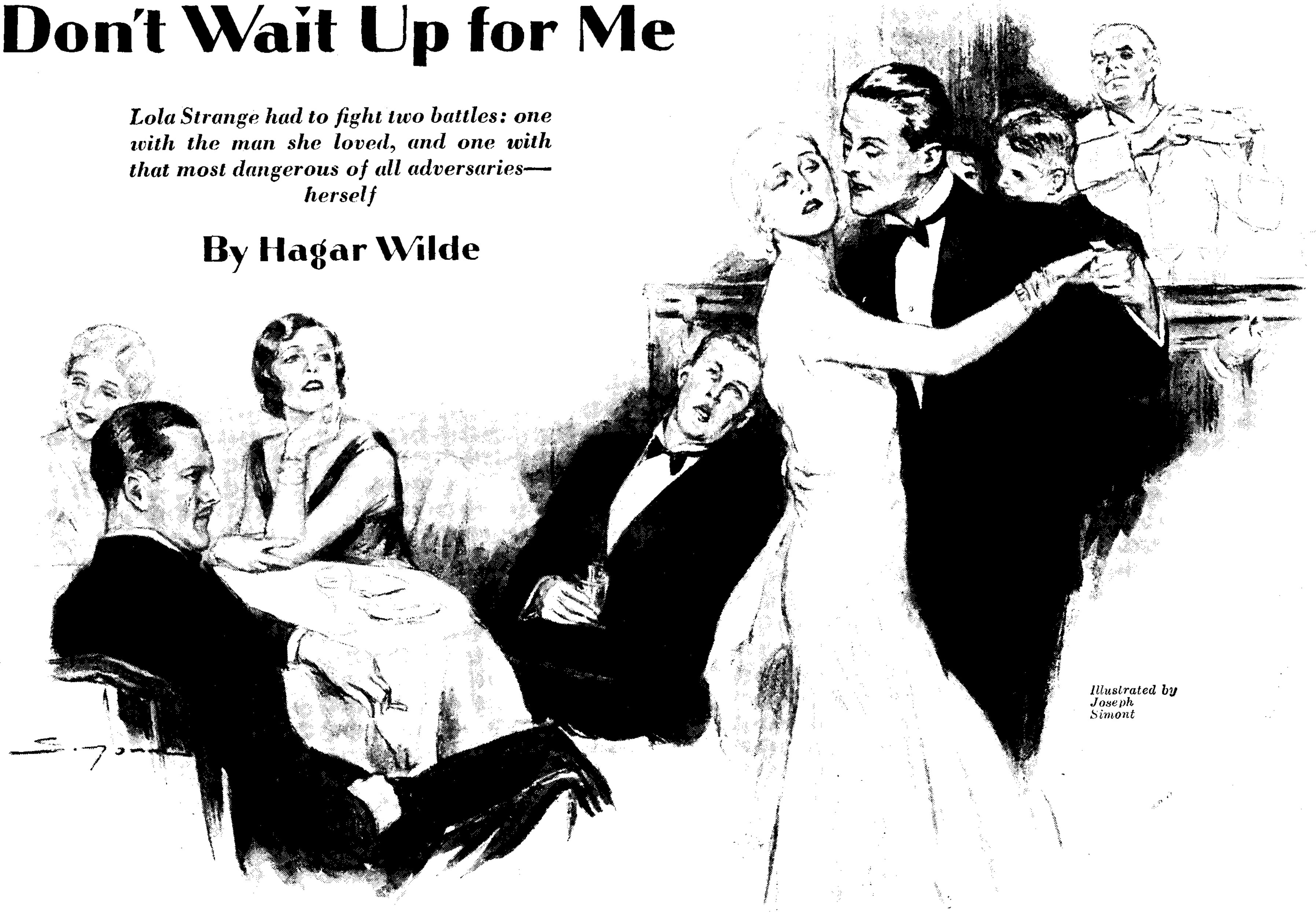


American women entertain one another at bridge, creating a demand for the dressy afternoon frock

Don't Wait Up for Me

Lola Strange had to fight two battles: one with the man she loved, and one with that most dangerous of all adversaries—herself

By Hagar Wilde



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The others at Webster's table were staring at Lola and Tony with undisguised curiosity

WHEN Webster Strange's wife, Nancy, ran off with his best friend, Webster was awfully surprised and quite sorry. There was a great deal of scandal and everybody said in hushed tones that it was too bad because of the baby.

Webster rode, unwillingly, on a crest of sympathy. Invitations poured in, and when Webster refused them, people said in hushed tones that it was because of his suffering and that he was a good and patient man because he did not revile his wife in the many terms which were open to him. They credited him with being a sensitive soul, and with having depths which no one had ever plumbed. This was true, but the real reason for his refusals lay in the fact that he didn't want to go to their parties, and with Nancy gone there wasn't any need of it.

So, for a number of years, Webster led a peaceful existence dotted here and there with widows and pleasant evenings spent with friends who had sprung up in the post-Nancy period. Lola, the baby, was at school all that time.

Webster was very fond of her in a detached way. She was a good deal like Nancy in appearance and resembled him in her way of thinking and attacking problems. When she came home from school, Webster was pleasantly surprised to find that she had courage and something of a mind. That was as far as it went for a long time.

They spent evenings together, and Webster told her his secret theory about children and parenthood. Outlining his views with delicate, polite gestures, he gave her to understand that her life was her own, that he had no intention of interfering with it, and that they (himself and Lola) were separate entities. He wanted her to feel, he said, that he would never encroach upon her privacy, that he would not consider himself privileged to direct her activities, and that she would be allowed to make her own decisions and abide by them. All in all, it was a polite, restrained, and thoroughly satisfactory relationship.

He was now fifty years old. He felt and looked thirty-five. His extreme attractiveness, coupled with a noticeable reluctance to change his mode of living, made him one of the most eligible and desirable male members of his social set. He had many invitations and selected, leisurely, those which he would accept.

On a certain evening in spring he stood in the living-room of his Fifth Avenue duplex penthouse and poured himself a drink. His hand shook a little as he lifted the glass to his mouth. Lola, now twenty years old, was upstairs dressing for her first bender in thirteen months.

THE impending bender was the result of a collapsed love affair. Tony Gard, a three-hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar-a-month dramatic critic, had asked Lola to marry him seven months before. At that time he had had the prospect of producing his play, Bitter Waters, and increasing his income.

In the ensuing month, however, the angel of the producer had tried to outwit a herd of bears in the stock market, and as a last resort had withdrawn his financial backing from the show to cover margin. The producer, who had been having his own little adventures with a few select bears, decided to produce no more. Tony was left with an unsalable play and a radiogram from the producer, who was on a boat en route for Europe, very spiffed and quite disillusioned about it all. The message said:

SORRY TONY STOP MARRY STRANGE GIRL STOP MORE MONEY IN IT STOP NO CHANCE OF A FLOP STOP SHOW BUSINESS A ROTTEN RACKET ANYWAY REGARDS SAM

Lola and Webster had agreed with Sam, but Tony was a young man of pride and principle. He announced with no degree of uncertainty that it was the end, because while he had no prospects of making more than five hundred a month during the next ten years, Lola spent five times that amount for clothes.

He refused to marry Lola and live on her father's money, and he refused to allow her to attempt living on his income. Nothing she could say would alter his decision.

Webster poured himself another drink. Funny, he thought, how a father in the year 1930 A. D. reacts to certain things. He had no desire to go and shoot Tony. In fact, he considered Tony a very nice young fellow.

In 1900 he would have been battering the door to Tony's apartment in oaken shreds, and when it was battered down he would have found Tony behind it with a bullet in his head. The necessity for the *beau geste* would be distinctly a drawback to one's peace of mind. Webster was glad that he lived in 1930; 1900 must have been a trifle messy and uncivilized.

LOLA came downstairs trailing a silver scarf behind her. She was a tall girl with a face faintly reminiscent of the Venus of Botticelli. Her mouth was dully red and drooped at the corners rather pleasantly. The smoke from her cigarette drifted back, forming a haze that hung, in a lighter shade of silver, over the folds of the scarf.

Webster realized that every time he had seen Lola in the past week she had had a cigarette in her hand. Sometimes it was smoldering, burned darkly around the edge, and sometimes she had been smoking it with a slight tremor in her hand as she lifted it to her lips. Her eyes now, he thought, were indecently agitated.

She came in and threw the scarf over the corner of the divan. "You've been waiting for me, haven't you?" she said.

"Just hanging around. Ann said

she'd be expecting me at nine o'clock."

"Going to marry the charming Ann, Webb?"

"I don't know," Webster said. "I've been thinking about it."

Lola regarded the cigarette between her fingers and turned it over as though there might be something interesting on the other side. Webster felt the urgent need of conversation: "Where are you going tonight?"

"To the theater first. After that, I don't know. Hunter Barclay is calling for me."

"Have you been drinking alone again, Lola?"

"Two cocktails in my room. I couldn't very well ask you in to join me, being in my chemise. Why?"

"You have a look of careless hysteria."

"The last few days have been something of a strain," she said, looking away. "I've been sitting in my room watching the telephone and jumping when it rang. Something should be done for people who are telephone-listeners and watchers-for-the-mailman. They're poor, downtrodden unfortunates."

"RELAX," said Webster. "Nothing is particularly important if you can get yourself in the proper frame of mind."

"I wish I could," Lola said, "but being in love isn't conducive to getting oneself in the right frame of mind. It seems so wretchedly important to the principals." She laced her fingers tightly together and looked at them. "You're worried about me, aren't you, Webb?"

Webster lifted his eyebrows a trifle. "I?" he said. "Worried?"

"Oh, I know the song and dance; but I know you, too, Webb. You're petrified with fear. Little Lola goes off the course and battles a head wind, frozen to the controls. Ready for a fade-out in the glorious cause of emotional aviation. It's no fault of yours that Tony and I cracked up, Webb. We were headed for it from the first moment he kissed me."

Webster started for the refectory table and the decanter. He wondered why he was so upset. Lola said, twisting her handkerchief into a spiral mess, "I'll have one too."

He turned and looked at her. She looked pathetically young and insane and expensive. "You're sure you want another?"

"I want something," she said unsteadily. "Tonight isn't going to be easy. They all know about Tony. They're abominably curious about him. I passed the whole crowd up when he came along. Marcia Loring's not exactly a kind person, you know. I'm awfully tangled, Webb. Everything's haywire."

"We'll have to untangle you."

"Webb, it's so awful to lose a lover. It's left me this way." She put her hand on the davenport cushion and pressed it in. "Flat. Grinding my nose in reality, and yet being unreal. I don't feel that I'm a person now. I'm a diaphanous shell. I'd give anything if it hadn't happened, or if it could go on. It's being left in the middle, neither one thing nor another. Did you feel that way when Mother left?"

"No, that was finished. We'd put our signatures under the word *finis* and were satisfied with the curl of the *s*. I didn't like her method, of course, but that doesn't alter the essentials of the matter."

"I suppose I should resign myself and say that Tony's written *finis* and I haven't."

"Womanlike, you want your signature on the document above his. You'd like his to be weak and trembly and spotted with masculine tears."

"I don't want any document at all. I don't want it to be finished. I love him."

"To hell with him," Webster said. "Come off to Europe with me. We'll go on a shopping spree . . . get active and let everything go hang for a while. His pride sticks in my throat."

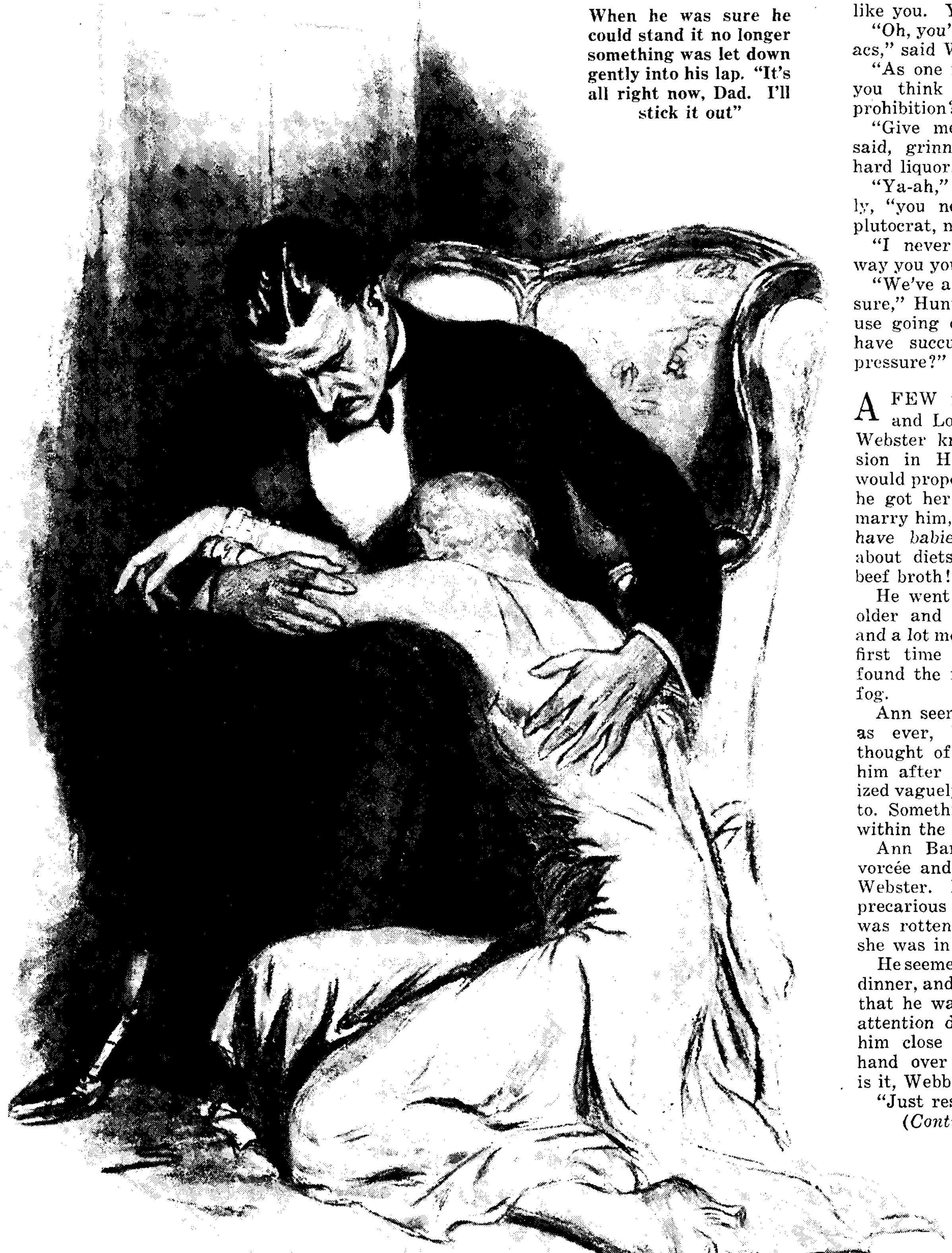
"It was my mistake," Lola said, reaching for the glass that Webster handed her. "I thought his chivalry would overcome his scruples about money. Webb, I practically begged him on my bended knees. I threw my pride over my shoulder and became a supplicant for the first time in my life. It's a funny sensation . . . particularly when one doesn't gain her point." She sipped thoughtfully at her drink.

HER bright red underlip pressed against the rim of the glass fascinated Webster. Nancy's mouth had been like that.

"It's been a week now," she said, "and he hasn't called. If he's gotten through a week without calling me, he'll go through. I'd counted on this week to break him down."

"We've enough money for fifty Tonys," Webster said.

"And he hasn't enough for one Lola," she answered. "Well, it's *my* funeral. You're not to worry. I'll tumble out on top somehow. Handled properly, I suppose, a first-rate funeral can be quite jolly."



When he was sure he could stand it no longer something was let down gently into his lap. "It's all right now, Dad. I'll stick it out"

The doorbell rang and a moment later Hunter Barclay came in. Hunter was one of the three young men who had been in love with Lola for two years. "Ah, Webster," he said, "I see you have a glass in your hand." He went over to Lola and took her hand. "I see Lola has one too." For a moment he devoted his entire attention to Lola. "I've been all a-twitter at the thought of seeing you," he said.

"Have you really?"

"Not really, but I thought it was a nice greeting. I *see*, I said, that you have a *glass* in your hand, Webster."

"Don't be a pig," Lola said, laughing, "can't you see he's turning around slowly?"

"Too slowly," said Hunter. "I've got prohibition fever. Had ginger ale at tea time today. Everybody's on the wagon. The world is going to the devil."

"Oh, these ladies' aids," Webster murmured, handing him a drink.

Hunter lifted his glass in Webster's direction. "We like you, Webster," he said. "We all like you. Your rye is excellent."

"Oh, you're all a bunch of maniacs," said Webster.

"As one maniac to another, *do* you think they'll ever enforce prohibition?"

"Give me my beer," Webster said, grinning, "and I'll forego hard liquor."

"Ya-ah," Hunter said scornfully, "you never tasted beer, you plutocrat, much less drank it."

"I never drank anything the way you young fools drink it."

"We've all got high blood pressure," Hunter said. "What's the use going on if all your friends have succumbed to high blood pressure?"

A FEW minutes later Hunter and Lola went out laughing. Webster knew from the expression in Hunter's eyes that he would propose to Lola the moment he got her alone. If she'd only marry him, Webster thought, and have babies, and be concerned about diets of orange juice and beef broth!

He went over to Ann's feeling older and a little more sodden, and a lot more depressed. For the first time since Nancy left, he found the road ahead thick with fog.

Ann seemed, tonight, charming as ever, but unreal. He had thought of asking her to marry him after dinner. Now he realized vaguely that he did not intend to. Something in him had changed within the past two hours.

Ann Barton was a blond divorcée and she wanted to marry Webster. Her finances were in a precarious condition, and Webster was rottenly rich. Besides that, she was in love with him.

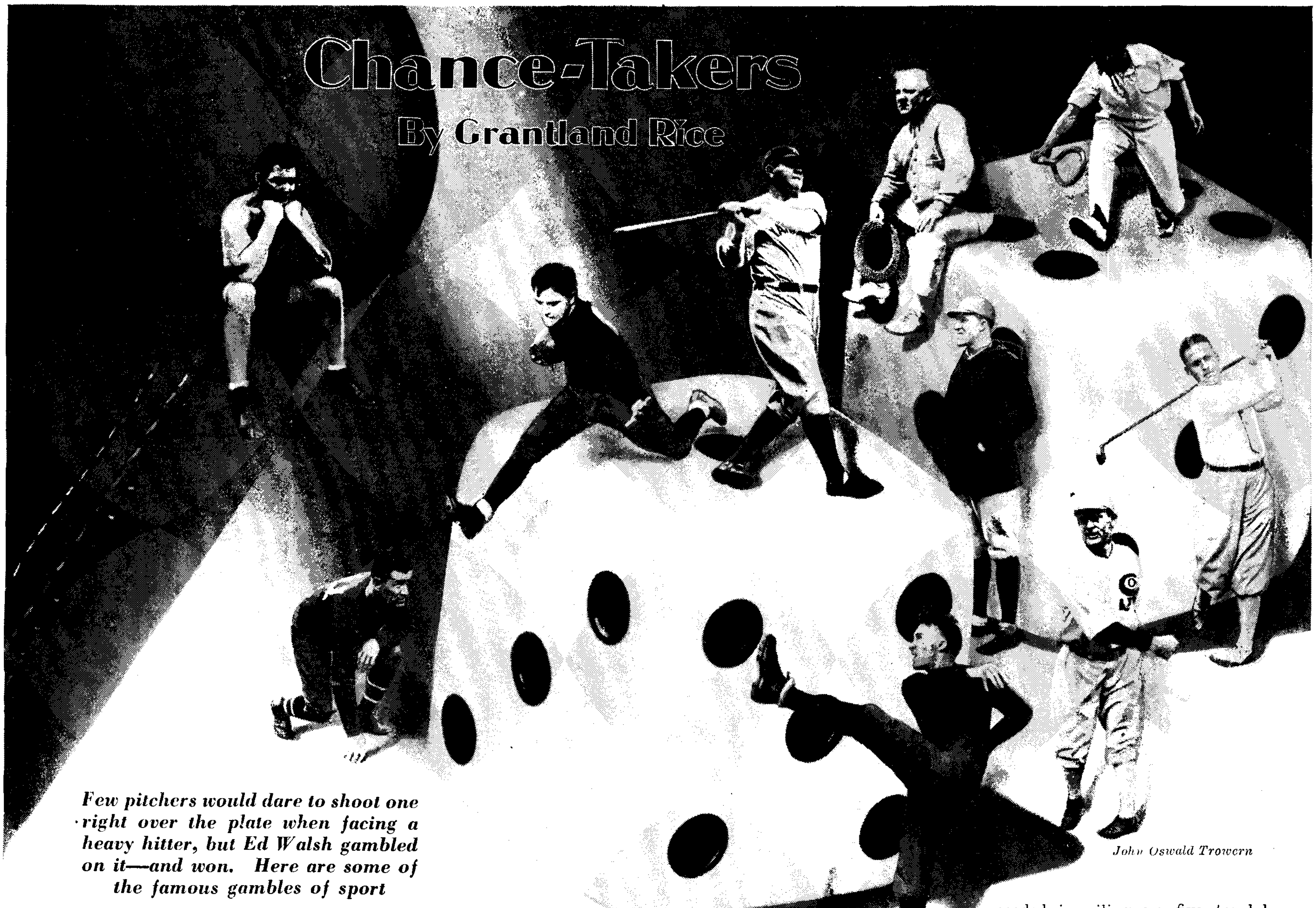
He seemed distracted all through dinner, and after dinner she found that he was restless. All of her attention did not serve to bring him close to her. She put her hand over his and said, "What is it, Webb?"

"Just restless," he said.

(*Continued on page 52*)

Chance-Takers

By Grantland Rice



Few pitchers would dare to shoot one right over the plate when facing a heavy hitter, but Ed Walsh gambled on it—and won. Here are some of the famous gambles of sport

John Oswald Trowern

NOT all the gambling in sport is done with dollars. Sometimes it is done with a right hand, with a long iron or perhaps with a forty-yard pass. A big part of sport has been a battle between the chance-takers and those who prefer to play safe without staking too much upon one winning or losing play.

There are times when one is forced to take a desperate gamble as a last resort. But on many other occasions a player has taken the risk deliberately, motivated by natural instinct or the thrill of adventure.

I believe the greatest single gamble any man ever took in sport was that of Jack Dempsey the night he faced Firpo. Dempsey entered the ring that night with a crown that was later to bring him more than a million dollars in two Tunney fights. He knew in advance that he could stalk around Firpo as he did with Willard, feint him out of position and knock him out without running any great risk. But for some mysterious reason Dempsey decided to break up the battle with the first punch.

Here was the true gambler. When he jumped across the ring and threw a left hook at Firpo with every ounce of power he carried Jack came within a hair of sending the title on its way to South America. For the hook fell short, Dempsey lost his balance for a second and Firpo's massive right hand nailed the champion on the side of the head with enough force to leave him dizzy.

I've tried to get Dempsey to tell just why he took such a chance but he can recall only that he wanted to get the shaggy giant out of the way as soon as possible and he felt a sudden hunch to stop him, if he could, with the first punch of the fight.

If Young Stribling had had more of Dempsey's gambling spirit he either would have been knocked out or would have been the heavyweight champion of the world. Probably he would have had the more pleasant fate. But until his last two fights he could never force himself to run any such risk.

Many gambles in sport still remain famous. We might go as far back as 1908 when Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit were racing neck and neck for the American League pennant. Chicago and Cleveland were battling in one of the final games and it looked as if the winner would get into the coming world series split. Ed Walsh had Cleveland 1 to 0 near the finish with two out, two on base and Larry Lajoie, one of the game's greatest hitters, at bat.

The count was three balls and two strikes. Walsh knew that Larry was looking for another spit-ball and the big pitcher elected to take a daring risk. Instead of repeating his spitter Walsh threw the last ball Lajoie ever dreamed of getting, a fast one right across the plate, and the Cleveland star's bat was still on his shoulder when the third strike was called and the game was over.

Tiger Tricks

I have always thought the greatest tennis gambler was Richard Norris Williams, still a star but once a champion. It was almost impossible for Dick Williams to play anything safe in a tennis match. He would always shoot for the white chalk lines or the bare top of the net, preferring to win or lose on his own, rather than wait for the other man's mistakes.

In this respect he was the exact opposite of René Lacoste, the French star, whose main idea was to get the ball back and keep on getting it back until his opponent finally hit one out or drove one to the net.

One game that lends itself readily to risk-taking or gambling is football. Coaches almost always have to study and work on this quality in directing their quarterbacks.

It isn't easy for a young quarterback, with 70,000 or 80,000 fans looking on, to take a big risk when he has an easy way out of possible trouble by calling for some standard play. If he sends a back through the line with two or three yards to go for a touchdown and the back doesn't make the distance there is usually more credit given the other team's defense than there is criticism of his safer signal. But if he gambles and the gamble doesn't pan out, he knows the storm that will break.

There are many times when a bold gamble early in the game will decide the outcome. A few years ago Harvard and Princeton met at the Harvard stadium. In those days Yale, Harvard and Princeton stuck strictly to orthodox tactics, taking few risks unless they were absolutely necessary. In this game Harvard kicked off and the Tiger runner was thrown on his own eighteen-yard line. On the first play of the game, instead of kicking or running, the Princeton quarter called for a forward pass.

The Harvard defense was caught completely off guard, but with a long run ahead the Tiger end dropped the pass. Yet this first bold play led to a Crimson rout. Princeton continued out-guessing Harvard throughout the game and succeeded in piling up five touchdowns.

Probably the biggest chance-taker among the golfers is Bobby Jones. He lost his opportunity to win the National Open title in 1922 at Skokie by taking too many big risks and he won it a year later at Inwood by hitting a full iron from a sandy lie 190 yards across the water to the pin.

Gambling Rules

This type of golf has been typical of Jones' play. Coming to the sixteenth hole at Interlachen on the last round, with Macdonald Smith thundering at his heels, Jones, with a stroke lead, went straight for the green on this dog-leg hole, carrying a grove of stately maples and risking the traps guarding the green, which he missed by a few feet. But the boldness of his drive left him his chance for a three, which he got.

Walter Hagen and Horton Smith have been among the smartest of the chance-takers, figuring the odds with cool calculation before running any risks.

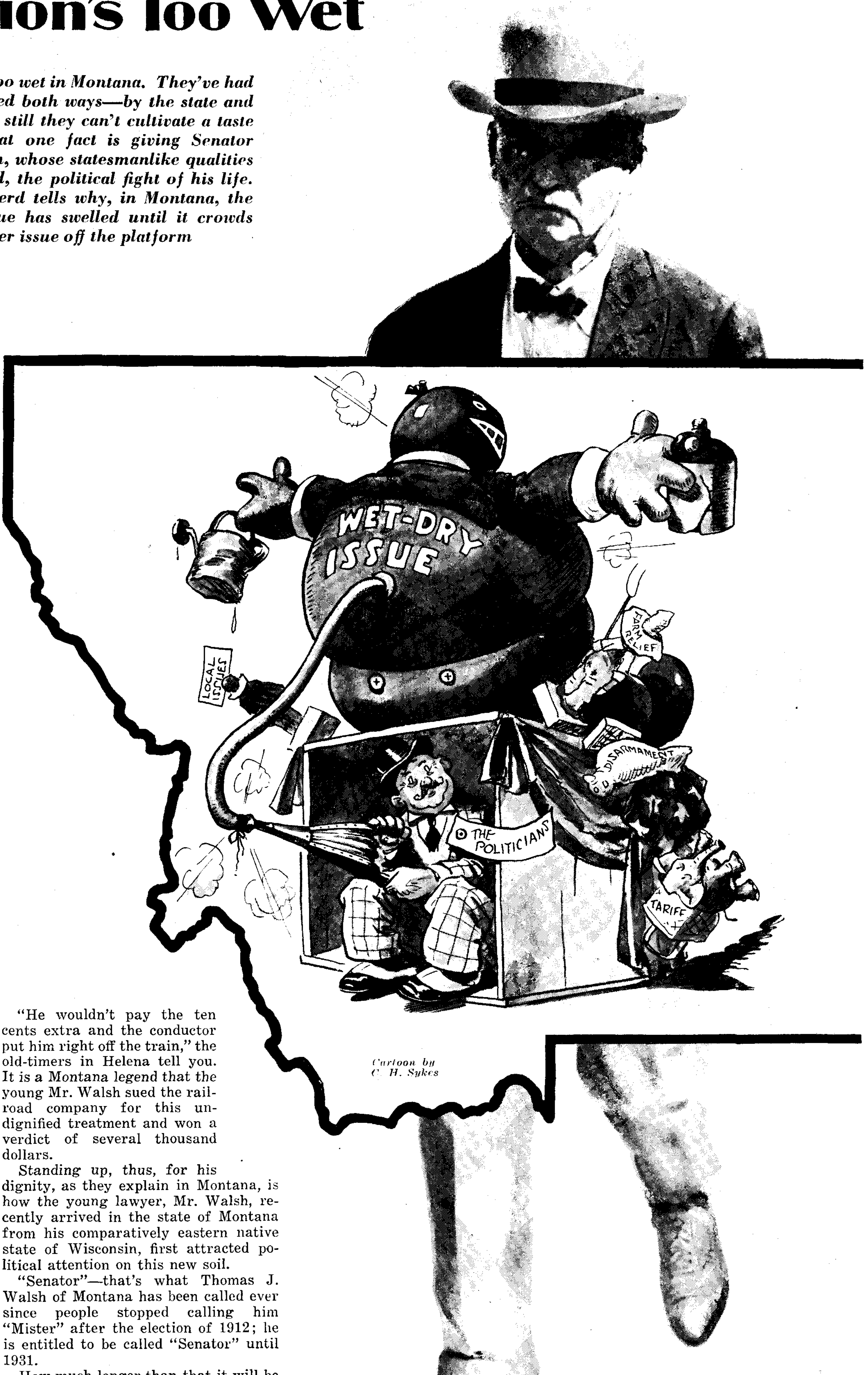
The gamble is a big part of competitive strategy when it is figured out, planned at the right time and given a chance to work by proper execution. But too often it is a wild attempt to win a game on some long chance where the odds are entirely too heavy. On one side in sport you have among the chance-takers such entries as Jack Dempsey, John McGraw, Bobby Jones, Richard Norris Williams, Babe Ruth, George Gipp, Eddie Mahan, Jack Elder and Jim Thorpe. On the other side are Gene Tunney, Jim Jeffries, Macdonald Smith and Young Stribling.

But few football coaches belong on the gambling side. They know how few quarterbacks are qualified by experience to take the risk at the right time, and just how costly one mistake can be.

Prohibition's Too Wet

At any rate it is too wet in Montana. They've had prohibition served both ways—by the state and the nation—and still they can't cultivate a taste for it. And that one fact is giving Senator Thomas J. Walsh, whose statesmanlike qualities are unquestioned, the political fight of his life. Here Mr. Shepherd tells why, in Montana, the wet and dry issue has swelled until it crowds every other issue off the platform

By William G. Shepherd



Cartoon by C. H. Sykes

Senator Thomas J. Walsh, whose fight for reëlection to the Senate will revolve about the prohibition issue

NO RADIO announcer on the face of this earth could adequately describe the scene which would ensue if some foolhardy person were to approach Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and say:

"Tom, will you take a little drink with me?"

Setting aside, for a moment, the matter of drink, there's the question of the word "Tom." To illustrate:

Joseph P. Tumulty, for twelve years private secretary to Woodrow Wilson, was called to the telephone in his law office the other day in Washington. The ensuing conversation was filled with most respectful terms, on Tumulty's part, such as "Yes, Senator." "No, Senator." "Certainly, Senator." This was odd, for if there be any man in Washington who is expected to call people by their first names, shorn of all titles, it is the affable Mr. Tumulty.

The upshot of this highly formal conversation was a golf date, in which it was apparent that the gentlemen engaged would "address" the ball rather than "clout" it.

"Going to play golf with Senator Walsh of Montana?" said a friend, who had been present during the conversation.

"How'd you know it was Walsh?" asked Mr. Tumulty.

"He's the only senator you ever call 'Senator'."

Then up spoke another friend:

"Joe," he queried, "what in the world would happen if anyone ever called Walsh Tom?"

"No one would ever call him Tom!" replied Mr. Tumulty. "He isn't Tom."

No one outside of Mr. Walsh's immediate family since he was a boy has ever called him Tom. Mr. Walsh is never, as they say out West, to be "called out of name."

Injured Dignity

They tell you, over in Montana, about the time a railroad conductor many years ago tried to become familiar with Mr. Walsh, then a young attorney.

It seems that Mr. Walsh, hurriedly boarding a train which runs through the incredibly bleak country between Butte and Helena, overlooked the matter of a ticket. The conductor became blatant about people who didn't buy tickets, before getting on *his* train.

"You'll have to pay ten cents extra for overlooking that little matter, young feller," was the gist of the conductor's ultimatum.

This declaration hurt the young lawyer's dignity more than it did his pocketbook.

"He wouldn't pay the ten cents extra and the conductor put him right off the train," the old-timers in Helena tell you. It is a Montana legend that the young Mr. Walsh sued the railroad company for this undignified treatment and won a verdict of several thousand dollars.

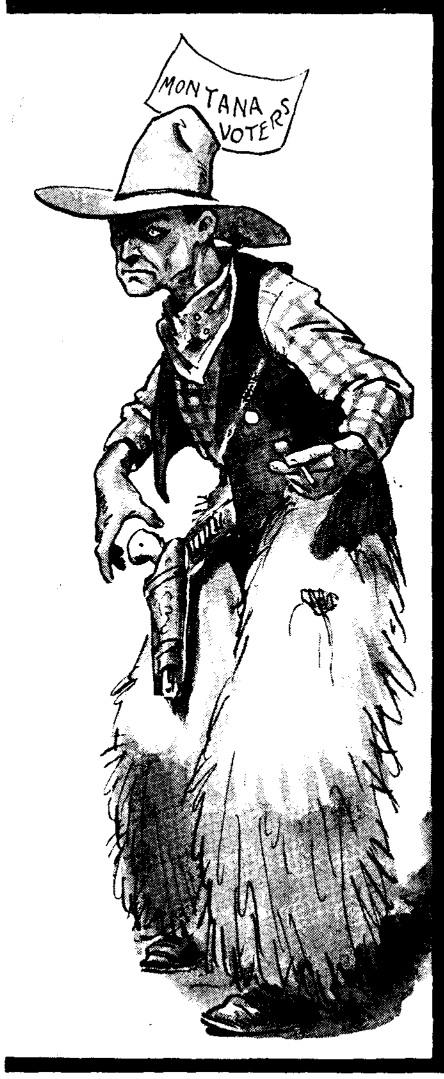
Standing up, thus, for his dignity, as they explain in Montana, is how the young lawyer, Mr. Walsh, recently arrived in the state of Montana from his comparatively eastern native state of Wisconsin, first attracted political attention on this new soil.

"Senator"—that's what Thomas J. Walsh of Montana has been called ever since people stopped calling him "Mister" after the election of 1912; he is entitled to be called "Senator" until 1931.

How much longer than that it will be before his friends revert to "Mister" will be discussed later on.

And now we come to the shocking possibility of asking Senator Thomas J. Walsh to take a drink. Even if you called him "Senator," it would, in the opinion of many Montanans, be a rash deed to offer a highball, cocktail or any

Judge Albert Galen, the Republican nominee for senator from Montana, is opposed to prohibition



other alcoholic whatnot to this grim man. Senator Walsh doesn't drink, never has drunk and, it is safe to say, will go to his grave without drinking. What's more, he doesn't hold with other people's drinking. He's against the use of alcohol and has so declared himself.

People simply do *not* serve cocktails at their homes in Helena when Senator Walsh is a guest. Nor do politicians drink whisky in hotel rooms, at conventions, when he is present. They "put the bottle away" for him just as they used to do for the late William Jennings Bryan. Senator Walsh is an active, convinced dry.

And on November 4th, next, he will go before the people of his state—which, as we shall see, is very much against present-day prohibition—for reëlection.

Now, by the quirks of the prohibition issue, Senator Walsh, who is a Democrat, has an opponent.

Albert is this opponent's first name, but everyone who knows him, and over in Montana everybody seems to know him, for he was born and raised there, calls him Al. "Judge" is his official title by virtue of the fact that he holds the exalted position of an associate justice of the Montana state supreme court, but, even in spite of that dignity, people still speak of him free and easy-like as Al—Al Galen.

Ask Al Galen to have a drink and his reaction, if so be he feels in the proper mood, will be far different from that of Senator Thomas J. Walsh. There are no stories to the effect that he says "No" under such pressure. What would be likely to happen as the result of such a query would be none of a radio announcer's business. Judge Galen has never made any bones about taking a drink when he wanted it. Wherefore, Montana knows him both personally and politically as being perhaps fully as wet as Senator Walsh is dry. And that fact, he and his friends figure just now, is likely to stand him in very good stead in his contest, as a Republican, against Senator Walsh. For a good majority of Montana voters are so dead set against prohibition that they have thrown their own state prohibition law out of the window. How much farther they'll go on election day to show that being wet or dry is more important to them than being Republicans or Democrats is anyone's guess at this writing. If party politics doesn't affect them, neither will religion, for both candidates are good Catholics. Booze and booze alone may be the issue.

It will perhaps surprise many Americans who look upon Thomas J. Walsh as a national figure to learn that the challenge offered to him by Judge Galen is not lightly considered in the state of Montana.

The rest of the country, outside of Montana, certainly looks upon Senator Thomas J. Walsh as a heroic figure. We all remember how in Madison Square Garden he presided over the taking of 103 ballots in that tumultuous national Democratic convention in 1924, lasting from June 24th to July 10th. That was the first year of radioed conventions. By the millions and tens of millions we heard the rap of his gavel and his powerful tones as throughout the long, weary, exciting days he gave his various parliamentary decisions. We heard him positively decline to be nominated as candidate for Vice President, and some of us in the press stand saw him hand over his gavel and run away from the platform to dodge that calamity.

"For what purpose does the gentleman arise? For what purpose does the gentleman arise?" We heard him put that question in sharp, resounding tones to delegates on the convention floor, perhaps a thousand times. We never could hear the gentleman's answer because the gentleman addressed, being out in the crowd, was never near the microphone. But Walsh's phrase found its way into American slang for a year or so, and became as famous as Alabama's "twenty-four votes for Oscar E. Underwood."

We remember Senator Walsh as fighting almost single-handed, at first, the oil lease cases; taking up a spear against Harry Sinclair with his millions, Edward L. Doheny with his millions, and against three members of the Cabinet, Secretary of the Interior Albert E. Fall, Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty and Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby.

To the rest of us Senator Thomas J. Walsh is a national figure; to Montana he is also a national figure, but he is something else as well. He is a dry senator. And in certain circles in Montana, no matter what you say of his bravery and integrity, that, speaking politically, hurts him gravely.

There are people in Montana (and I found them in plenty, for the state has had a desperate experience with prohibition enforcement) who in this coming election will not, when they enter the voting booth, stop to think of the good record of Thomas J. Walsh as a senator. Wet and dry will be the issue with them. And wet or dry, as the case may be, they will vote. All other issues will, in the main, be thrown aside.

"This prohibition issue has made such trouble in Montana, ever since it first came up," explained an editor of one of the leading newspapers of the state, "that you can't kill it. Thousands of voters don't think in any other terms. You can't get 'em to. No matter what they hear about a man in politics, the first thing they want to know is: 'Is he wet or dry?' And that's about all that many of them *do* want to know. That decides 'em."

Ebbing Funds

There are lots of people in Montana who would like to see the use of alcohol controlled—but not by prohibition. Prohibition's too wet. You'll have to find some other method than the so-called prohibition method before they'll support it.

Even many of the church people, who are against alcohol, are just as deadly in earnest against prohibition. Superintendent Wade of the Montana Anti-Saloon League complained to me that many of the church people had quit contributing to the cause, the present funds of which are very low. They're sick of the entire question, because of the evils that the question itself has produced. Many of them, too, seem ready to vote for anyone who will get the prohibition issue out of politics, who will kill the booze question once and for all.

"The vote of our citizens," admits W. L. Wade, head of the Montana Anti-Saloon League, "has stripped the state of its control of intoxicating liquors until this control is less than that possessed even in territorial days."

And only the saloonkeepers and the drinkers controlled liquor in those days.

All of which means that all of the authorities, municipal, county and state, within that commonwealth are practically powerless to prohibit the manufacture, distribution and use of alcohol. Except for small federal raids the prohibition laws of Montana are practically idle.

Of course it required a desperate experience with prohibition to put the people of Montana in this state of mind. And Montana had it; make no mistake about that. See if it didn't:

Montana was a 1916'er among the prohibition states; she passed her own state prohibition law and put it into effect at that time. She determined in those uplifting days to clean herself up.

She was right in step with the other states around her. Up in that northwest corner of the country the states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, under the influence of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, now secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals but then an Oregon clergyman and head of the Oregon Anti-Saloon League, had voted their states dry.

"Free" Prohibition

Montana was bedeviled by citizens from these states coming to Montana to get drunk. The towns of Taft and Superior on the Montana borders were turned into civic bars by thirsty visiting fellow Americans.

Now two years before, in 1914, the progressive state of Montana had given women the vote. The first thing the women did, naturally, was to try to clean up their state and end its attractions for the liquor-hungry, lustful hordes that got off the daily trains at every good-sized Montana town for a "good time."

"Whoever drew up that Montana state law wasn't very bright," one of the present state officials told me. "It didn't provide one single cent from the state treasury or any other treasury for prohibition enforcement. The makers of the law said that people would vote against it if prohibition enforcement would cost the taxpayers anything."

So lawmakers made prohibition "free" in Montana, as we shall see later on. The election was considered a tremendous victory for the forces of righteousness. Celebrations were held in churches and lodge halls throughout the state. Those who had "put the law across" were lionized and banqueted. And why not, on the face of the returns? These were:

For the state law	102,776
Against	73,890
Total voting	176,666

But election returns aren't all, as many of our states are discovering. Up in the state capitol, in Helena, sat Attorney-General Foote, gloomy and bewildered. There was no joy, no shout of victory there. The law had abruptly put upon his shoulders the duty of closing all the saloons in the state, stopping all the borders against hooch, closing breweries and preventing, in every way, the manufacture, in homes or elsewhere, of intoxicating liquor in all forms. He was required by the new law to form a separate department for this purpose.

Earning Their Way

But he hadn't been given a cent with which to proceed. And right here appears an incredible thing, which only goes to show how thoughtless millions of voters were, throughout the land, in those early days of the prohibition crusade:

The law in Montana provided that state prohibition officials earn their own way, pay their own expenses and their own salaries—yes, and even buy their own cars and the gasoline therefor—solely out of funds which the state took in as fines. No pinches, no wages.

Attorney-General Foote has told me, personally, of the trying times he had in getting his department started; it

(*Continued on page 60*)

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far: The debonair Godfrey, Lord Biskerton (known to his intimates as "Biscuit"), is confronted with a serious problem. He is totally devoid of assets. How can he evade a small, but most active, army of bailiffs and creditors who are hot on his trail?

Ha! An inspiration! Why not try a disguise? No sooner thought than done. His lordship pastes on a huge beard and sallies forth to test its efficacy. If it works—if no one recognizes him—he is safe: soon he will marry the charming Ann Moon, an American girl who is visiting her uncle, T. Paterson Frisby, in London; and Miss Moon is rich!

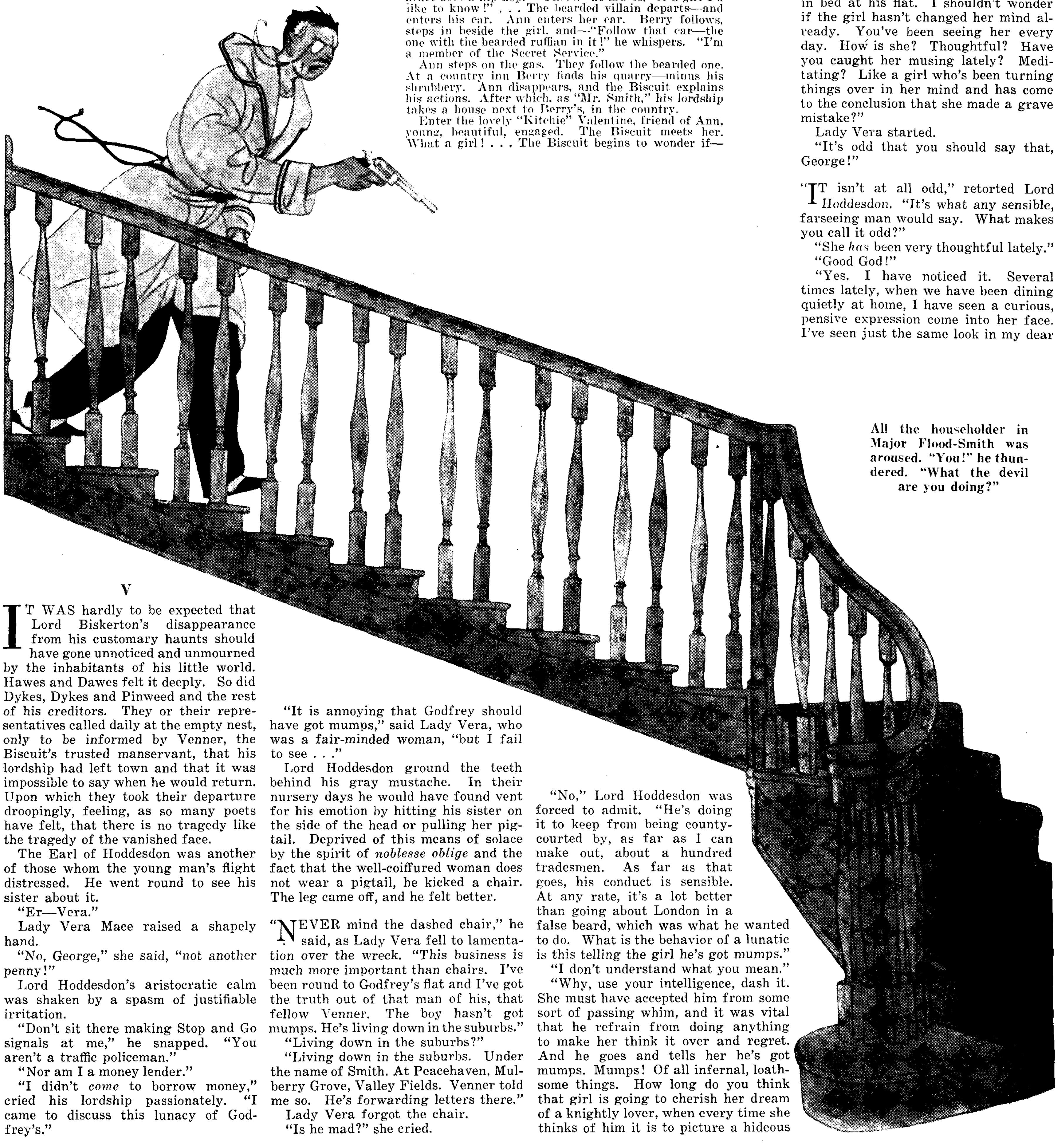
The Biscuit goes to the Berkeley, where Ann and his father—the impecunious Earl of Hoddesdon, whose equally impecunious sister, Lady Vera Mace, is chaperoning Miss Moon—are lunching together. "Berry" Conway is there, alone.

A few words, ere we proceed, anent Mr. Conway, close friend of the Biscuit and secretary of T. Paterson Frisby. A charming fellow, Berry. But poor. Sadly in need of funds, he is advised by the estimable Mr. Frisby to sell "The Dream Come True," a derelict copper mine which he owns and believes to be worthless, but which Mr. Frisby knows to be valuable. He prepares to act on the advice. Inasmuch as the buyer is to be one J. B. Hoke (secretly in the employ of Mr. Frisby) and the price to be small, the astute Mr. Frisby is much pleased at the prospect. . . .

At the Berkeley, Berry observes a strange and most villainous-looking Russian. Then he sees Ann. His heart does a flip-flop. "There," he muses, "is a girl I'd like to know!" . . . The bearded villain departs—and enters his car. Ann enters her car. Berry follows, steps in beside the girl, and—"Follow that car—the one with the bearded ruffian in it!" he whispers. "I'm a member of the Secret Service."

Ann steps on the gas. They follow the bearded one. At a country inn Berry finds his quarry—minus his shrubbery. Ann disappears, and the Biscuit explains his actions. After which, as "Mr. Smith," his lordship takes a house next to Berry's, in the country.

Enter the lovely "Kitchie" Valentine, friend of Ann, young, beautiful, engaged. The Biscuit meets her. What a girl! . . . The Biscuit begins to wonder if—



All the householder in Major Flood-Smith was aroused. "You!" he thundered. "What the devil are you doing?"

V

IT WAS hardly to be expected that Lord Biskerton's disappearance from his customary haunts should have gone unnoticed and unmourned by the inhabitants of his little world. Hawes and Dawes felt it deeply. So did Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed and the rest of his creditors. They or their representatives called daily at the empty nest, only to be informed by Venner, the Biscuit's trusted manservant, that his lordship had left town and that it was impossible to say when he would return. Upon which they took their departure droopingly, feeling, as so many poets have felt, that there is no tragedy like the tragedy of the vanished face.

The Earl of Hoddesdon was another of those whom the young man's flight distressed. He went round to see his sister about it.

"Er—Vera."

Lady Vera Mace raised a shapely hand.

"No, George," she said, "not another penny!"

Lord Hoddesdon's aristocratic calm was shaken by a spasm of justifiable irritation.

"Don't sit there making Stop and Go signals at me," he snapped. "You aren't a traffic policeman."

"Nor am I a money lender."

"I didn't *come* to borrow money," cried his lordship passionately. "I came to discuss this lunacy of Godfrey's."

"It is annoying that Godfrey should have got mumps," said Lady Vera, who was a fair-minded woman, "but I fail to see . . ."

Lord Hoddesdon ground the teeth behind his gray mustache. In their nursery days he would have found vent for his emotion by hitting his sister on the side of the head or pulling her pigtail. Deprived of this means of solace by the spirit of *noblesse oblige* and the fact that the well-coiffured woman does not wear a pigtail, he kicked a chair. The leg came off, and he felt better.

"NEVER mind the dashed chair," he said, as Lady Vera fell to lamentation over the wreck. "This business is much more important than chairs. I've been round to Godfrey's flat and I've got the truth out of that man of his, that fellow Venner. The boy hasn't got mumps. He's living down in the suburbs."

"Living down in the suburbs?"

"Living down in the suburbs. Under the name of Smith. At Peacehaven, Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields. Venner told me so. He's forwarding letters there."

Lady Vera forgot the chair.

"Is he mad?" she cried.

"No," Lord Hoddesdon was forced to admit. "He's doing it to keep from being county-courted by, as far as I can make out, about a hundred tradesmen. As far as that goes, his conduct is sensible. At any rate, it's a lot better than going about London in a false beard, which was what he wanted to do. What is the behavior of a lunatic is this telling the girl he's got mumps."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Why, use your intelligence, dash it. She must have accepted him from some sort of passing whim, and it was vital that he refrain from doing anything to make her think it over and regret. And he goes and tells her he's got mumps. Mumps! Of all infernal, loathsome things. How long do you think that girl is going to cherish her dream of a knightly lover, when every time she thinks of him it is to picture a hideous object with a face like a football, probably with flannel wrapped round it? I shouldn't wonder if she isn't weakening already."

"George!"

"It's maddening. When there are a dozen things he could have told her. That's what makes my blood boil. If he had consulted me, I could have suggested a hundred alternatives. He could have said that he thought of going into Parliament and that he had to go and live in this beastly suburb to nurse the constituency. She would never have seen through that. Or he could have invented a dying relative in Ireland or Mentone or Madeira. But, no! He has to go and say that he's swelling horribly in bed at his flat. I shouldn't wonder if the girl hasn't changed her mind already. You've been seeing her every day. How is she? Thoughtful? Have you caught her musing lately? Meditating? Like a girl who's been turning things over in her mind and has come to the conclusion that she made a grave mistake?"

Lady Vera started.

"It's odd that you should say that, George!"

"IT isn't at all odd," retorted Lord Hoddesdon. "It's what any sensible, farseeing man would say. What makes you call it odd?"

"She *has* been very thoughtful lately."

"Good God!"

"Yes. I have noticed it. Several times lately, when we have been dining quietly at home, I have seen a curious, pensive expression come into her face. I've seen just the same look in my dear

Sham-Poo's eyes when he has heard the coffee cups rattle outside. He is so devoted to coffee sugar, the darling."

"Don't talk to me about Sham-Poo," said Lord Hoddesdon vehemently. He was not an admirer of his sister's Pekingese. "If you have anything to say about Sham-Poo, tell it to the vet. For the moment oblige me by concentrating upon this girl Ann Moon."

"I am simply telling you," replied his sister with spirit, "that there was the same look in her eyes as there is in Sham-Poo's when he thinks of coffee sugar. As if she were dreaming some beautiful dream."

"But, dash it, that's all right, then. I mean, if all she is doing is dreaming beautiful dreams. . . ."

Lady Vera crushed his rising hopes. Her face was very grave.

"But, George, consider. Would a girl who was thinking of Godfrey look as if she were dreaming a beautiful dream?"

"Good Lord, no. That's right. You mean—?" exclaimed his lordship, quivering from head to foot as the frightful significance of his sister's words came home to him. "You don't mean?"

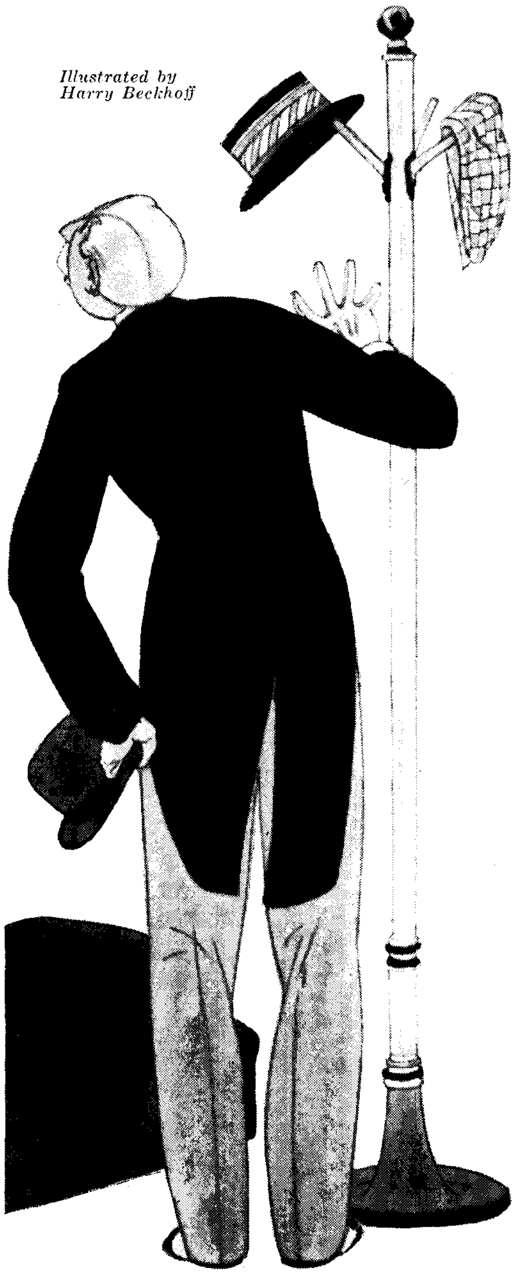
Lady Vera nodded somberly.

"Yes, I do. I think Ann has met somebody else."

"Don't say such awful things, Vera!"

"Well, I really do believe that is what has happened. She gave me the impression of a girl who was wondering about something. And what would she have to wonder about except whether she had made a mistake in accepting Godfrey and wouldn't be doing better to break the engagement and leave herself free to marry this new man?"

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



Lord Hoddesdon fought stoutly against a sea of fears.

"Don't talk of 'this new man' as if he really existed. You can't know. You're only guessing."

"I have a woman's intuition, George. Besides—"

"BUT who could it be? Where would she have met him? I know she goes out to lunches and dinners and dances every day, and meets a thousand men, but they're all exactly like Godfrey. I can't tell these modern young fellows apart. Nobody can. They all look alike and think alike and talk alike. It's absurd to suppose that any one of them could suddenly exercise an overwhelming spell over her. If she had been to a prize-fight or something and had conceived a sudden passion for some truck horse of a chap just because his muscles bulged, I could understand it. But why should a girl want to change one Biskerton for another Biskerton? When I said just now that she might be thinking of breaking the engagement, it never occurred to me that she could be planning to marry anybody else. I simply feared that she might give Godfrey his *congé* and go back to America."

"Well, let me tell you a very curious thing, George. You remember the day you took Ann to lunch at the Berkeley?"

"What about it?"

"I happened to meet Lady Venables that night, and she asked me who the young man was that she saw driving along Piccadilly with Ann in her car. She said it was nobody she knew, and she knows every young man in London."

"What!"

"A very good-looking man, she said, with a strong, handsome face. She was certain he wasn't anybody she had ever met. And, as I say, Lady Venables gives so many parties, trying to get Harriet off, poor dear, that by this time in the season there isn't a single young man anywhere in Mayfair that she doesn't at least know by sight. She takes a regular census and works through it. So, if she really did see Ann with anyone, it must have been somebody no one knows anything about—this prize-fighter of yours, for instance."

Lord Hoddesdon had been pacing the floor. He sat down abruptly.

"You're making my flesh creep, Vera!"

"I'm sorry. I'm simply telling you."

"And Godfrey supposed to be in bed with mumps. What are we to do?"

"The first thing is obviously to see Godfrey and tell him of the risk he is running, by staying away, of losing Ann altogether. I think that, tradesmen or no tradesmen, he ought to come back."

"How can he come back? The girl thinks he's ill in bed."

"He could say that the doctor found he had made a mistake. Lots of things look like mumps at first. Toothache makes your face swell."

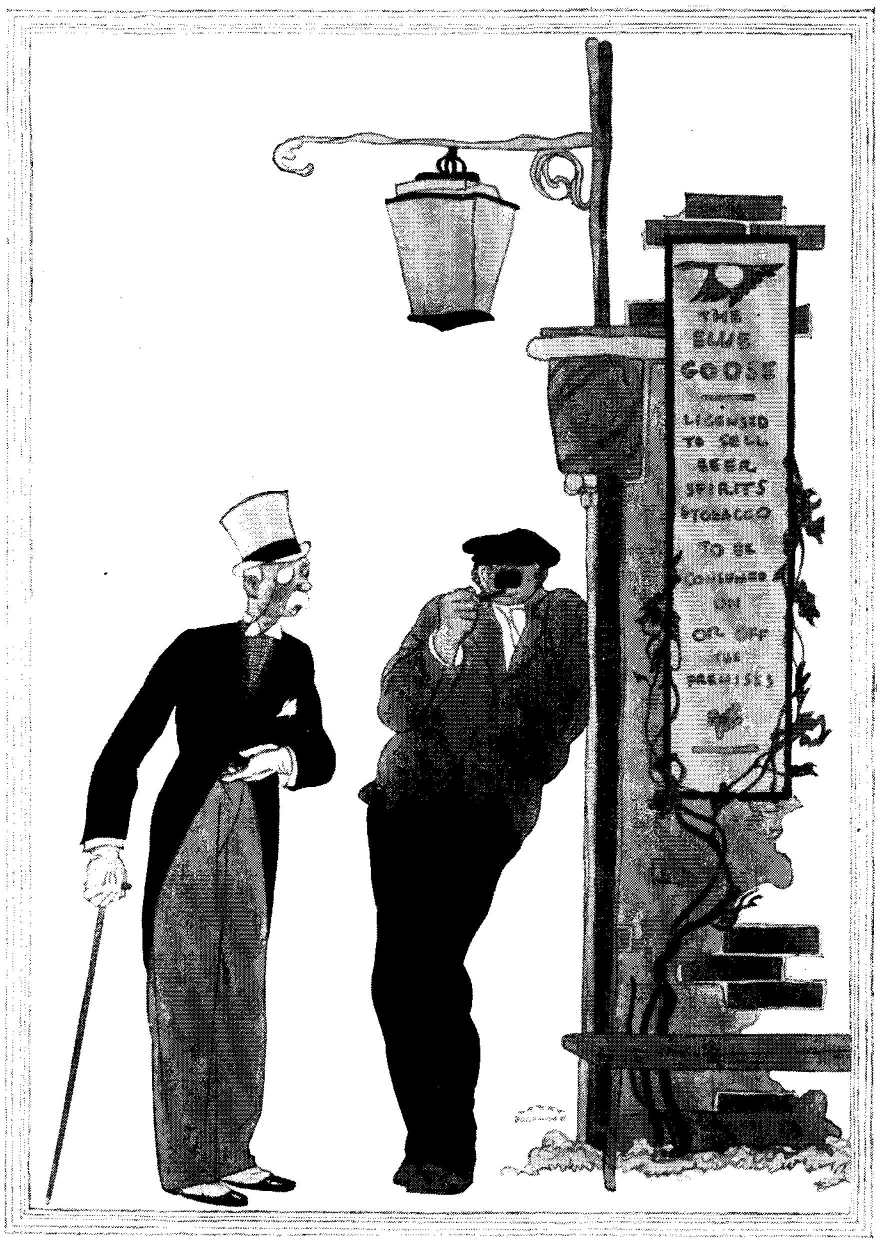
"A chill in the facial muscles," said Lord Hoddesdon, inspired.

"Yes, that would do."

"But what about all these fellows who want to county-court him?"

"Something could be arranged about that. Surely, now that they know that he is engaged to the daughter of a millionaire. . . ."

"Yes, that's true."


THE BLUE GOOSE
LICENSED TO SELL BEER SPIRITS TOBACCO TO BE CONSUMED ON OR OFF THE PREMISES

"What sort of a hat do you call that you've got on?" asked the man coldly

"Well, he must at least get in touch with Ann again, and immediately. So that he can at any rate write to her. Perhaps if she kept getting letters from him it would help. I think he ought to tell her that he has had to go to Paris. Perhaps he might really go to Paris, and then she could go to Paris, too."

"Where's the money to come from?"

"I could manage that."

"You could?" said Lord Hoddesdon, eagerly. "Then, while we are on the subject . . ."

"NO," said Lady Vera firmly. "I said I could manage enough to send Godfrey to Paris, but I refuse to subsidize you, George."

"I only want twenty pounds."

"When you leave this flat, you will still be wanting it."

"It isn't much," said Lord Hoddesdon wistfully. "Twenty pounds."

"It is twenty pounds more than you are going to get out of me," replied his sister.

"All right," said his lordship. "All right. No harm in asking, was there?"

"I am always delighted to have you ask, George," said Lady Vera. "At any time. Whenever you want money, I hope you will always ask me. You won't get it, of course."

Lord Hoddesdon took a pull at his mustache.

"Then, shelving that for the moment," he said, "you think I ought to go and see Godfrey?"

"I consider it essential. Ann is a very impulsive girl, and even now it may be too late."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Vera," said Lord Hoddesdon irritably. "You seem to take a joy in looking on the dark side. Very well, then. I will go down to this infernal suburb. Or shall I write him a letter?"

"No. You express yourself so badly in letters. He would never understand how vital the thing was. Go down to Valley Fields at once and see him personally."

"And the money for the taxi?"

"What taxi?" said Lady Vera.

She found a railway time-table and began to turn its pages briskly. Lord Hoddesdon watched her with a growing dislike. He had his own rigid, old-fashioned ideas of how a sister should behave to a brother and Lady Vera outraged them. He was just letting his mind drift off into a reverie in which there figured a wonderful dream-sister whose leading qualities were a big bank balance, a check book, an intense fondness for her brother and scribbling-itch, when he was called back to the sternly practical by the sound of her voice.

"'Frequent trains from Victoria,'" read Lady Vera. "So you had better start at once. And do contrive, if you can possibly manage it, not to bungle the thing. The fare, first class, is one and a penny."

"Oh? You're sure," said Lord Hoddesdon bitterly, "you wouldn't rather I went third class?"

"You must please yourself entirely, George," said Lady Vera equably. "You will be paying for the ticket."

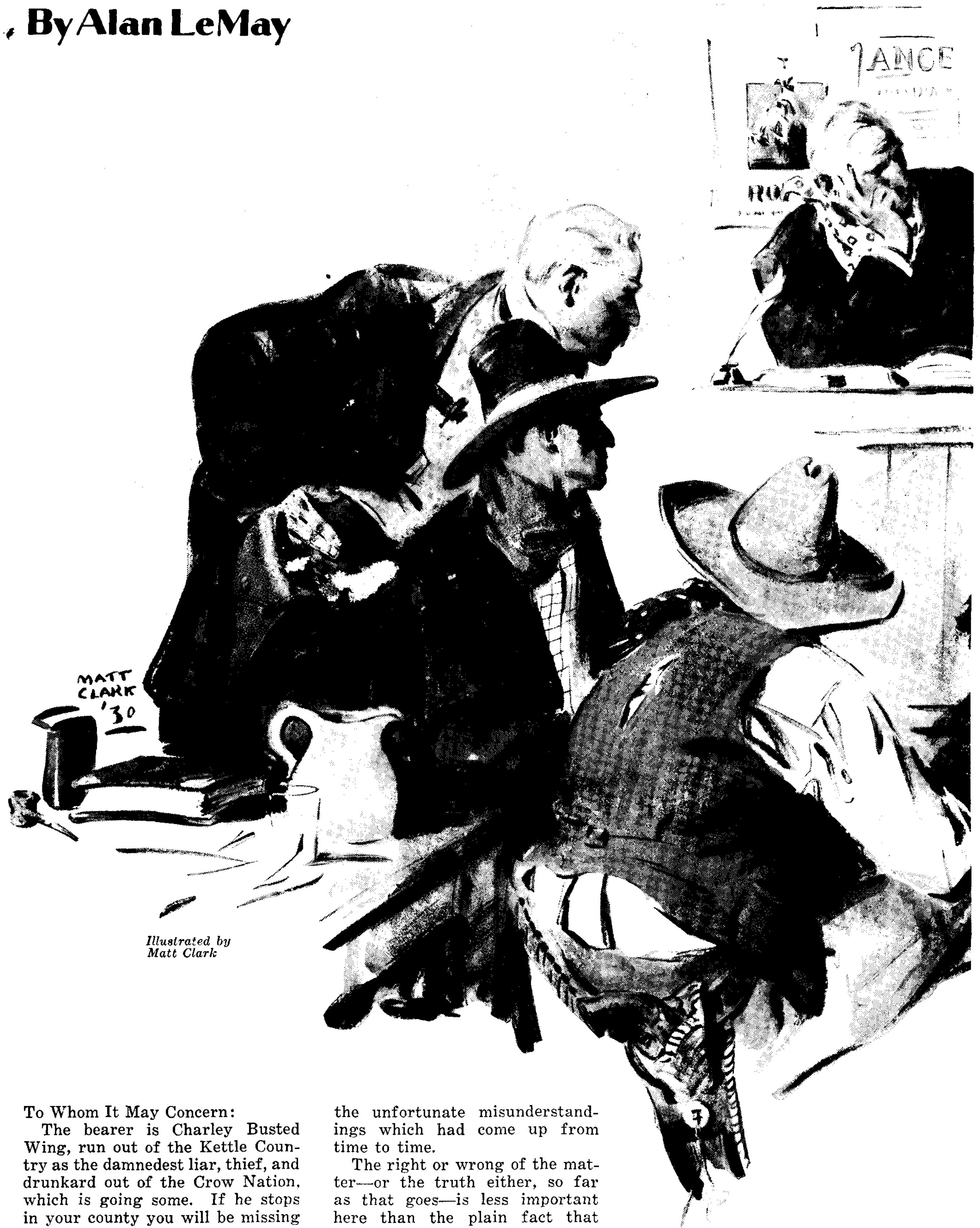
The manifold beauties of Valley Fields which had so impressed his son and heir on his first introduction to them made a weaker appeal to the sixth Earl of Hoddesdon. Lord Hoddesdon's outlook on life, from the very start of

(*Continued on page 34*)

Kindly Kick Out Bearer

In which the meanest man in seven counties shows his perfect sense of humor

By Alan LeMay



Illustrated by Matt Clark

LITTLE seems to be known by Kettle Country narrators of the history of Charley Busted Wing. He was an obscure and unconsidered Crow bronc rider when he rose to momentary prominence in the Wagon Bed water case—a case that is now history of the sort that cattlemen love to recount over and over again at round-up and rodeo. And he dropped back into total obscurity again when the Wagon Bed case was done. His part in the now famous water feud appears in the often-told story, of course; but of the previous history of Charley Busted Wing little is ever said.

This is odd, for the extraordinary Odyssey of Charley Busted Wing is perhaps the most curious part of the story of the fight over the Wagon Bed water.

At the time when it occurred to Charley Busted Wing to revisit the Redregon Country of his youth, he had been a bronc rider in the Kettle Country for almost fifteen of his thirty years. Since he was the only Indian in the Kettle Country trying to make his living by bronc topping, he had managed to achieve not only toleration, but a certain reputation for being a good Indian. In this he was assisted, rather than hindered, by a popular opinion that he was short one or two of his wheels. Not that he was mentally queer in any particular way; it was simply that no idea ever penetrated his thick skull without a furious struggle.

Perhaps Busted Wing's singular talent for improfundity was the reason for his believing that young Verne Harris, his last boss in the Kettle Country, was the greatest man he had ever known. Verne Harris was a smart and a shrewd business man, and he had extensive cattle-country holdings which he had inherited; but people who had done business with Harris could have told Busted Wing that, in spite of Verne's supremely plausible manner, he was not exactly the proper subject for a dumb Indian's admiring trust.

NOBODY did so, however; and when Busted Wing swung into the saddle for his return to the Redregon Country which he had left so long ago, his proudest possession was a recommendation signed by Verne Harris of the Circle Bar.

He would have been less sanguine, perhaps, if he had known what that recommendation contained—but Busted Wing could not read.

He arrived in the Redregon Country in travel-worn condition; somebody had got his horse away from him on the road, and he had tramped the last two hundred miles with his saddle on his back.

Confidently, however, he offered his recommendation to the first range foreman he came upon in the Redregon, certain that the magic paper Verne Harris had signed would assure him of ready work, good pay, and all prosperity.

When he had handed the scribbled tally sheet to his first prospective employer in the Redregon, this is what the delighted rancher read:

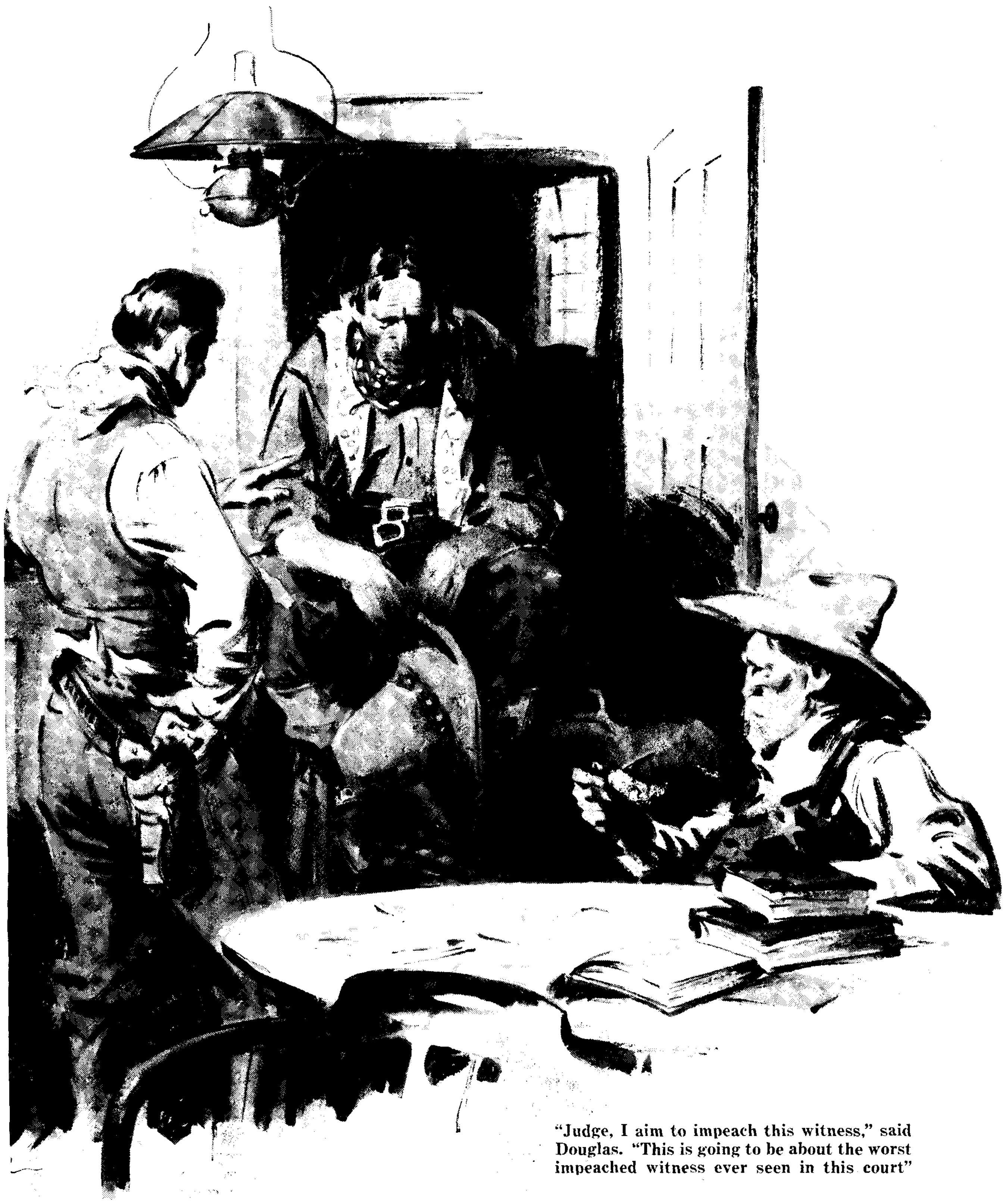
> To Whom It May Concern:
>
> The bearer is Charley Busted Wing, run out of the Kettle Country as the damnedest liar, thief, and drunkard out of the Crow Nation, which is going some. If he stops in your county you will be missing calves, etc., and the truth is positively not in him. Kick him out.
>
> V. HARRIS, CIRCLE BAR.

Now the Redregon was more familiar with Indians of Busted Wing's general description than was the Kettle Country. A considerable number of "first Americans" inhabited—"infested" was the word the ranchers used—the Redregon in a straggling and desultory sort of way, interesting themselves in sheep. This, in a cow country, was bad enough. But, in addition, certain of Busted Wing's distant relatives seemed never to have grasped the law of property as well as they understood the white man's debt to the Indian; and many were the unfortunate misunderstandings which had come up from time to time.

The right or wrong of the matter—or the truth either, so far as that goes—is less important here than the plain fact that Charley Busted Wing's race enjoyed but little popularity in the Redregon. Busted Wing was astonished to find himself classified as a nuisance at sight. On more than one occasion he found his efforts to secure employment diverted by the much more pressing necessity of making sudden escape.

ANYONE who knew the contents of Busted Wing's recommendation could have foreseen this much. What no one would have been likely to foresee—even one who knew Busted Wing's limitations well—was that Charley should continue to present that preposterous recommendation off and on for no less than four long years. Four years of tramping up and down the long reaches of the Redregon, his saddle on his back; four years of mysterious explosions on the part of the white man, including fourteen kinds of unpredictable assault; four years of continuous demonstration that all the world had gone crazy except himself!

Sometimes he was able to sponge for a time upon relatives, but the Indian families of the Redregon were in no position to feed him long. For the most part he was reduced to ignominious pilfering, a practice which did nothing toward promoting love and respect for the red man in that locality. Four years! That is the incredible thing:



"Judge, I aim to impeach this witness," said Douglas. "This is going to be about the worst impeached witness ever seen in this court"

that Busted Wing's outrageous Odyssey could have lasted for so long.

Toward the end of the fourth year a suspicion began to dawn upon Busted Wing that something might be wrong. He began to doubt whether, after all, he was really wanted in the Redregon. So at last he pointed his saddle—it was still on his own back—southwestward toward the far Kettle Country, which he had so inadvisedly left with his recommendation in his hand.

It took him more than a month to walk back over the mountains; but it was almost as if the fates had called him at an appointed time, for as he arrived at the edge of the Kettle Country, the fight over the Wagon Bed water, in which Busted Wing was to play so important—though unconscious—a part, was already begun.

And there at the edge of the Kettle Country he came upon Verne Harris himself, heatedly changing the tire of his long yellow roadster. Busted Wing completed the job for him, recounting as he did so his experiences among the crazy people of the Redregon; and when the story and the tire change were complete, Verne Harris, weak with laughter, thanked Busted Wing very decently, refused his application for a job, and drove on.

A short distance down the road, however, Harris stopped, turned his car and drove back.

"I've changed my mind, Charley," he said, studying the travel-worn Indian with a speculative eye. "Report at my ranch. I've got a short job that I think you can handle probably better than anybody I know." Busted Wing almost broke into tears as he promised to obey; and Verne Harris once more turned and drove on.

HE DID not, however, offer the footweary Indian a lift; and that was why Busted Wing was still footing his weary way to the Circle Bar when he came in sight of Hugh Douglas' ranch house early next day. Charley hesitated, then made furtive approach. He was hoping to steal a breakfast—or at least to beg a little something, even if Douglas was so lucky as to see him first.

Six o'clock on the morning of June 5th—the hour that Charley Busted Wing chose for his appearance at the Two Box—found Hugh Douglas in a mood of singular bafflement.

This was unusual. At twenty-six Douglas had already brought back to some semblance of prosperity the herd-dotted miles of over-grazed land that his father had left him. Horses he had topped, as well as men he had hit, might have testified that there was no indecision about Hugh Douglas at all. But this, he told himself, was different.

Early as it was, the morning had already brought word that rumor, for once, was correct: Verne Harris of the Circle Bar had actually begun his long threatened fence on what Douglas had good reasons to believe was Douglas land. Now, as Hugh Douglas stood looking out across the long sage-broken reaches of the Kettle valley floor, several plans for the frustration of the encroaching Circle Bar were in his mind—all of them, it seemed to him, very poor.

Still debating with himself, Douglas turned and walked back through the cool, dark hall of his adobe to the kitchen, where Steve Garrett was warming beans and bacon for breakfast. Steve was one of those chronic mumblers found wherever bust-ups force free American citizens to lay the saddle aside and pick the skillet up. He was mumbling now—something that sounded like, "Aw, nuts! That's what I say—nuts!"

"I didn't quite catch that," said Hugh, his mind elsewhere.

"I thought," said Steve, thundering an armload of wood into the box, "I thought I had a bronc topper out here for you. Old Charley Busted Wing is out here, and I thought—"

"Is that the Crow that was riding twisters around here four-five years ago?"

"The same."

"He'll do. Have him—"

"He says he told Verne Harris he'd show up at the Circle Bar."

Hugh Douglas exploded: "Harris! Harris! All I ever hear is Harris this, Harris that. All my damn' life," he added in a muffled growl.

"Uh-huh," agreed Steve. "He's fencing off your land, and he's stole your best water, and he's beat your time with your girl, and now he's done you out of a twist-rider. Some say he's stole your cattle, too. I perdict that some day—"

Douglas pretended not to hear him. "If you mean that wreck on the woodpile, Steve, that isn't Busted Wing."

"The old buck is looking kind of hard-wintered," Steve admitted. "But it's him. Bet you five dollars it's him."

"All right."

Steve, afterward, claimed that right there, in that exact moment, Kettle Country history was made.

DOUGLAS was stalling himself, holding back his decision on what he meant to do about that fence. For once he was reduced to concealing his own indecision from himself—pretending to be interested in a broken-down Crow, making petty bets with his cook. He approached the woodpile and a certain gleam in his eye caused the Indian to take one look and shoulder his saddle for flight.

"What's the idea, boy, claiming to be Charley Busted Wing?" he said. "You don't look like Busted Wing to me."

"I can prove it," the itinerant suggested. He eyed Hugh speculatively before rummaging from his pocket a flat tin-covered box that had once contained snuff. He stood looking at this object, half reverently, half suspiciously, for so long that Douglas thought the man was turning over some ancient tribal fetish: one in which he had somehow begun to disbelieve.

Out of the tin the Crow took a yellowed bit of paper, worn through at the creases by long handling. As he handed it to Douglas, Hugh saw that it was a sheet torn from a tally book, and bore a penciled scrawl:

> To Whom It May Concern:
> The bearer is Charley Busted Wing, run out of the Kettle Country as the damnedest liar, thief, and drunkard out of the Crow Nation, which is going some. If he stops in your county you will be missing calves, etc., and the truth is positively not in him. Kick him out.
> V. HARRIS, CIRCLE BAR.

Steve Garrett, spelling out the words over Hugh's shoulder, let out a great guffaw. "That's good! That's hot! Boy, that's a whizzer!"

"Yes," said Douglas deliberately, "that is a very comical joke, in its way."

He turned to the Indian.

"We'd better tear this up, Charley," he said. "You realize this paper makes you out a liar and a thief?"

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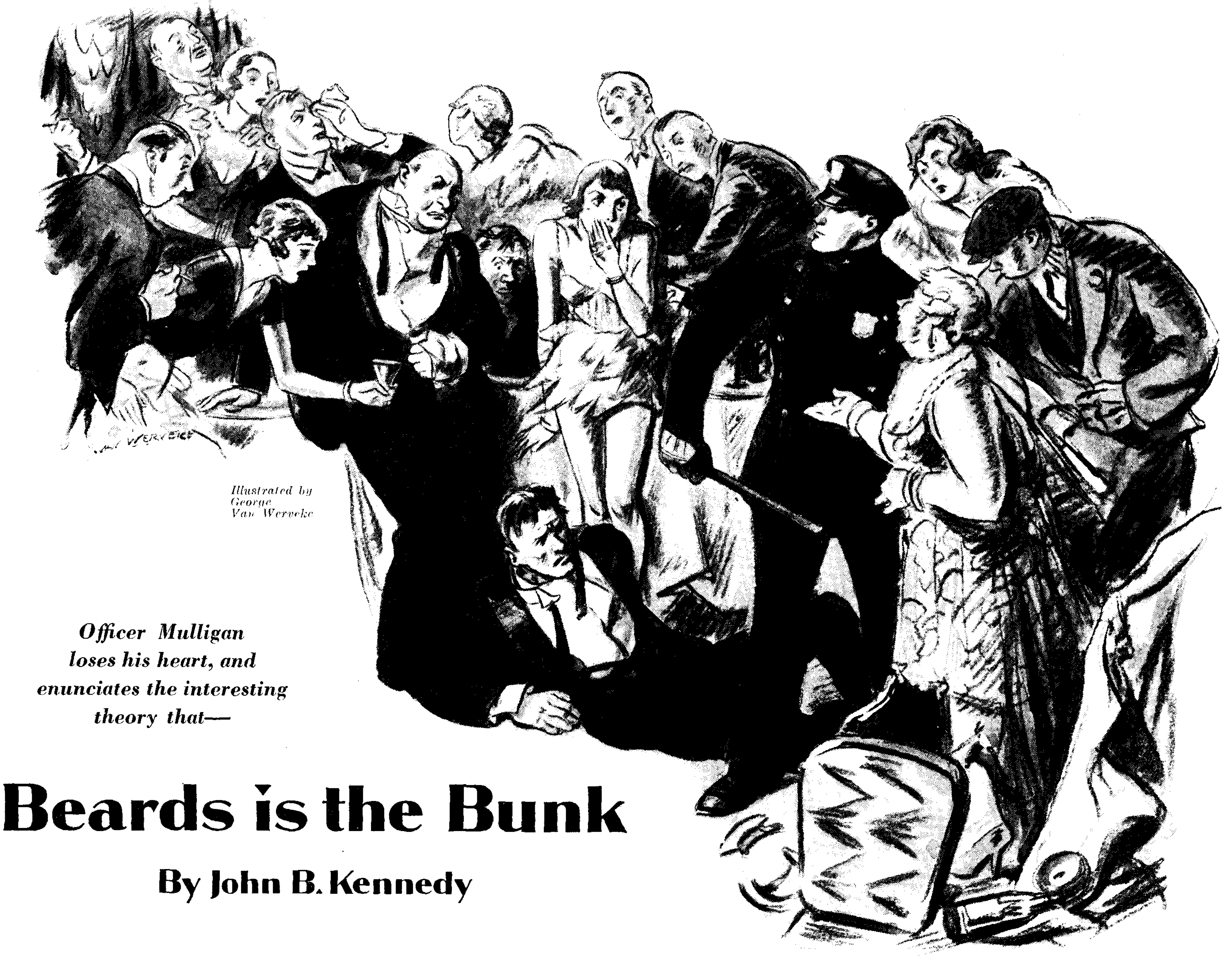

The fat woman's voice barged through a chorus from bystanders. "They were all drunk," she boomed. "Just bad boys"

Illustrated by George Van Werveke

Officer Mulligan loses his heart, and enunciates the interesting theory that—

Beards is the Bunk

By John B. Kennedy

THERE was a two-man huddle in the office of the Fifth Precinct station house. These two men were enough, being Lieutenant Mulreedy and Sergeant Kane.

"It's the fifth time in two weeks Mulligan has got his picture in the papers," said Sergeant Kane.

"Was it in the line of duty?" asked Lieutenant Mulreedy.

Sergeant Kane sneered through a brief, bristling mustache.

"Is this the line of duty?" he asked, placing before his superior a tabloid picture sheet with a snapshot of a corner-stone-laying by an overfed alderman. In the picture a dapper young copper thrust his head to the front so positively that he ran risks of having it laid instead of the stone.

"Bad business," said Lieutenant Mulreedy. "And he's only a rookie. Give him warning, Sergeant."

"Warning!" snapped Sergeant Kane. "Switch him to the night trick! They don't take pictures by moonlight."

Lieutenant Mulreedy lifted his granite blue chin and bar of mustache and strode from the station to attend a little private business over at the precinct fire house, where the boys had salvaged two barrels of good beer from a blaze in an Oriental rug store.

When Patrolman Mulligan broke his day's beat to make midday ablutions at Station House 6, Sergeant Kane's brooding had reached a point of belligerence.

"See here," he thundered, "the next time you push your face before a camera you'll hear from the lieutenant."

"Is that all you got to tell me, Sergeant?" said Mulligan.

"Not all," bristled Kane. "The next picture you get in the papers ought to show your ears from behind—they look like wings."

Mulligan blinked, blushed, and turned away.

"Afternoon, Sergeant," he threw behind him as he stalked to the street and strolled to a drug store facing a subway kiosk. Within the drug store was a pertly pretty young woman. She would have been recognized as Kitty Riley in the block of gas-house flats where Mulligan lived. She was known as Claire Rillée, acute accent on that first *e*, in the night club where she functioned as flower girl.

"How's tricks, Spark?" she said to Mulligan.

"The sergeant bawled me out, kid," said Mulligan. "But it don't matter. He's jealous because my picture was in the papers again."

"IS IT Kane with the walrus whiskers?" asked Kitty.

"They were walrus till he changed 'em."

"They're still whiskers," said Kate. "I hate whiskers. Don't ever grow them, Spark. I'll be with you for the movies tonight."

"Fine. Did they give you the new job?"

"Yes."

"I don't like that," said Mulligan. "You're too good to be dancing before drunks in a night club."

Kitty Riley drew herself up, a pleasing procedure.

"I can look after myself," she said.

She walked from the drug store. Mulligan, miffed, followed. In the mouth of the subway kiosk stood a wiry little man with a black box in both hands. A cigarette split a grin as he hailed them.

"Will you answer a question?" he said.

Mulligan thought it was a racket. He edged in front of the girl.

"I'm an inquiring reporter," said the wiry man. "With the Daily Star. Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," said Miss Riley. "What is it?"

"Give me your name, first, please," said the man.

"C-l-a-i-r-e R-i-l-l-é-e," said Miss Riley, "with one of those lines over the first *e*. You know, Rilae it's pronounced."

The man scrawled this on a piece of paper, using his camera for a desk.

"What address?" he asked.

"The Blue Moon Club," said Miss Riley. "What's the question?"

"Do you like men with beards?" asked the inquiring reporter.

"No," said Miss Riley.

"Why?" asked the reporter.

"Move along, feller," put in Mulligan, as passers-by paused to watch. The reporter snapped Miss Riley's picture, while she smiled brilliantly.

"I prefer clean-shaven men because you see more of them," said Miss Riley. "And I judge a man's character by face, not by hair."

"That's good," said the reporter.

Because Mulligan looked threatening, he aimed the camera at him and snapped. Mulligan had just time to straighten his cap and slip a smile.

"Do you like men with beards, Officer?" the reporter asked.

"No," said Mulligan. "Beards is bad—so is all kinds of whiskers."

"Why?"

"Aw, I don't know," said Mulligan. "Put it down that beards is bad for the health. They're insanitary, I've been told. Beards is the bunk."

THE reporter asked his name and precinct, which Miss Riley laughingly supplied, to Mulligan's embarrassment. The reporter thanked them and skipped down the subway, rejoicing in an arduous task neatly concluded.

"Now," Miss Riley chided her escort, "more trouble, Spark. They'll print your picture again."

"That don't trouble me," **said he,** lightly touching her shoulder as she skipped down the subway steps. "See you tonight."

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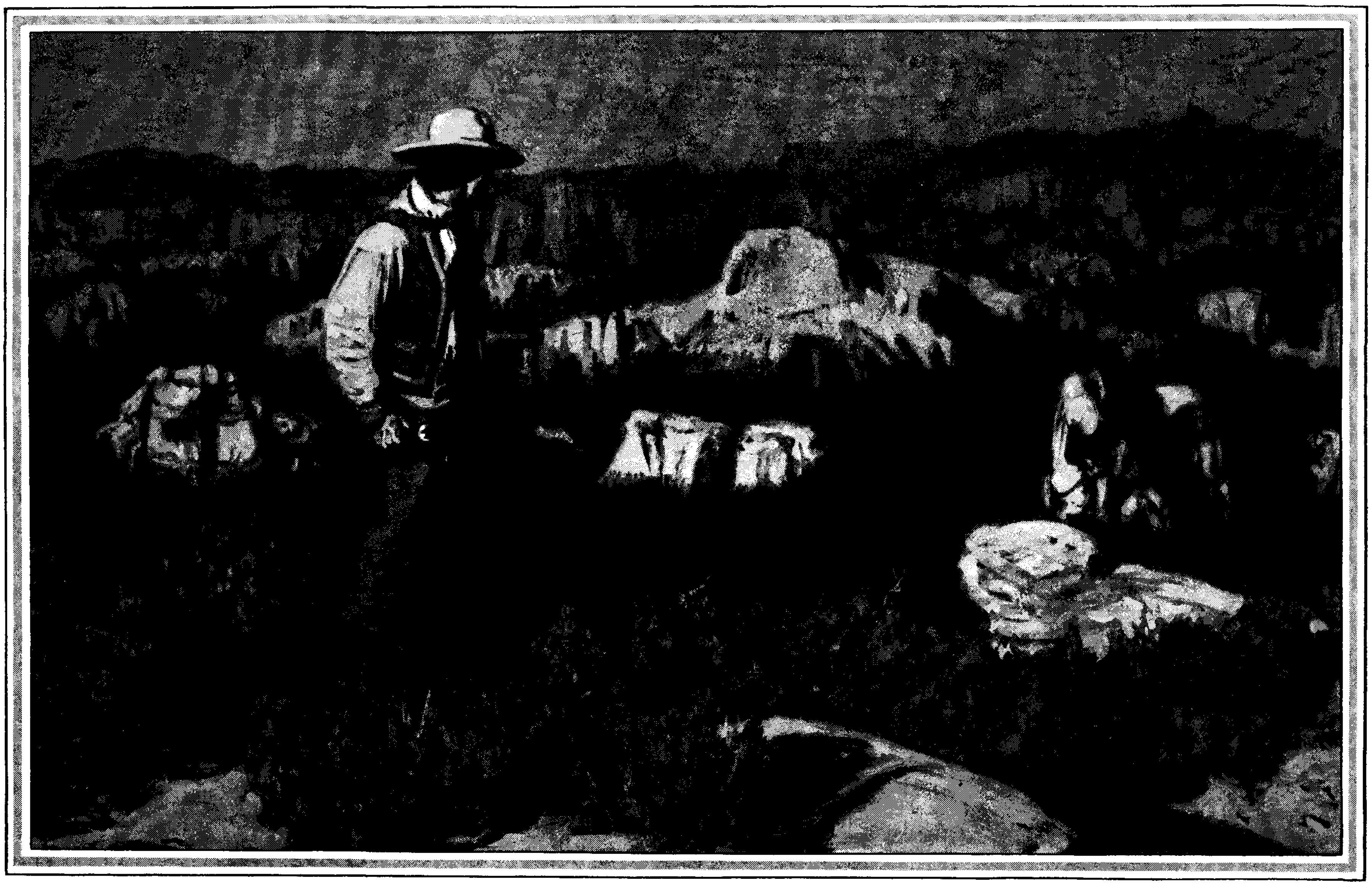


The hour hung suspended between dusk and night. He felt an overpowering immensity of mountain, gorge, plain and butte

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING come out to Utah and bought a large ranch, near the town of Green River, Herrick, a wealthy Englishman, finds himself surrounded by cattle rustlers, gunmen and others of evil repute. Whereupon, he tries a novel experiment: Instead of fighting the desperadoes, he hires them!

Among the cleverest, and the worst of the lot, are Hank Hays and one Heeseman—bitter enemies. Herrick makes the former his superintendent. . . . Riding alone one day, near Green River, Hays meets two strangers: one, a young man who gives his name (obviously assumed) as "Jim Wall," the other, a fat, avaricious fellow to whom Hays takes an instant dislike, and whom he promptly, and with the utmost audacity, proceeds to hold up.

The robbery does not shock Jim Wall. It merely amuses him—much to the delight of Hays, who, impressed by the young man's coolness and his evident desire to avoid the authorities, invites him to join his gang.

Hays actually *says* little; but it becomes obvious to Wall that he is plotting to rob his employer on a gigantic scale—is merely awaiting the opportune moment to act. And the young man is not a cattle rustler, nor has he ever, thus far, been dishonest. Nevertheless, he accepts Hays' invitation—agrees to work for him. . . .

In Green River men eye the new arrival questioningly. He appears to be a fellow with plenty of nerve—a gunman possibly. But can he live up to his looks? Is he a fighter? He himself gives the answers, and quickly.

During a poker game Hays—whom Wall sincerely likes—becomes engaged in an altercation with one "Stud," a card-shark. The gambler accuses Hays of cheating. "You're a liar!" says Hays. Then—before either can draw a gun—Wall steps forward.

"Hays," he says calmly, "I just want you to know I saw that rat slip an ace from the bottom of the deck."

Stud glares at the intruder. "I'll admit I cheated," he snarls, "but I ain't going to let no stranger tip me off!" Wall smiles. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he says—and the spectators, ready for a killing, hold their breath.

II

STUD did not know what he was going to do. And just as plain was the fact that he wanted to annihilate. On the other hand Wall had no desire to kill this testy, loud-mouthed little gambler. These things were manifest. They were Wall's strength and Stud's weakness.

Wall's deliberate query ended Stud's vacillation. His body shrank ever so slightly. His lean, dark, little hands lifted quiveringly from the table.

"Don't draw!" yelled Wall. "The man doesn't live who can sit at a table and beat me to a gun."

"Hell—you say," panted Stud. But that ringing taunt had cut the force of his purpose. There were beads of sweat on his face.

"You've got a gun in each inside vest pocket," said Wall, contemptuously. "Men of your stripe don't live long in my country."

The gambler let his nervous, claw-like hands relax and slide off the table. Then the tension of all broke.

"Come on, Stud," spoke up Morley. "Let's get out of here."

Stud shuffled to his feet, malignant and beaten for the moment.

"Hays, you an' me are even," he said, gruffly. "But I'll meet your new pard some other time and then there'll be a show-down."

"Shore, Stud. No hard feelin's on my side," drawled Hays.

The little gambler stalked to the bar, followed by Morley and the russet-bearded giant. "Buy me a drink," said Stud, hoarsely. "I'm cleaned out." They drank and left the saloon.

Not until then did Hank Hays turn round, and when he did it was distinctly noticeable that he was pale.

"Jim, thet feller did have two guns inside his vest. I never saw them, till you gave it away. The —— would have killed me."

"I think he would, Hays," returned Wall, seriously. "You were sitting bad for action. You ought to have got to your feet before starting that argument."

"Right you are, Jim, and I'm much obliged to you. I'd have hated shufflin' off at this particular time. You can gamble I won't forget it. . . . I'd like to know somethin'."

"What's that?"

"Did you bluff him?"

"Hardly. I had him figured. It was a pretty good bet he wouldn't try to draw. But if he had made a move—"

"Ahuh. It'd been all day with him. . . . This gambler Stud has a name out here for bein' swift on the draw. He's killed—"

"Bah!" cut in Wall, good-humoredly. "Men who can handle guns don't pack them that way."

"Wal, he's the first I ever seen out here, at thet," replied Hays. "He could have bored me easy!"

"No, he couldn't with me standing here. . . . Let's go to bed, Hays. I'm sleepy."

"Good idee. We'll all go. Have a drink on me."

They lined up at the bar.

"Jim," said Hays, poising his glass. "Funny how a man figgers another. Not only you figgerin' Stud. But down at the ferry, when I met you, I had sort of a hunch you'd be a feller to tie to. Here's lookin' at you!"

PRESENTLY they bade Red good night and went outside.

"Where you sleepin'?" asked Hays.

"Left my pack in the stall out back with my horse."

"You don't call thet pack a bed, do you? Come sleep in a real bed."

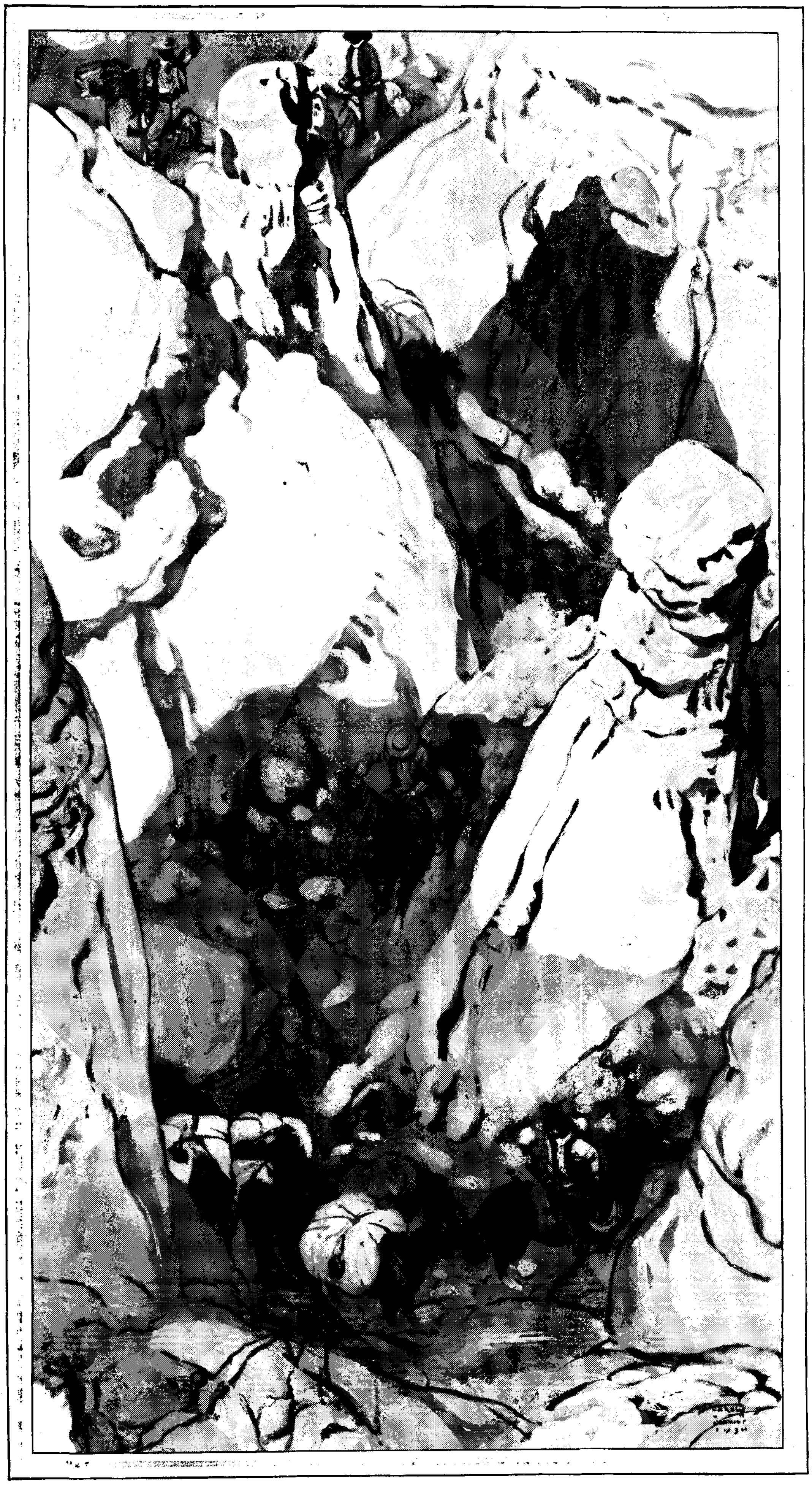
"I'll make out all right. What do we do tomorrow?"

"I was thinkin' of thet. We'll shake the dust of Green River. It might not be healthy for us, seein' this is Morley's hangout. Besides, I'm flush with money. I'd only lose it. So I reckon tomorrow we'd better stock up on everythin' an' hit the trail for the Henrys."

"Suits me," replied Wall.

"How about you, Brad?"

"I'll go, Hank, but it's only because nothin' else offers. This new deal of yours, as I size it up, will come to just



The tracks Hays was following failed and he got lost in a labyrinthine maze of deep washes impossible to climb

about the awfulest mess ever."

"Ahuh. An' you, Happy?"

"Sounds turrible good to me, Hank," replied Jack, with the enthusiasm to be expected from one with his nickname.

"Wal, then, good night. Breakfast here early," concluded Hays.

They parted. Jim Wall bent his cautious steps back to the barn. Presently his eyes became used to the darkness and he made better progress. But he was not passing any trees or bushes or corners, nor did he enter the barnyard by the gate. Nothing intervened to occasion more caution. He found his pack where he had left it, and carrying it out into the open he made his bed and lay down in it, after removing only his gun belt.

THEN he reviewed the events of the day and evening. That brief occupation afforded him no pleasure. Nevertheless he decided that he was glad he had fallen in with Hank Hays and his cronies. He had been a lone wolf for so long that the society of any class of men would have been relief. Well he knew, however, that soon he would be on the go again. He could not stay in one locality long, though there had been several places where he would have liked to spend the rest of his life. At least he was not indifferent to beautiful and peaceful country. The rub was that no place could long remain peaceful for Jim Wall. It would be so here in Utah.

Sometimes, rarely however, his thoughts impinged upon the distant past when for him there had been zest and thrill of adventure. He had grown callous. It so happened that tonight he seemed on the threshold of another and extraordinary experience, even for him, and it kept him thought-provokingly awake, with only resentment and disillusion as reward.

A red sunrise greeted Wall upon his awakening. He rolled his bed and carried it back to the corral. There was a thin skim of ice on the water in the trough. As it had not been broken he believed that he was the first up. Bay whinnied to him from the stall.

When, a little later, he presented himself at the back of Red's house for breakfast he was to find Hays, Happy Jack and Brad Lincoln ahead of him.

"Mornin'," said Hays cheerily. "Do you smell spring in the air?"

"Howdy, everybody," replied Wall. "I guess I like this country."

"Only bad thing about this end of Utah is thet you hate to leave," observed the robber. "Usually we winter here an' go somewhere else in summer. It's hotter'n hell here in July an' August. But I always want to come back. Gets hold of a feller. An' thet's bad."

They had breakfast. "Brad, you fetch your pack hosses round back," ordered the leader, when they got outside. "Happy, you get yourself a hoss. Then meet us at the store quick as you can get there. . . . Jim, you come with me."

"Hays, I'm in need of some things," said Wall.

Hays drew out a handful of bills and pressed them upon Wall without any interest in how much or little was there.

"Shore. Buy what outfit you need an' don't forget a lot of shells," replied Hays. "If I don't miss my guess we'll have a smoky summer. Haw! Haw! . . . Here's the store. Run by Josh Sneed. Hasn't any use for us. But he'll take our money, you bet, an' skin the pants off us, if we let him."

The store proved to be similar to most Western stores dependent upon the stage line for their supplies. It consisted of the whole floor of a stone-walled building, and general merchandise littered it so that moving around was not easy.

A bright young fellow, who looked to be the son of the proprietor, took charge of Wall. A new saddle blanket was Wall's first choice, after which he bought horseshoes and nails, a hammer and file, articles he had long needed, and the lack of which had made Bay lame. After that he selected a complete new outfit of wearing apparel, a new tarpaulin, a blanket, rope, and wound up with a goodly supply of shells for his .45 revolver, bearing in mind the cardinal necessity of constant practice, a habit neglected of late for the very good reason that he had had no funds. Likewise he got some boxes of .44 rifle shells.

After this stocking up he was surprised to find that he had considerable money left. Hays had been generous. Whereupon Wall went in for some luxuries, such as a silk scarf, razor and brushes and comb, towels and soap, and finally, amused at himself, some boxes of nuts and candy.

All these purchases he rolled in the tarpaulin, which he threw over his shoulder. Starting out, he passed Hays, who was buying food supplies.

"I'll need a pack horse," said Wall.

"Ha, I should smile you will," replied the other, with a grin. "Take your pick. We got five or six extra hosses. . . . Did you buy saddlebags an' a canvas waterbag?"

"No. I didn't think of them."

"Wal, I'll fetch them things round for you. Rustle Happy an' Brad over here, will you? An' throw the pack-saddles on. We want to be hittin' the trail."

Wall met the two men on the way to the store.

"Hays wants you to rustle," he said.

"We're moseyin' along. You're a fust-rate pack hoss, Wall," returned the genial Happy Jack.

JIM thought so himself by the time he had reached the corral. He was glad he no longer needed to make a pack animal of Bay. There were six or eight horses in the corral, several of which took Jim's eye. Still they could not compare with Bay.

Spreading out his possessions he packed them in one small and two large bundles. By the time he had finished Happy Jack and Lincoln arrived, staggering under burdens. While they rested Hays came along, and the pack he carried attested to the fact that he was no shirker.

"Hank, you look like a thundercloud," observed Brad Lincoln, chuckling.

"Wal, I feel like one. What do you think, fellers? Thet fox-faced Sneed always did make me pay cash, but this time I had to produce beforehand."

"These Mormons are slick business men," said Happy Jack.

"Hank, it ain't only your credit thet's bad here in Green River," added Lincoln.

"Wal, I'll tell you what," growled Hays. "If we didn't have this Star Ranch deal on we'd take every damn' thing Sneed has."

"Let's do it anyhow."

"Nope. At least not now. Mebbe this fall. . . . I'd like to have a shot at Sneed's sharp nose. . . . Rustle an' pack now, fellers. We're behind."

Half an hour later the four men,

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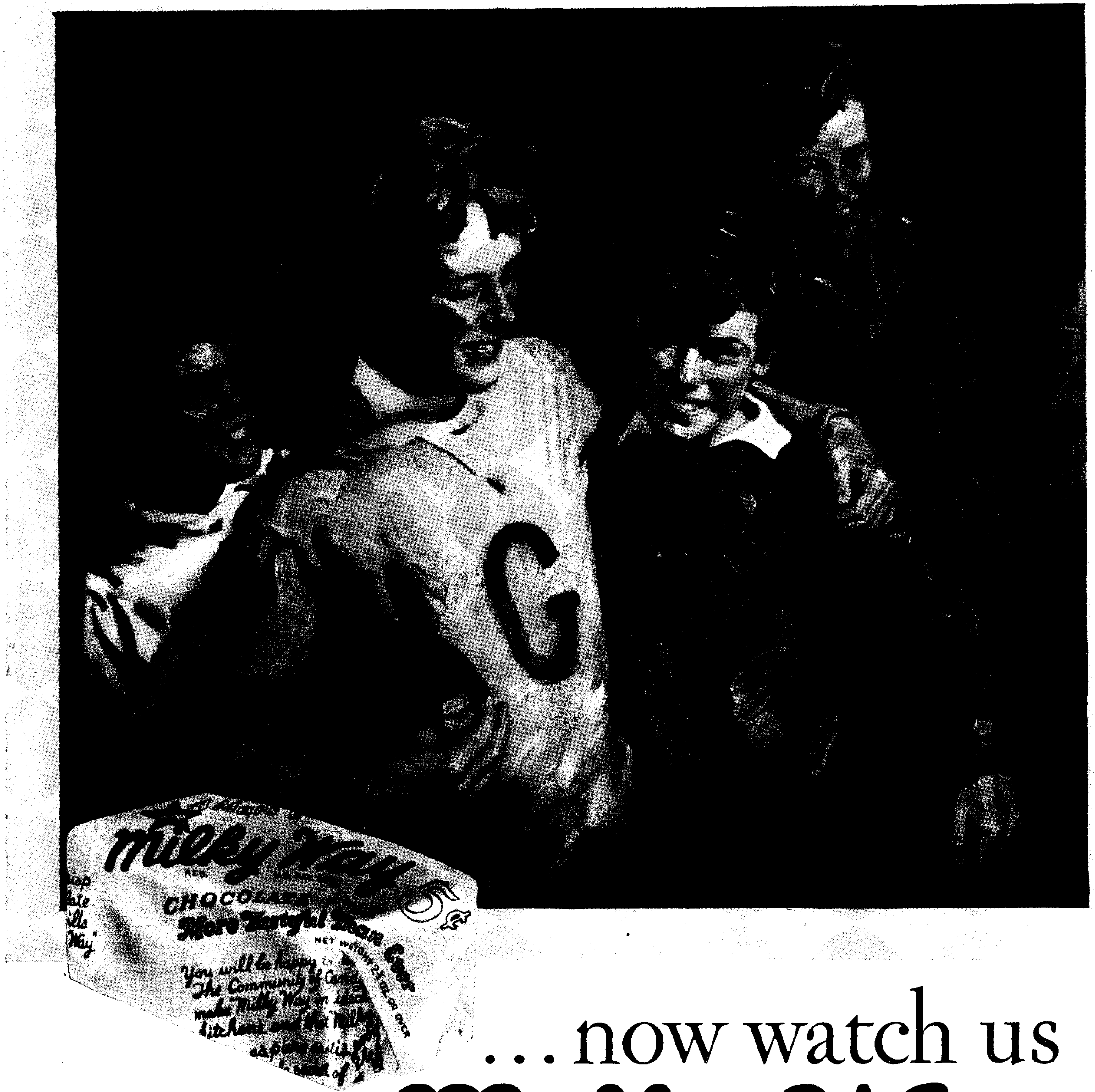
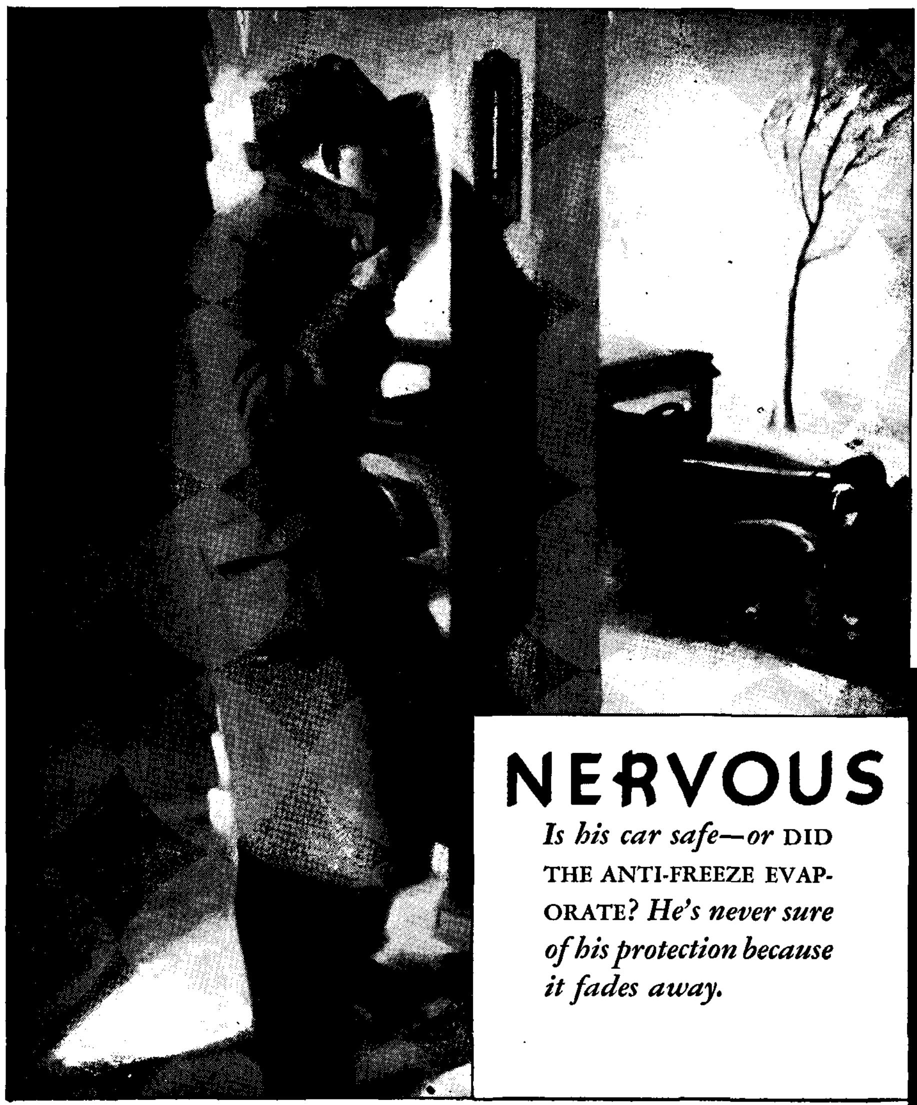

Milky Way
CHOCOLATE
More Tasteful Than Ever
NET WEIGHT 2½ OZ. OR OVER
5¢

. . . now watch us *tackle* a Milky Way

JUST think how good one would taste right now! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful pure milk chocolate. How *satisfying* that combination is, when you're candy-hungry. Oh boy . . just imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE, CHICAGO

GLYCERINE

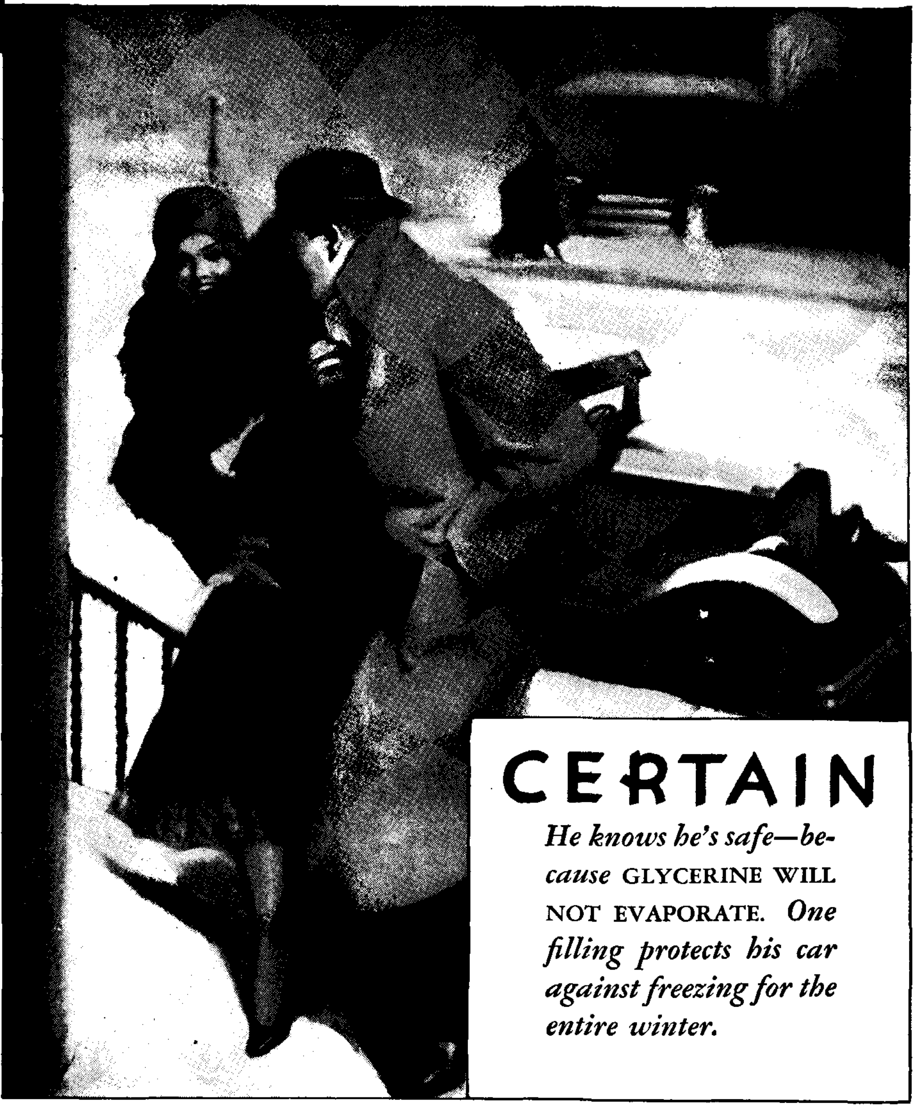


NERVOUS

Is his car safe—or DID THE ANTI-FREEZE EVAPORATE? *He's never sure of his protection because it fades away.*

G
PA
RADIATOR
Glycerine
THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE
TESTED AND APPROVED
19 30
THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.



CERTAIN

He knows he's safe—because GLYCERINE WILL NOT EVAPORATE. *One filling protects his car against freezing for the entire winter.*

How 1,600,000 *motorists ended anti-freeze worries last year*

Five years ago glycerine was anti-freeze news—last year it was permanent anti-freeze protection for 1,600,000 motor cars.

Why this change? Because glycerine as an anti-freeze performs *two* distinct services. It protects your car against freezing and it *protects your mind against worry.*

An anti-freeze that evaporates will protect your car against freezing—if you worry enough. But it's the *worry* you want to get rid of—the fuss and bother of constantly testing your anti-freeze solution, running for more anti-freeze, and watching to see that the mixture doesn't get too hot.

Glycerine takes this worry and bother off your mind. It won't evaporate. It won't steam off. You always know you're protected. *One filling lasts the entire winter.*

Remember too that glycerine has no odor—gives off no unpleasant fumes. And it is as safe for your car as water. It will not harm either cooling system or car finish.

Naturally the cooling system should be tight where a permanent anti-freeze is used. See that it is made so, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine, and get freeze-up worries off your mind for the entire winter. Put it in your car today.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 EAST 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Made in America

Continued from page 14

force which has been organized about him, is the designer we've just met in Paris. That many of them are women goes without saying.

The problem of such a creator, however, is quite different from that of the Frenchman from whose work he chooses the models that strike him as adaptable to his section of the American public.

In France most of the great houses make all types of clothes, and price is never a primary consideration. In America specialization has divided the field into strips as narrow as a Quebec farm. Not only is there a rigid line between the dress house and the one that makes coats and suits—one firm makes sports clothes only, while its next-door neighbor deals in afternoon and evening things; not stopping there, many firms limit themselves to certain prices.

Each step on the price ladder is occupied by those firms, and only those firms, whose designers know, to the tenth of a cent, just how much style, quality, finish and appeal can be put into their own particular specialty without running the organization on the rocks. This is the reason why the American woman is now getting more for her dollar than any other woman ever had, since Eve picked fig leaves.

The American woman's figure differs from that of the French woman, not merely in inches but in the way she carries it. As one American creator put it, "Our women want something to fill, not something to hang." They stand with more decision, move with greater speed, take less time to adjust their clothes.

Sometimes these differences of national outlook call only for a certain simplification or exaggeration of French line. Then again, new lines, totally different from those of Paris, spring up over here, to be adopted across the sea and returned to us with a French label. Witness the hat worn back on the head, to be credited to the American college girl who initiated the practice. Witness the natural waistline, first worn by the Broadway flapper who belted her chemise dress high at least four years ago, later tried out by Patou and his American mannequins a year before anyone else in the *haute couture* had the courage to attempt it. Witness, too, the persistence of American favorites like printed silk and chiffon, the rise of cotton, the triumph of the American sports clothes, including the bathing suit. Those who create for us see that we have what we want, no matter what Paris says.

Bridge is responsible for one great difference. Visitors from Europe are always surprised to find out the place it takes in the life of the average woman; around it a whole world, strange to their eyes, has been developed. Bridge luncheons, bridge teas—important daytime events on the American calendar, to which not a solitary man is invited! In Europe, if men are not available, life takes a breathing spell. Women read, rest, visit their dressmakers; they never think of entertaining one another formally. What the trade over here knows as "the dressy afternoon costume" has a much smaller place in the scheme of things. So it comes to pass that the sort of negligee one wears in a boudoir is a French rather than an American affair, while the bridge frock has been brought to a state of perfection for which there is no French precedent.

Spying at Home

But most of all, it is the time element that has worked against the French capital as an arbiter for an earth that spins faster in America than anywhere else. When the ambassadors of the trade go to the fall openings they have already made their main deliveries for the winter season. Their clients, the retailers, are forcing them to think of Palm Beach fashions that will foreshadow next summer's clothes. Models to fill in are undoubtedly bought from, and created because of, things seen at the openings, but these constitute less than a fifth of the line, even at high-class houses.

As may be surmised, American rivalry today is kept for home consumption, and a great little game it turns out to be. The spying that many of us still visualize as taking place in Paris is now a New York racket.

Two years ago a firm at the top of the tree had its head designer's assistant lured away, by promise of a preposterous salary, two weeks before the opening date. One doesn't need to be told that many of the outstanding successes were painlessly reproduced to undersell. The following season all vulnerable points were assumed to be guarded, but a week in advance of the crucial date a mannequin was taken mysteriously ill, one whose sister was employed elsewhere as a designer. The sister's firm sent letters to all the trade, boldly announcing that they had twenty of So-and-So's dresses on their line.

If no means of entering the sacred portals is devised, the hijacker in ready-to-wear waits until the retailer displays the thing he wants—in some cases he has a saleswoman who gives him inside information as to when delivery is due—and he sends a scout to buy. Three days is said to be the exclusive life of a popular New York favorite. On Monday it's advertised and sold—to a masked bandit as well as to legitimate purchasers. By Tuesday it's copied. On Wednesday the piratical manufacturer has disposed of it to a cutthroat competitor of Retailer Number One.

Occasionally even more spectacular tricks are attempted. On the afternoon of the first day on which a new coat was offered for sale in a certain Fifth Avenue shop a representative of a rival manufacturer called on the coat buyer. He brought with him a good-looking sample, so like the coat on display that the buyer was curious.

"You get your coats from So-and-So's?" said the visiting gentleman. "I don't know what you're paying, but we can undersell him five dollars, and our coat is like enough to his to be mistaken for it."

As the buyer examined it more closely a thought struck her. The coat was unlined, so it had been decided to sew the store's label inside the pocket—and that was where she found it. The genial highwayman in her office had bought it downstairs, taken it up in the elevator, and, if he got an order, would transport it to his lair in a taxi and copy it forthwith.

It may strike the reader that, while such things are hard on honest manufacturers, the feminine public gets the benefit. But this isn't quite the case. Inferior materials are substituted, inferior workmanship introduced. Nobody ever yet got something for nothing, and the woman who attempts it is generally the one who pays. Even the manufacturer who does a bootleg business isn't long for this world; clean up and clear out is his policy.

To curb piracy in the garment district the dress and coat industries now have a scheme or pact whereby only legitimate houses will be recognized, true creators organized as one body, a certain amount of information pooled and skullduggery penalized by expulsion. When shops are known to slip expensive models to underhand manufacturers, they will be barred from the floors of desirable houses. When designers have broken contracts, carrying secrets with them to wreck one man's line in favor of another's, they will be blackballed. It remains to be seen, of course, how far coöperation can be secured in a game where wits have always been nimble to the verge of sharp practice. But the best men in the industry are behind the move, and it's certainly a brave gesture.

Must Think Young

That there will be plenty of legitimate competition left goes without saying. Two partners in a young and coming business that is reputed to have cleaned up a million are in the habit of driving to town together.

"Today I say to Lou, 'Lou, don't forget we're a race horse. No entry's a favorite for more than a few years. We've got to win while the winning's in us.' Next day I say, 'We're a baseball player. There aren't many old ones in that game.' On the third day I tell him, 'Lou, we're a fighter. Nobody can hold a title forever. If we'd chosen to be lawyers or doctors, we might go on till we were gray-headed. But in our business we've got to think young every minute. When we can't, we'll be dead.' "

For the younger set are the ones who really decide the fashions in America. The studied elegance of Europe isn't the chief desideratum here. Among a very small group, yes. But for the rest of us who spend our billions with a gay abandon thoroughly non-French—what we want is action, change, novelty, smartness that is vital rather than subtle, the smash of the latest effect to make the man of the moment see we've got a new dress for the party, even if he's so masculine he doesn't know crêpe romain from metal brocade.

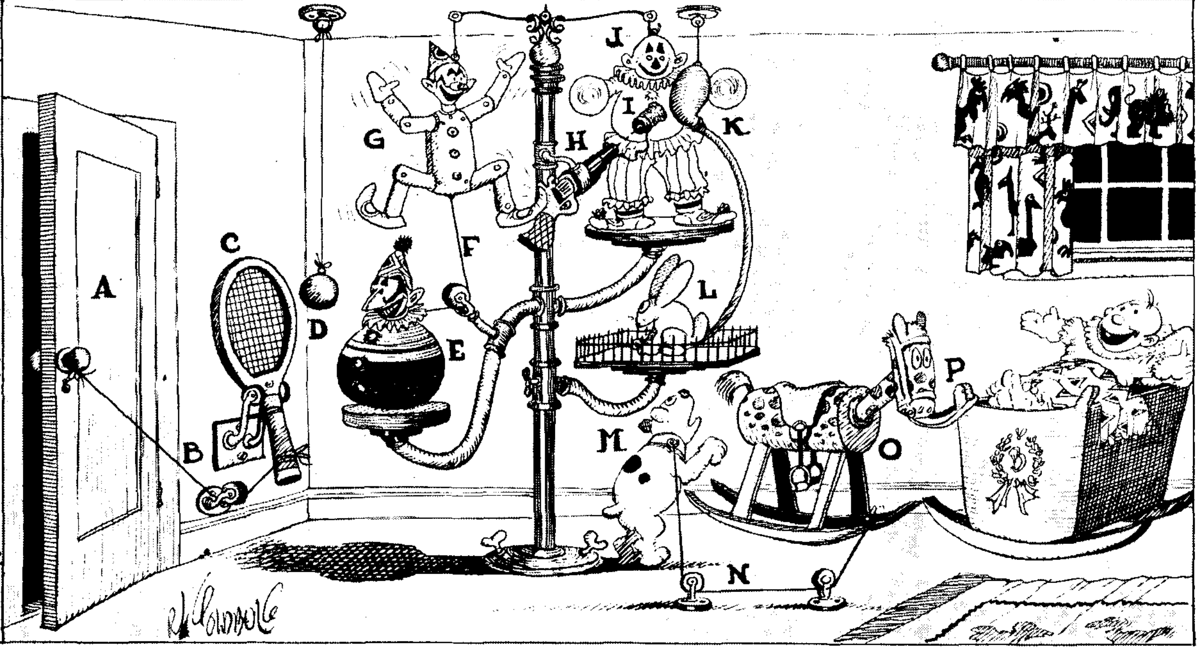
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

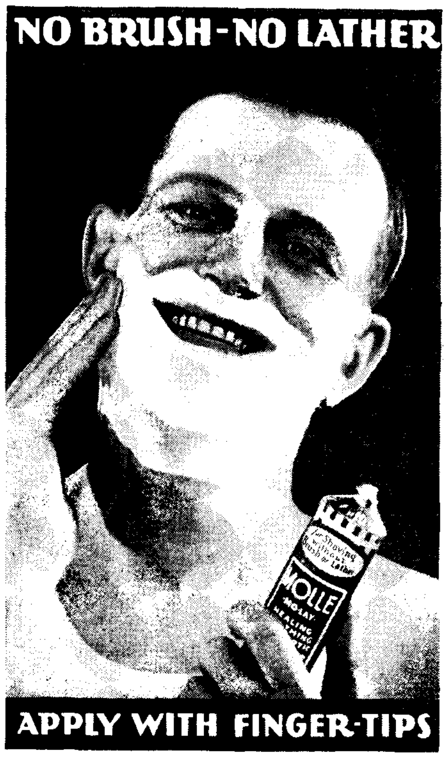
PROFESSOR BUTTS FORGETS TO LEAVE A BUILDING WHICH IS BEING DEMOLISHED AND WHEN THEY DIG HIM OUT OF THE DEBRIS HE HAS AN IDEA FOR KEEPING THE BABY HAPPY WHILE YOU ARE OUT TO THE MOVIES.

AS YOU GO OUT, DOOR (A) PULLS CORD (B) CAUSING TENNIS RACKET (C) TO HIT BALL (D) WHICH SWINGS AGAINST ROLY-POLY (E) CAUSING IT TO SWAY TO AND FRO AND PULL STRING (F) WHICH WORKS JUMPING-JACK (G). JUMPING-JACK'S FOOT KICKS TRIGGER OF POPGUN (H) AND SHOOTS CORK (I) AGAINST CHEST OF CYMBAL PLAYING CLOWN (J) WHO CLAPS HIS CYMBALS TOGETHER AND SQUEEZES RUBBER BALL (K) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO TOY RABBIT (L) CAUSING IT TO HOP. ZIPPLE PUP (M) THINKING THE RABBIT IS ALIVE JUMPS UP AND DOWN TO CATCH IT AND JERKS CORD (N) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO HOBBY HORSE (O) CAUSING IT TO ROCK AND PULL HORSE REINS (P) THEREBY SWINGING THE CRADLE WHICH FINALLY PUTS BABY TO SLEEP AFTER AN EVENING OF FUN.

YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO BOTHER DOING THIS AFTER THE BABY IS THREE. THEN HE WILL BE INVITING HIS FRIENDS IN TO PLAY POKER AND DRINK YOUR GIN.



NO BRUSH-NO LATHER



APPLY WITH FINGER-TIPS

The Best Shave in your life or Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave you ever had, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced MŌ-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) Wash your face—leave it wet

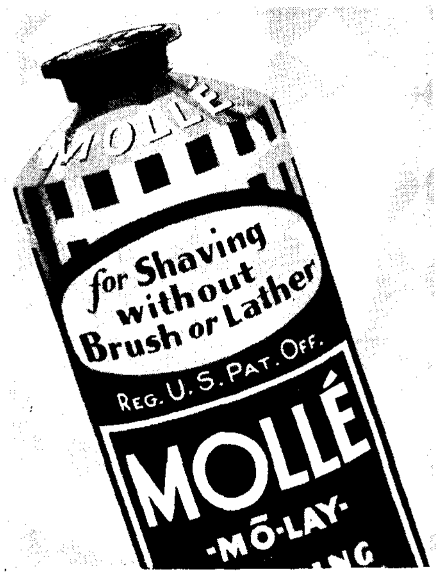
(2) Apply MOLLÉ with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream

(3) Shave with your favorite razor

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio



Beards is the Bunk

Continued from page 24

He was half happy and wholly wrong. It did trouble him—this prospect of another picture in the papers. He tried to remember exactly what he had told the reporter. As he paced streets speckled by "L" pillars and punctuated by speakeasies, spurts of panic prompted him to call up the Star and ask them to omit his picture and interview. Pride in publicity and propinquity to Miss Riley dispelled these spurts. A smash in which two truckmen tried the rarely successful trick of trying to fill the same space at the same time drove the matter from Mulligan's mind, without having to drive very far. . . .

That night he sat in silence at the movie, Kitty Riley at his side. Kitty confided that, the night before, Tommy Wishart, the welterweight champion, had been at the club.

"And," she added, "he gave me a twenty-dollar note."

"For what?" bristled Mulligan.

"He liked my dancing," said she.

A stout lady in front glared at the talkers. She deflected Mulligan's anger from Kitty. He sat, simmering, until the picture ended.

"I've got to go, now," said Kitty. And she went, lightly taking Mulligan's warning, as he escorted her to within a block or two of the club, not to have anything to do with prize fighters. "Just pugs," he cautioned. "Bums."

The following morning, when Officer Mulligan walked into the station house, Lieutenant Mulreedy stalked up to him.

"Mulligan!" he snapped as if his bar of mustache had chopped off the word. "Did you say this?"

From behind his back the lieutenant flashed a tabloid newspaper as if suddenly bedeviling a suspect with damning evidence.

"What is it?" said Mulligan—although he knew what it was. He had read the item eight times before, during and after breakfast.

"YOU givin' your views about beards," said the lieutenant, dropping his final g's in choler.

"I didn't mean anything wrong," said Mulligan.

"You're a sap," barked Mulreedy. "And that's okay with me, but we don't stand for the public knowing it."

Lieutenant Mulreedy drew a deep breath, ignored a triumphant cough from Sergeant Kane, and spoke in his heaviest tone of authority.

"A copper is entitled to whatever publicity he gets in line of duty," he said. "But I'll be damned if I want any man in this precinct who sticks his face at a camera whenever one shows. Mulligan, beginning tonight you're assigned beat five. Report to Sergeant Killifer of the night shift at seven-thirty for inspection."

Sergeant Kane took special delight in rounding the points of the precinct that night. He found Officer Mulligan escorting a picturesque young woman along a side street renowned for night clubs and speakeasies. The sergeant was in plain clothes and it was an ill-lighted street. He observed Mulligan lift his hat at the door of a club. The sergeant spoke:

"Mulligan!"

Mulligan wheeled around. From the door of the club came a mocking chirp by Miss Riley:

"It's old Walrus Whiskers!"

She vanished. The sergeant's momentary temperature, if turned to better account, could have illuminated the murky street.

"How many more rules will you be breaking, Mulligan?" he demanded.

"Are you on duty tonight, Sergeant?" said Mulligan.

The sergeant was caught off guard.

"No," he replied, virtuously, "but I'll keep an eye for those that are supposed to be."

"Since you're not on duty, Sergeant," said Mulligan, "I'll answer that question when you are."

As he was passing down the same street some time later, muffled music reached Mulligan's ears. This he did not relish. It conjured visions of Kitty in scant attire of which he disapproved—dancing before prize fighters.

HIS consuming thought, however, was that the night work would be bad in winter. Before then, he schemed, his ward leader could be induced to pull a few strings and have him shifted back to daytime work. Perhaps, by good luck, he could contrive to repay Sergeant Kane.

Deep in such musings, Mulligan heard the whirring of the telephone in the point box.

Sergeant Killifer's thick, grumbling tones assailed him.

"There's trouble at a speakeasy on East Fifty-eighth," he rumbled. "Joint called the Blue Moon. If you don't know it ask a hack-driver."

Mulligan smacked up the receiver too quickly to ponder that insult. He hailed a passing cab, and in exactly two minutes was before the Blue Moon. The doorman was whistling wildly.

"It's a bad fight!" he shouted as Mulligan, gun in one hand, nightstick in the other, ran upstairs to a scene of brilliant confusion. Bleared lights and wrecked draperies framed a tableau of scared diners and dancers in evening clothes cringing by tables about a dance floor. Four men were staggering in a vicious struggle on the dance floor.

A girl screamed. Mulligan saw Kitty Riley. He waded through overturned chairs, and as he reached the floor one of the fighters sent his opponent sprawling, then wheeled to face Mulligan.

"Oh, a copper!" he snarled through split lips.

He feinted and struck at Mulligan, just a fraction of a second too late. Mulligan's nightstick had dropped him—and the battle was over.

Officer Mulligan, a trifle winded, gazed about in elation. The fighters on the dance floor were cowed.

"Who started all this?" he demanded.

"They were all drunk," a fat woman—the hostess—boomed. "Just bad boys."

Mulligan turned away from her. Kitty Riley, bent over the man he had flattened, was bathing the victim's head.

"Who is that guy?" Mulligan asked.

"Wishart, the fighter," said the fat woman over a babble.

"Oh," said Mulligan, drawing closer.

To his amazement, Kitty Riley lifted an angry face.

"Big bum!" she cried. "You might have killed him!"

Mulligan started in astonishment. At this high moment of heroism, which Kitty had seen, she was calling him a bum—in public.

"See," the hostess yelled in his ear, "this bunch was having a party and somebody got fresh with Kitty. Then Wishart smacked somebody and it started."

Mulligan heard that only vaguely—not fully comprehending. In this daze he saw Kitty bathe and re-bathe the fallen man's swelling forehead. He saw a precinct detective, who conferred briefly with the fat woman. He heard the precinct detective call him to one side, mutter something about "no charge and nothing doing!" The precinct detective took his arm and led him out into the still, fresh air.

"Lay off this joint," he said bluntly. "You're lucky you wasn't killed."

Mulligan finished the night dolefully. When he checked in two hours after dawn, he went home slowly, wearily, but with a grim determination to have it out with Miss Kitty Riley. He did.

"You're a hero, hey?" she said. "Smashing a guy's head open. He might be dead now for all you cared."

"How was I to know who he was?"

"Well, I told him who you were when he came to. He's a nice guy, if he does drink a bit. And he ain't fresh when he's sober."

"Listen, Kit," said Mulligan. "I'm going to the station now and quit—cold."

He marched out, and reached the station house just as Sergeant Kane assembled the morning line-up. The sergeant was surprised, and this turned to amazement when he saw Mulligan of the night shift laboring with pen and ink over a report sheet in the staff restroom.

Puzzled, Sergeant Kane returned to his desk, and was there confronted by a slim, square-shouldered man wearing a heavy black beard and a hard hat. The visitor's eyes were a trifle bleary but piercingly earnest.

"Is there a copper here named Mulligan?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," said Sergeant Kane.

"I want to see him," said the visitor.

"He's in there writing at a table," said Sergeant Kane. "All alone," he added, tone tinged with hope.

The bearded visitor squared his shoulders and trod lightly towards the restroom. Sergeant Kane winked elaborately at the line of patrolmen falling out for day duty. There came the burr of clashing voices—and a splintering crash. Then a long groan. A silence, and then shuffling footsteps. Sergeant Kane looked up with welcoming eye for the bearded stranger. There was no beard and no stranger. Mulligan was straightening his rumpled hair.

"You better get a doctor for that bum," he calmly bade the sergeant and all others in earshot. "He's out cold."

Sergeant Kane affected concern.

"You mean that old man in the beard?"

"Beard your eye," said Mulligan, scornfully. "Beards is the bunk. He's Wishart, the welterweight champ."

HOURS later, when Officer Mulligan had carefully torn up the resignation he had painfully written, he sat in the Riley parlor with an evening newspaper in hand. His picture was prominently displayed with a terse and totally exaggerated piece about his prowess in defeating, singlehanded, a boxing champion who had attacked him unawares.

An impulsive spark lighted Miss Kitty Riley's naturally bright gaze. She read the item. For a moment her manner was grave.

"What did you hit him with?" she asked.

"Only the hands," said Mulligan.

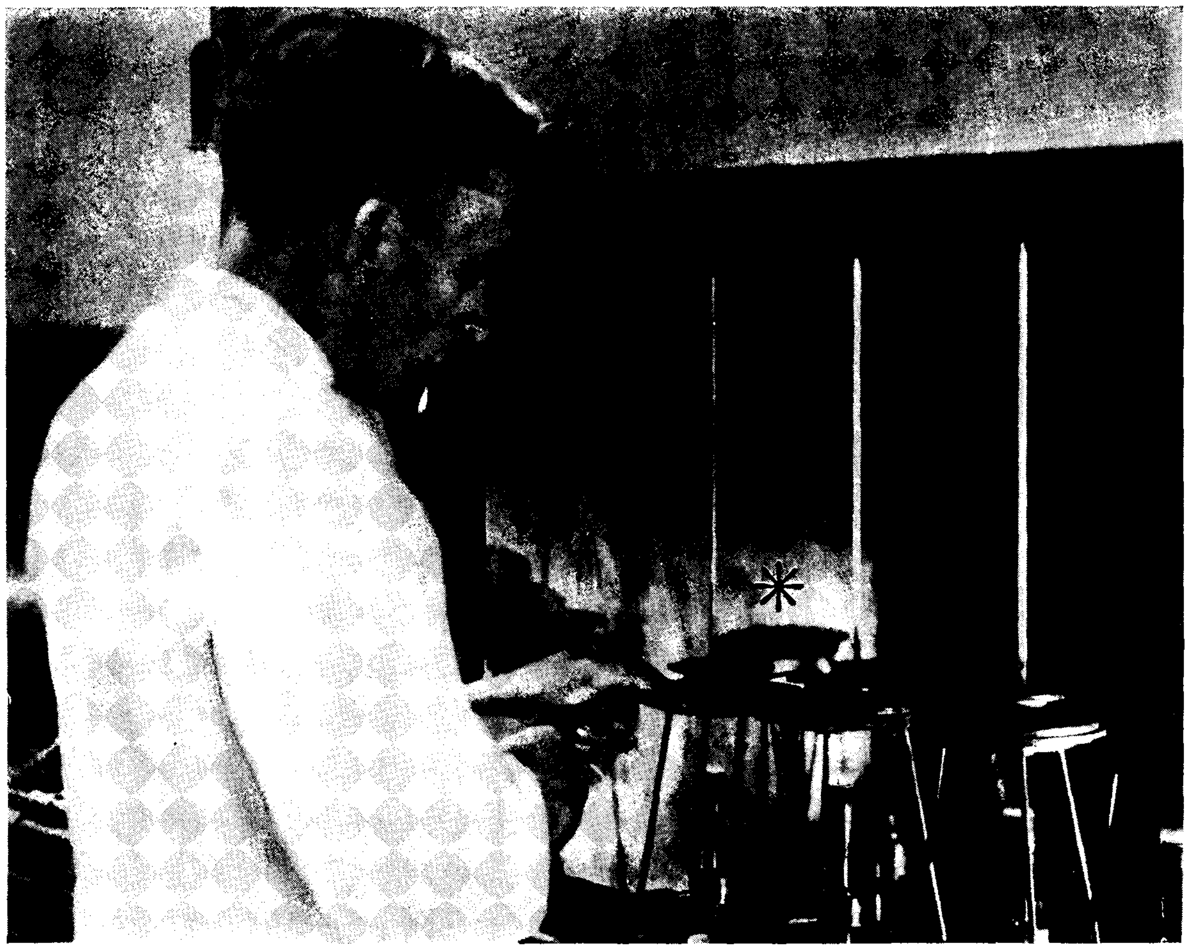
"And you knocked him out?" There was awe in her tone.

"Well, Kit," he explained, "he come in disguised-like. I didn't know who he was. He was wearing a beard—so when he called me names I just socked him. Beards is the bunk."

"You've wrecked my best customer," said Miss Riley.

But if she had minded that very much she wouldn't have kissed Mulligan.

CARBON in a copper dish*



instead of in your engine

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	....	....	....	....
other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

The manufacturing—not the crude—keeps down hard carbon deposits in your engine.

Carbon is a deadly enemy of your engine. It quickly dulls the most brilliant engine performance. Carbon makes your car lag in traffic; makes it knock on hills; makes it waste gasoline.

Just because an oil is made from some particular crude is no guarantee that it will keep down carbon in your engine.

A dozen oils of widely different character can be made from the same crude. Two oils from the same crude may vary widely in carbon content.

In the Mobiloil laboratories, Mobiloil is designed to keep down carbon in your engine. It is designed to keep down engine wear, to prevent gumming, and to resist heat.

Mobiloil is made by the most modern and highly developed oil refining equipment in existence.

A chemist has burned that Mobiloil in a copper dish. He has weighed, measured, and tested the kind of carbon it leaves. It is right for your engine only if that carbon is so soft and flaky that most of it will be blown out with the exhaust gases.

You can quickly find the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car in the chart at the left. Ask for it the next time your engine needs oil.

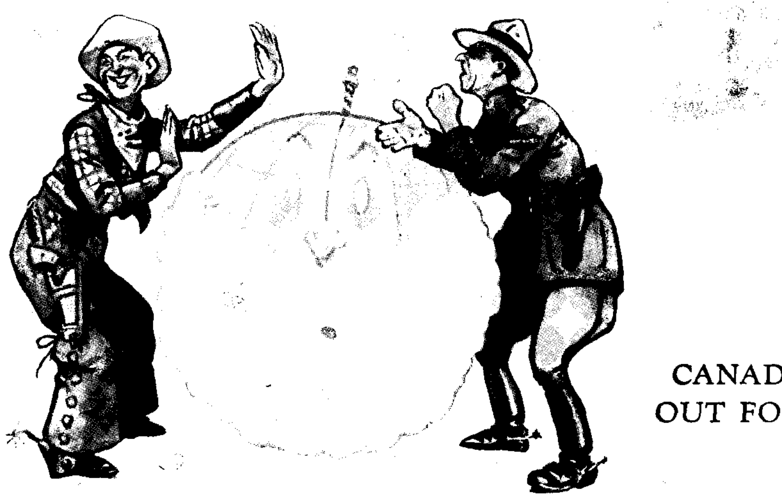
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Ask here *for* GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Motor oil is *made* . . . not *found!*

Mobiloil

The Ingram $5,000 Contest *has started* an International Row!



TEXAS BACKS THE TUBE

CANADA COMES OUT FOR THE JAR

What do you think?

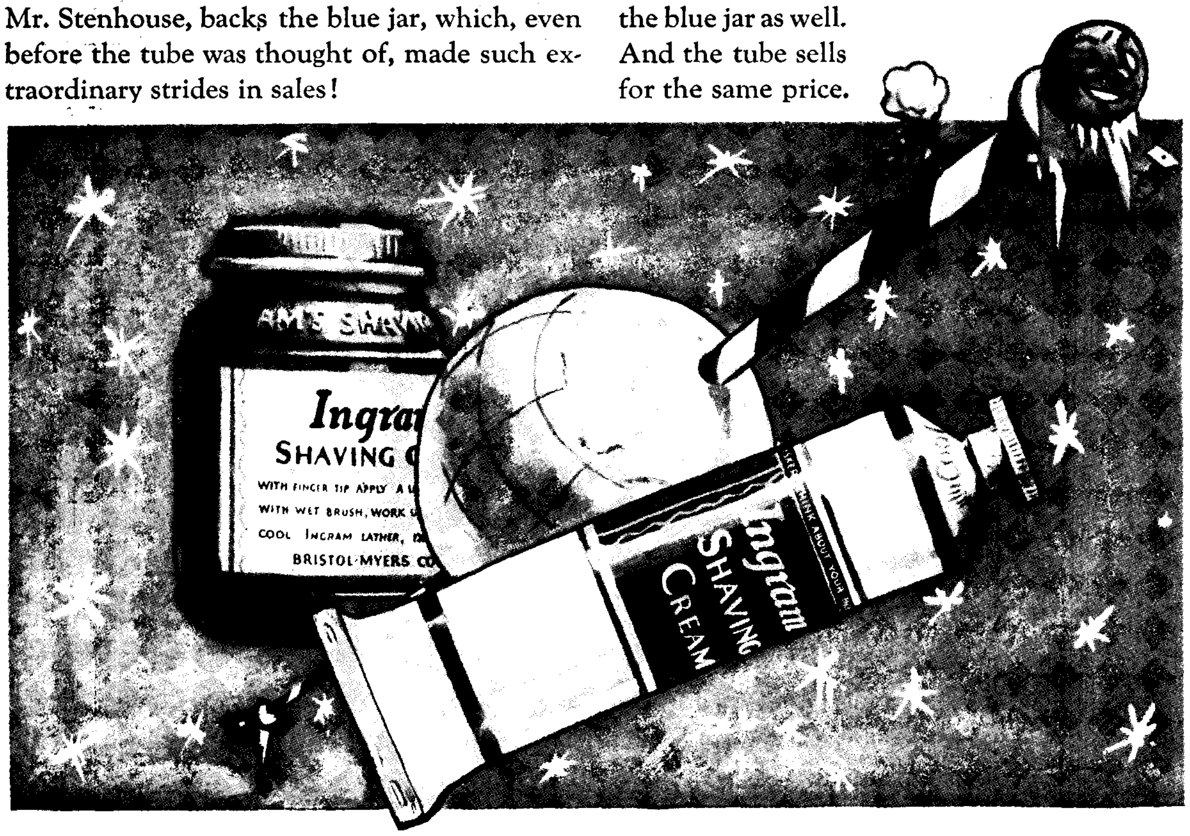
INGRAM'S $5,000.00 contest long ago overflowed America into Canada! The battle of tube *vs.* jar has now reached almost every country where men want Cool shaves!

Mr. Crawford, our Southwestern Manager and a tall Texan, too, is certain that the new tube will win by a mile! But our Canadian head, Mr. Stenhouse, backs the blue jar, which, even before the tube was thought of, made such extraordinary strides in sales!

At headquarters, too, opinions are divided, and lots of hot arguments break out here at home.

What's your opinion? It's a simple contest, easy to enter—free from bother and red tape, and an excellent test of your business judgment.

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's went on sale in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the blue jar as well. And the tube sells for the same price.



All you are asked to do is to submit your opinion of how well the new tube will sell this year—as compared with the jar. You have plenty of time to enter the contest. There are 328 chances to win!

Here's a Little History to Help You:

Originally placed on the market in the blue jar, Ingram's has climbed steadily to a place of world-wide prominence. For this velvet-smooth *cooling* cream brings a bracing and refreshing sensation to the faces of all men who try it! Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.* And your skin will be innocent of those fiery little razor nicks that make shaving an ordeal for so many men!

The figures below show how successful Ingram's has been. Sales for the last four years were as follows:

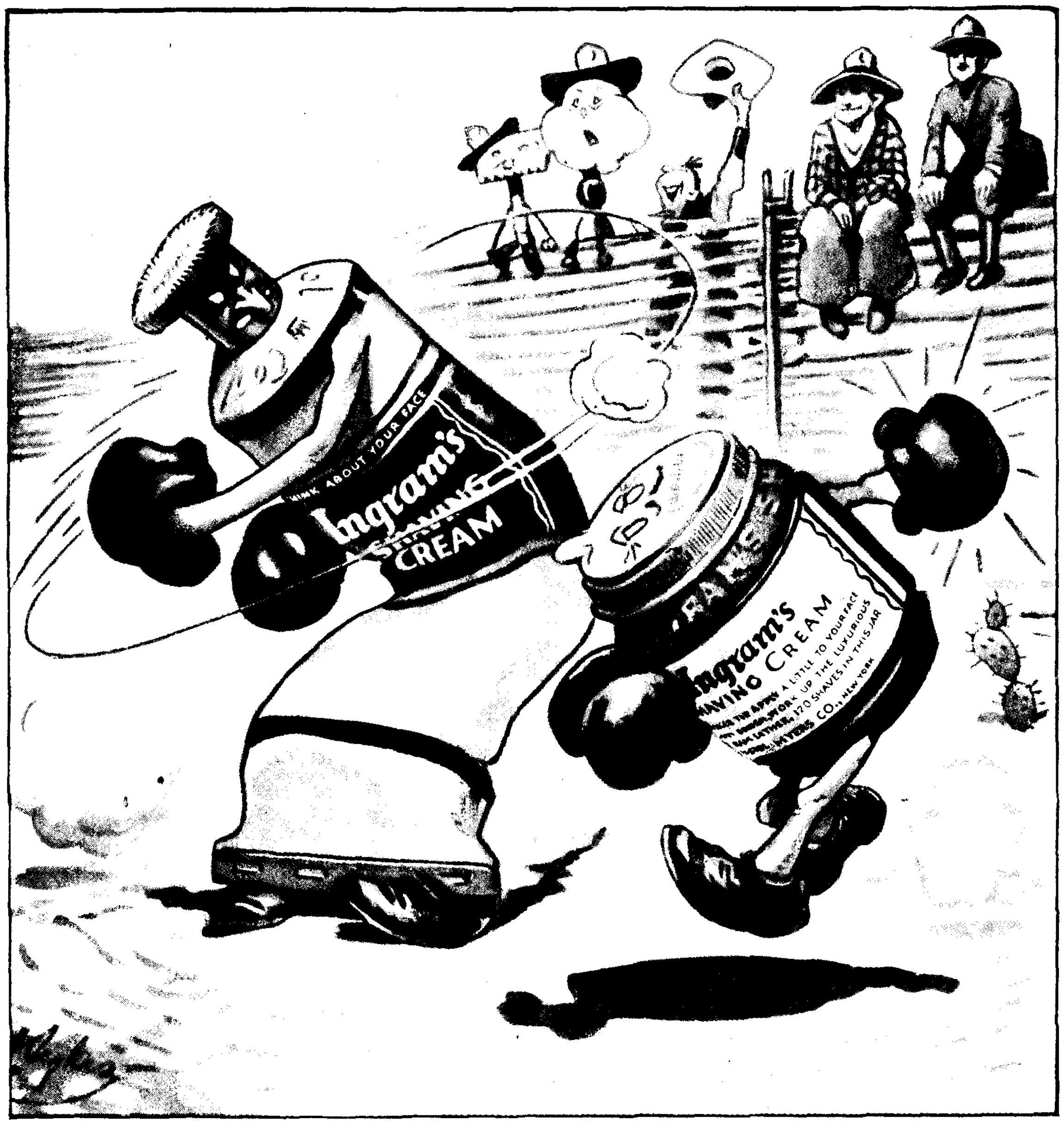
1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

INGRAM'S

"The Tube is a Pipe!" says C. M. Crawford, Manager of Southwestern Branch.

"There's a superstition, or maybe it's a fact, that all Texans are good guessers. My guess is that the new Ingram tube will win this contest in a walk. How many men prefer a tube? Nearly all of them—in this country, at any rate! So I pick the new Ingram tube to win—and win by a mile!"

C. M. Crawford



"The Jar Can't Lose!" says J. G. Stenhouse, Manager of the Canadian Branch.

"Texas to the contrary, the old Ingram jar has always been the All-American favorite. A million shaving men are used to it—they like it. If likes and dislikes could be changed in a day, I might advise you to back the tube. But my tip is that the jar will end with a good big lead."

J. G. Stenhouse

328 Cash Prizes

Some men, we know, prefer a tube. But a million men already swear by the blue jar that lifted Ingram's to its outstanding popularity today!

To make Ingram's obtainable in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube to take its place beside the jar. Remember—it's all the same *cool* cream . . . *cool* . . . *Cool* . . . COOL . . . COOL. The difference rests only in the packaging.

We don't know ourselves whether the tube or the jar will make the biggest success. Both are going fast. See the column to the right for details of the contest. And think, for a moment, of the sales figures for the jar, printed on the page to your left. Note how sales have grown. Consider the relative merits of the jar and tube.

Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It brings a brand new sensation and luxury to your morning shave. You'll know it's different when first you put it on your face. For Ingram's is the pioneer cool shave.

We'll gladly send a 10-day supply of cool Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest. Do it today!

SHAVING CREAM

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

* * *

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 596, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(*Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.*)

Big Money

Continued from page 21

his expedition, had been a jaundiced one, and Valley Fields did nothing to change it. Indeed, his first move on alighting from the train was to give Valley Fields an extremely nasty look. Then, having inquired of the porter at the station the way to Mulberry Grove, he set out thither, thinking dark thoughts.

Berry Conway, when at the peak of his form, could do the distance from Mulberry Grove to Valley Fields station in about eighty-three seconds. Lord Hoddesdon, a slower mover, took longer. However, pausing at frequent intervals to remove his gray top hat and dab his forehead with a handkerchief, for the day was warm, he eventually reached Benjafield Road, at the corner of which stands the public house which had exercised so powerful an attraction for Lord Biskerton on the day of his arrival. Here, having by now completely forgotten the instructions given to him at the station, he came to a halt, feeling lost.

FROM the spot where Lord Hoddesdon was standing to the gates of Peacehaven was, as it happened, a matter of a few dozen yards. Unaware of this, he looked about him for guidance and observed, his powerful shoulders shoring up the wall of the public house, a man in a cloth cap. He was sucking thoughtfully at an empty pipe, and he regarded Lord Hoddesdon, as he approached, with a rather unpleasant expression. The fact was, he had taken an instant dislike to his social superior's gray top hat.

Nothing in the life of a great city is more complex than the rules that govern the selection of the correct headgear for use in the various divisions of that city. In Bond Street, or Piccadilly, a gray top hat is *chic*, *de rigueur*, and *le dernier cri*. In Valley Fields, less than seven miles distant, it is *outré* and, one might almost say, *farouche*. The Royal Enclosure at Ascot would have admired Lord Hoddesdon's hat. The cloth-capped man, in a muzzy, beery sort of way, took it almost as a personal affront. It was as if he felt that his manhood and self-respect had been outraged by this gray topper.

Between Lord Hoddesdon and the cloth-capped man, therefore, there may be said to have existed an imperfect sympathy from the very start.

"I want to go to Mulberry Grove," said Lord Hoddesdon.

The man, without shifting his position, rolled an inflamed eye at him. He stared in silence for a while. Then he gave a curt nod.

"Awright," he said. "Don't be long."

Lord Hoddesdon endeavored to make himself clearer.

"Can you—ah—direct me to Mulberry Grove?"

The eye rolled round once more. It traveled over Lord Hoddesdon's person searchingly, from head to foot and back again. Reaching the head, it paused.

"What sort of a hat do you call that you've got on?" asked the man coldly. "A nice sort of hat, I don't think."

Lord Hoddesdon was in no mood to chat of hats.

"Never mind my hat!" he said austerely.

The man, however, continued to toy with the theme. Indeed, he harped on it.

"The way you city clurks get yourselves up nowadays," he said with evident disapproval, " 's enough to make a man sick. They wouldn't 'ave none of that in Moscow. No, *nor* in Leningrad. The Burjoicy, that's what you are, for all your top 'ats. Do you know what would happen to you in Moscow? Somebody—as it might be Stayling—would come along and 'e'd look at that 'at and 'e'd say, 'What are you doing, you Burjoice, swanking round in a 'at like that?' and 'e'd . . ."

Lord Hoddesdon moved away. He lost thereby some probably very valuable and interesting information about the manners and customs of Moscow, but he gained release from the society of one on whom he could never look as a friend. There was a small boy standing by the horse trough in front of the public house, and to him he now addressed his questioning.

"Which is the way to Mulberry Grove, my little fellow?" he asked, quite amiably for a man with murder in his heart and a blood pressure well above the normal. "I should be much obliged if you would inform me."

Civility met with civility. His little fellow stopped dabbling his fingers in the water and pointed.

"Dahn there, sir, and first to the left," he said politely.

"Thank you," said Lord Hoddesdon. "Thank you. Thank you."

He moved off in the direction indicated, casting at the cloth-capped man as he went a look of censure. It is not easy to express very much in a look, but what Lord Hoddesdon wished to convey was that he hoped the cloth-capped man had been listening in on this scene and had been properly impressed by the exemplary attitude of one who, though so many years his junior, might well be taken by him as a model of deportment. A vague idea of returning and giving the suave lad a penny passed through his mind, to be abandoned immediately in favor of the far more sensible and businesslike step of going on and doing nothing of the kind. However, he had almost decided to look back and smile at the little fellow, when something exceptionally hard struck him suddenly between the shoulder blades. It was a stone. And, spinning round, he perceived the youthful Chesterfield in full flight up the road.

Lord Hoddesdon was dumfounded. What had occurred seemed to him for an instant incredible. If he had been aware that the polite stripling and the man in the cloth cap were son and father he would have divined that the same hatred of gray top hats which animated the father ran also in the blood of the son. It was a simple case of hereditary instinct. But he did not know this. All he thought about the blood of the son was that he wanted to have it, and with this end in view he got smartly off the mark and, though he had not run for years, was soon pelting up the road at an excellent pace—a pace far too grueling for the little fellow, whom he overtook in the first ten yards.

THERE are two schools of thought concerning the correct method of dealing with small boys who throw stones at their elders and betters in the public street. Some say they should be kicked, others that they should be smacked on the head. Lord Hoddesdon, no bigot, did both. And for a man who had not smacked head or kicked trouser seat since his early days at Eton he acquitted himself remarkably well. For the space of about half a minute he worked vigorously; then, turning, somewhat out of breath, he retraced his steps and resumed the trek to Mulberry Grove.

He felt strangely elated. It was as if some healing balm had been applied to his bruised soul. For the first time that afternoon he was conscious of being quietly happy. As the result of this burst of exercise, venom had gone out of him. An urge came upon him to whistle, and he was just pursing his lips to do so, when a voice spoke at his side.

" 'Oy!" said the voice.

It was the cloth-capped man. He had put his pipe away, and was walking by Lord Hoddesdon's side, smelling strongly of mixed ales.

"What did you want to hit the nipper for?" asked the cloth-capped man.

Lord Hoddesdon made no reply. It was not that the conundrum baffled him, for he had an excellent answer. But he disliked the idea of making this person a confidant. He walked on in silence.

"What did you want to hit my young 'Erbert for?"

Lord Hoddesdon started a little uneasily. *My* young 'Erbert? This was the first intimation he had received that ties of relationship linked these two. What had seemed at first merely the inquisitiveness of a stranger took on a more sinister significance when it became the muttered outpourings of a father's heart. From the corner of his eye he flashed a glance at his companion, and wished that it had not been so easy to see him. There was, he perceived, a great deal of this man.

He quickened his steps. He had become now uneasily aware of the deserted nature of the ground he was covering. There was not a policeman in sight. In a place like this, he reflected bitterly, there would probably be only one policeman and he would probably be asleep somewhere instead of doing his duty and busying himself in the interests of the public weal. For a moment, in his shrinking mind, Lord Hoddesdon became rather mordant about the police force of the suburbs.

But he was not able to think long about anything except this unpleasant-looking man who continued to walk step by step with him. Incoherent mutterings had now begun to proceed from this person. His lordship caught the words "city clurk" and "Burjoicy," repeated far too often for his peace of mind.

IT WAS at the point where the other, struck with a new idea, had begun to waver between stamping him into the mud and impaling him on the railings which decorated the farther side of the pavement that Lord Hoddesdon, who for some little time had been covering the ground in a style which would certainly have led to his disqualification in a walking race, definitely and undisguisedly broke into a run. They had turned the corner now and had come in sight of houses, and it seemed to him that inside one of those houses sanctuary might be obtained.

With a sudden, swift movement Lord Hoddesdon's rapid walk turned into a gallop.

It is curious to reflect how often in life Fate chooses the same object as a means toward two quite opposite ends. It was Lord Hoddesdon's gray top hat which had placed him in this very delicate situation, and it was this same top hat which now for the moment extricated him from it. For, even as he started to run, it leaped from his head and rolled across the road, and his companion, sternly set though his mind was on the holy war before him, was humanly frail enough not to be able to resist the lure. The hat went bouncing away, and the cloth-capped man, after but a second's hesitation, charged in pursuit.

(*Continued on page 36*)

Conklin
PAT. MAY 28 1918

It's a gift pen in every way—this new Conklin Endura Symetrik. Startling in its modernity, distinctively beautiful, this pen includes the assurance of unending utility also. For the Conklin Endura unconditional and perpetual free service guarantee makes this a gift that will remain to serve as well as to commemorate the giver and the gift occasion... None too early to be noting this on your Christmas list. So sensibly priced—the pens $5, $6, $7 and $8; pencils to match, $3.50, $4 and $4.50. In three thrilling color combinations. In stores that feature the new things.

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ENDURA
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Unconditionally and Perpetually Guaranteed

DON'T ROB *ONE* SOCKET TO FILL *ANOTHER*

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to have Edison MAZDA* Lamps in all electric sockets in your home. Taking a lamp from one socket to fill another is troublesome and can easily be avoided.

Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons for your convenience. It is the handy way to buy them. Keep a supply in your home for immediate use when sockets need refilling.

Edison MAZDA Lamps are made of the finest materials obtainable and with a precision that assures *full value of the current consumed*. They bring you the benefit of every improvement in electric lighting.

When you buy lamps, always look for the name EDISON on the carton and the marks MAZDA and GE on the bulb.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

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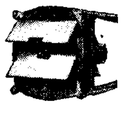
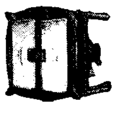
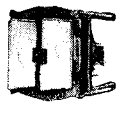
The Original Fan-Equipped Hot Water Automobile Heater

No lack of comfort
. . . even on the coldest days

Throws all the heat up to warm the whole car


Throws all the heat *down* to warm the car floor


Throws all the heat *right* to front seat passenger


Throws all the heat *left* to the driver

In the genial warmth of Tropic-Aire, both business and social triumphs are the rule,—even though a blizzard blow.

Tropic-Aire is acknowledged leader in the car-heating field. It was the first to provide hot water heat circulated by electric fan. There is—exclusively—the new patented Biplane Deflector to throw heat up, down, right or left as you wish. There is—exclusively—the 2-Way Switch on the instrument board that places a full flood of heat, or half heat for milder weather, at your finger tip.

You will find durability that outlasts your car—beauty of design and finish—models for cars of all makes.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration. You will be more than pleased. Write for fully descriptive literature.

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In Canada:
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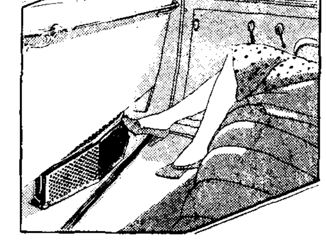
Pat. Nos. 1581761, 1668491, RE17131. Others pending.

The New Rear Compartment Heater



Installed back of front seat or in front of rear seat—a perfect heating plant for Town Car, Limousine, Taxicabs, the larger Coaches or Sedans. Independent or operates in unison with front heater.

Big Money

Continued from page 34

He cornered the hat in the gutter and kicked it. He followed it to where it lay and kicked it again. Finally, he jumped upon it with both feet and then kicked it for the third time. This done, he looked round and was aware of its owner's coat-tails vanishing at a considerable speed through the gate of the last house down the road. Following swiftly, he passed through the gate, which bore upon it the word "Castlewood," and, finding nothing of interest in the front garden, hastened round to the back.

Here, too, he found only empty space. He paused a while in thought.

In moments of extreme peril the mind moves rapidly. In the beginning, Lord Hoddesdon had planned to walk with as great a dignity as he could achieve to one of these front doors, to ring the bell, to ask to see the master of the house, to inform the master of the house that he was being followed in a threatening manner by a ruffian who appeared to be worse for drink, to be invited into the drawing-room, and to remain there in a comfortable chair while his host telephoned for aid to the police station. And the entire program had had to be scrapped at a moment's notice.

Obviously, there was no time for leisurely ringing of bells. An alternative scheme had to be planned out. This alternative scheme Lord Hoddesdon had not been able to shape at the moment of his entry into the garden of Castlewood, but it came to him as he rounded the angle of the house and perceived on the ground floor an open window. Through this window he dived with an adroitness which would have given a rabbit an idea or two for the brushing-up of its technique; and when his pursuer also entered the garden Lord Hoddesdon was lurking on all fours inside the room.

And there for a moment the matter rested.

How long it would have gone on resting it is difficult to say. The cloth-capped man was a slow thinker, and it might have been some little while before he would have been able to observe and deduce. As it happened, however, an irresistible urge came over Lord Hoddesdon at this moment to raise his head and peer out of the window, to see what was happening in the great world outside. The first thing he saw was his pursuer, and his pursuer most unfortunately chanced to be looking in that very direction.

THE next instant the peaceful stillness of Mulberry Grove was shattered by a stern view halloo, and the instant after that Lord Hoddesdon had banged the window down and bolted it. And then for a space these two representatives of Labor and the Old Régime stood staring at each other through the glass, like rare fishes in adjoining compartments of an aquarium.

Lord Hoddesdon was the first to weary of the spectacle. He had seen a good deal of the cloth-capped man in the last quarter of an hour, and he was feeling surfeited. Even observed through glass, the other's inflamed eyes had so hideous a menace that he wished to be as far away from them as possible. Hastily withdrawing, therefore, he backed out of the room and found himself in a passage. At the end of this passage was the front door, and beside the front door a hat-stand, from which protruded, like heads of the Burjoicy neatly skewered on pikes after the social revolution, divers hats. And at the sight of these his lordship's mind began working along new lines.

The loss of his gray topper had not until now affected Lord Hoddesdon very deeply. Subconsciously, no doubt, he had been aware of it, but it was only at this moment that the full shock of bereavement really smote him. Seeing these hats, he realized for the first time his own lidless condition, and for the first time appreciated the vital necessity of remedying it. It was his ambition, if he ever got out of this ghastly suburb alive, to return to London. And at the thought of accomplishing that return bare-headed every blue drop of Hoddesdon blood in his veins froze. To go through London's streets without a hat was unthinkable.

Nevertheless, as he stood scanning the hat-stand with the eyes of a shipwrecked mariner sighting a sail, his heart distinctly sank. Whoever owned this house appeared to have a perfectly astonishing taste in hats. On the three pegs were a cap with purple checks (a thing of pure nightmare), an almost unbelievable something constructed of black straw, and a bowler. It was at the bowler that his lordship directed his gaze. The other two, he saw at a glance, were out of the question.

Even the bowler was not ideal. It was of a type not often met with nowadays, being almost square in shape and flattened down at the top. But it was so distinctly better than the cap and the straw that Lord Hoddesdon did not hesitate. Bounding swiftly forward he snatched it from its peg. And as he did so there came from behind him a roar like that of a more than usually irritable lioness witnessing the theft of one of her cubs.

"Hi!"

Lord Hoddesdon turned as if the word had been a red-hot poker pressed against his form-fitting trousers. He beheld, hurrying swiftly down the stairs, a little man with a mauve face and a monocle.

It was the practice of Major Flood-Smith, of Castlewood, to take a siesta in his bedroom on these warm afternoons. Today, he had been looking forward to uninterrupted repose. His niece Katherine had gone off with that young fellow, Smith, from next door, to a matinée performance at the Brixton Astoria, and he had the house to himself. Well content, he was just dozing off when that view halloo from the garden had jerked him off the bed like a hooked minnow, and a glance out of the window had shown him a revolting-looking individual in a cloth cap, standing with his nose glued against the window of the morning-room. Pausing only to snatch his service revolver out of its drawer, Major Flood-Smith had charged downstairs, and he would be damned if here wasn't another blasted fellow strolling about the hall pinching his hats.

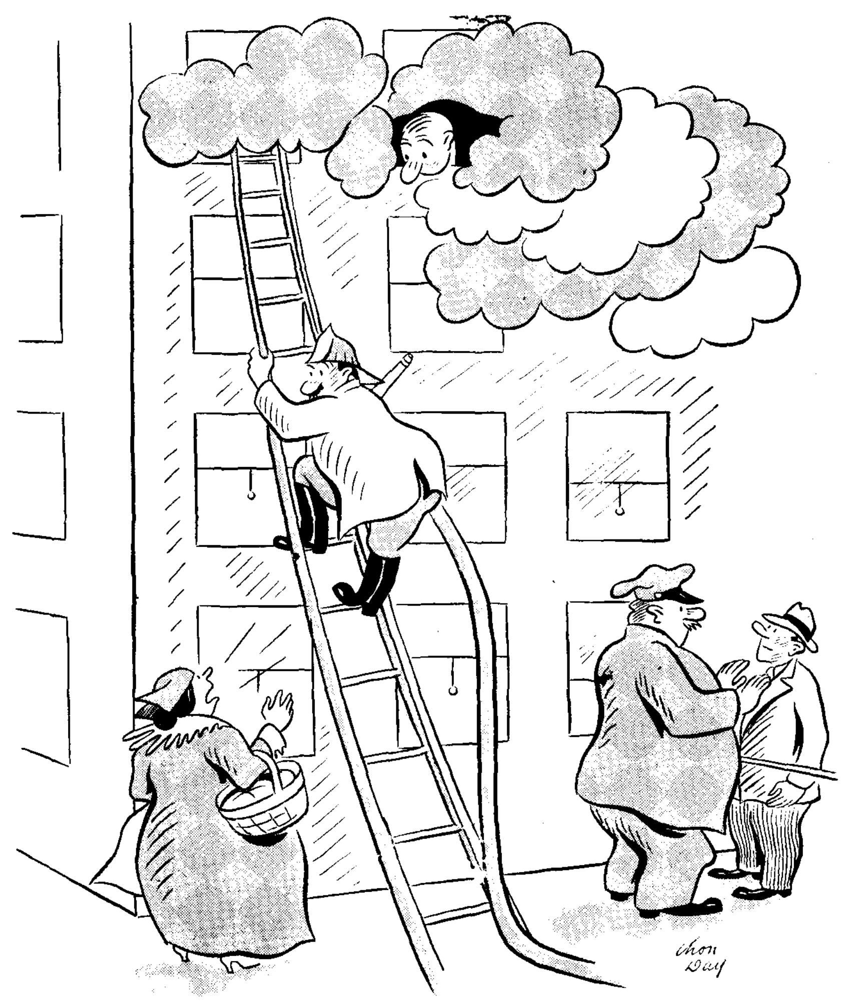
All the householder in Major Flood-Smith was roused.

"You!" he thundered. "What the devil are you doing?"

THE whole trend of Lord Hoddesdon's education and upbringing had gone, from his earliest years, towards the instillment in him of a deep love of good form. There were things, he had been taught at Eton, at Oxford, and subsequently during his brief career as a member of His Majesty's Household Brigade, which were not done. And one of these things, he felt instinctively, was the stealing of square-topped bowler hats from men to whom he had never been introduced.

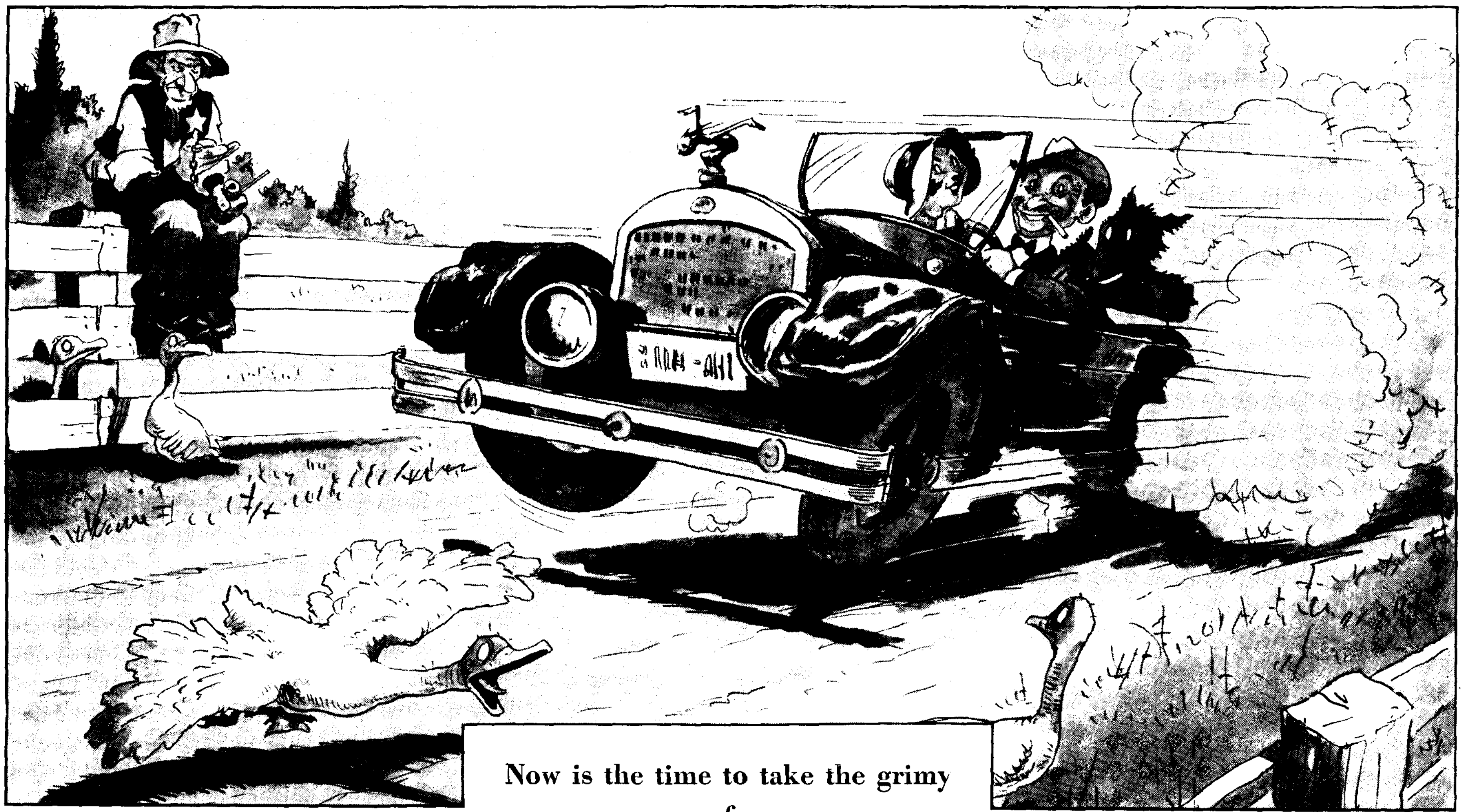
It was not unnatural, therefore, that the suave calm with which he usually

(Continued on page 38)



"John, don't forget to bring home some smoked pork."

ONE TREATMENT WITH WHIZ CURED OUR CAR OF "RHEUMATISM OF THE GEARS"!



Now is the time to take the grimy summer grease from your gears. Prevent trouble . . . save money. Get Winter Grade Whiz!

Whiz

GEAR LUBRICANT

THAT SUMMER gear grease of yours is worn to a frazzle now and loaded with metallic grit. Cold weather will chill it to a sticky mass that clutters the meshing of your gears. This brings on "rheumatism of the gears"—makes them stiff, noisy and hard to shift!

To attempt to make this worn-out grease last longer is a mighty dangerous and expensive mistake. For grit-laden grease causes "rheumatism of the gears" to which over 40% of major repairs are directly traced. Have your gear box and differential flushed out today . . . before cold weather comes. Refill with rich, creamy Winter Grade Whiz—and your gears will perform like they did on delivery day!

"Rheumatism" robs Horsepower and runs up Repairs!

Bad gear grease in your transmission or differential can cause serious and costly damage . . . *particularly in cold weather.* For gears that are already badly off with heavy grit-encumbered summer grease are hampered even more when winter chills and hardens that dirty residue.

That's the way "rheumatism of the gears" starts. Faulty grease congests the gears and their balky operation puts a strain upon the engine and may cause a loss as high as 40 out of 100 horsepower.

Free Flushing Days at Whiz Stations!

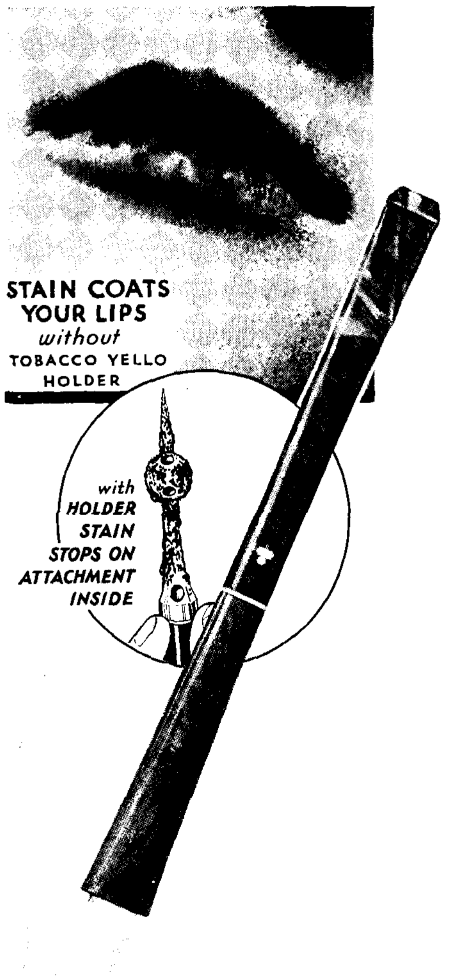
Most good garages and service stations handle Whiz and are offering free flushing days now! They'll clean your gears and differential while you wait and fill them up with Whiz . . . the richest, creamiest Gear Lubricant in the world. No charge for the *Service.* You pay only for the lubricant.

Whiz won't let power waste away. For on the coldest days Whiz starts to flow the instant the gears start to spin. With Whiz Gear Lubricant "rheumatic gears" are out of the question.

Whiz is good for 5,000 miles

Whiz Gear Lubricant is made as carefully as the very finest motor oil. If we charged $5 a pound we could not make it any better. Unlike cheap grease Whiz contains no *tar* or *rosin, pitch* or *asphalt.* It doubles the service of cheap greases, and it guards your gears and differential for 5,000 miles.

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO., CAMDEN, N. J.
AND TORONTO, CANADA



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TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER

PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF!

Smoke the next three packages of cigarettes with a TOBACCO YELLO* Holder. Then open the Holder and let your own eyes see the "dark brown" evidence—the sticky TAR on the attachment instead of on your lips, fingers and teeth. Your TOBACCO YELLO Holder is guaranteed to *show you!* Or your money will be refunded.

Don't blame nicotine for cigarette stain. It's *not* nicotine! It's bitter-tasting TAR. A great University, after complete scientific tests, states that the Tobacco Yello Holder stops *66.5% of this bitter TAR.* By stopping TAR, the pleasure of smoking is doubled—you feel better—*stain is eliminated.* 9,000 doctors are using this holder.

Sold by Cigar, Drug and Department Stores—In Briar and Colors for men and women. $1 To $10

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Established 1851
120 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Big Money

Continued from page 36

met life's happenings should now have deserted him. Unable to speak, he remained standing where he was, holding the bowler.

"Who are you? How did you get in? What are you doing with that hat?" proceeded the major, decorating the bald questions with a few of the rich expletives which a soldier inevitably picks up in his years of service. Major Flood-Smith had spent seven years with the Loyal Royal Worcestershires, who are celebrated for their plain speech.

Lord Hoddesdon was still unable to utter, but he was capable of the graceful gesture. With something of Old World courtesy he replaced the bowler on its peg.

The major, however, appeared dissatisfied.

"Breaking and entering! In broad daylight! Stealing my hats under my very nose! Well, I'll be . . ."

He mentioned some of the things he would be. Most of them were spiritual, a few merely physical.

Lord Hoddesdon at last found words. But, when they came, it would have been better if he had remained silent.

"It's quite all right," he said.

He could scarcely have selected a more unfortunate remark. Major Flood-Smith's ripe complexion deepened to a still more impressive purple. He jumped about.

"Quite all right?" he cried. "Quite all right? Quite all right? Quite all right? I catch you in my hall, sneaking my ensanguined hats, and you have the hæmorrhagic insolence to stand there and tell me it's quite all right. I'll show you how all right it is. I'll . . ."

HE STOPPED abruptly. This was not because he had finished his observations, for he had not. If ever there was a retired major of the line who had all his music still within him, he was that major.

But at this moment there came from the rear of the house the dreadful sound of splintering glass. It rang out like an explosion, and it spoke straight to the deeps in Major Flood-Smith's soul.

He quivered from head to foot, and said something sharply in one of the lesser known dialects of the Hindu Kush.

Lord Hoddesdon, though he was not feeling himself, was capable of understanding what had happened. There is a certain point past which you cannot push the freemen of Valley Fields. That point, he now realized, had been reached when he had closed the morning-room window, leaving the cloth-capped man standing outside like a Peri at the gates of Paradise. It is ever the instinct of the proletariat, when excluded from any goal by a sheet of glass, to throw bricks. This the cloth-capped man had now done, and it surprised Lord Hoddesdon that he had not done it sooner. No doubt what had occasioned the delay was the selection of a suitable brick.

Major Flood-Smith was torn between two conflicting desires. On the one hand, he yearned to remain and thresh out with his present companion the whole question of hats. On the other, his windows were being broken.

The good man loves his hat. But he also loves his windows.

Another crash swayed the balance. The windows had it. Barking like a seal, Major Flood-Smith disappeared down the passage, and Lord Hoddesdon, saved at the eleventh hour, snatched at the hat-stand, wrenched the front door open, banged it behind him, leaped into the street, and raced madly out of Mulberry Grove in the direction of the railway station.

It was only when he had come in sight of it that he discovered that what he had taken from the stand was the cap with the purple checks.

"I knew you would bungle it," said Lady Vera.

BERRY CONWAY came round the corner into Mulberry Grove and paused outside the gate of the Nook to fumble in his pocket for his latchkey. He eyed Mulberry Grove with dislike. He frowned at the trim little house. At the two swans, Egbert and Percy, he glowered. And when from the premises of the Valley Fields Lawn Tennis Club there was borne to his ears the happy yapping of eager flappers, he groaned slightly and winced, like Prometheus watching his vulture dropping in for lunch.

The inexplicable removal from his life of the only girl he had ever loved or could love had made existence a weary affair for Berry these days.

Having found his key, he entered the house and went to his bedroom. There he removed his clothes and, putting on a dressing-gown, proceeded to the bathroom.

He splashed about in cold water for a while, then, returning to the bedroom, began to don the costume of the English gentleman about to dine. For tonight was the night of the annual banquet of the old boys of his school: and, though since his entry into the ranks of the wage slaves he had preferred to lead a hermit existence and avoid, as far as was possible, the companions of his opulent days, some lingering sentimentality still caused him to turn out for these functions.

He had just completed his toilet when a knock sounded on the door. He had expected it sooner. He opened the door, congratulating himself, as he did so, that he had finished tying his tie. Otherwise, the faithful Old Retainer would have insisted on doing it for him.

"I didn't hear you come in, Master Berry," said the Old Retainer, beaming. "How nice you look. Would you like me just to straighten your tie?"

"Go ahead," Berry, resignedly.

"I always think a tie looks so different when you straighten it."

"I know what you mean," said Berry. "Straighter."

"That's it. Straighter. Gladys-at-Castlewood tells me," said the Old Retainer, beginning the news bulletin, "that they had burglars there this afternoon. She says she's never seen the major look so purple. It was her afternoon out, she says, and when she came home he was walking round and round the garden with a pistol in his hand, muttering to himself. He was very cross, Gladys tells me. Well, I mean, enough to make any gentleman cross having men break into his house and steal his caps."

"DID somebody steal that cap of the major's?" asked Berry, brightening. He had disliked the thing for eighteen months.

"They did, Master Berry. And somebody else broke two of the back windows with a stone."

"Mulberry Grove is looking up."

"But it's all right," said Mrs. Wisdom soothingly. "I've had a word with Mr. Finbow, and he's promised to keep an eye on us."

"Who's Mr. Finbow?"

"He's a gentleman in the police, and though Mulberry Grove, he says, isn't, strictly speaking, on his beat, he will make a point, he says, of looking in every now and then to see that we are all right. I thought it very civil of him and gave him a slice of cake. Isn't it odd, it seems that Mr. Finbow comes from the very same part of the country where I used to live when I was a slip of a girl? I always say it's a small world, after all. Well, I mean, when I say the very same part of the country, my dear father and mother had a cottage in Herefordshire and Mr. Finbow lived in Birmingham, but it does seem odd, all the same. We had a nice talk. Would you like me to get a brush and give you a good brushing, Master Berry?"

"No, thanks," said Berry hastily. "I haven't time. I must hurry. If I miss the six-fifty, I shall be late for my dinner."

"Be careful not to overheat yourself, dear."

"Don't worry. I'm not as hungry as all that."

"I mean to say, it's so dangerous to sit in a drafty railway carriage with the pores open."

"I'll shut them," said Berry. "Good-by."

HE CHARGED out of the house, causing his next-door neighbor, Lord Biskerton, to utter a startled cry of admiration. The Biscuit at the moment was engaged in weeding his front garden, a pursuit which, like a good householder, he had taken up with energy.

"Golly!" said the Biscuit, eying his friend's splendor open-mouthed. "Giving the populace a thorough treat, are you not? What is it? Meat tea at Buckingham Palace?"

"O. C. dinner," explained Berry briefly. "And if you weren't a slacker you would be coming, too."

The Biscuit shook his head.

"Never again for me," he said. "Not any more of those binges for me. I know them too well. The committee of management either stick you in among a drove of dotards who talk across you about the time they were given a half-holiday because of the Battle of Crécy, or else you get dumped down with a lot of kids whose heads you want to smack. And it is a very moot point which of the two situations is the fouler. I was with the kids last time. I'll swear some of them had come in prams. Have you noticed, Berry, old man, how extraordinarily young everybody seems to be nowadays? That's because we're getting on. Silver threads among the gold, laddie. How old are you?"

"Twenty-six next birthday," Berry replied.

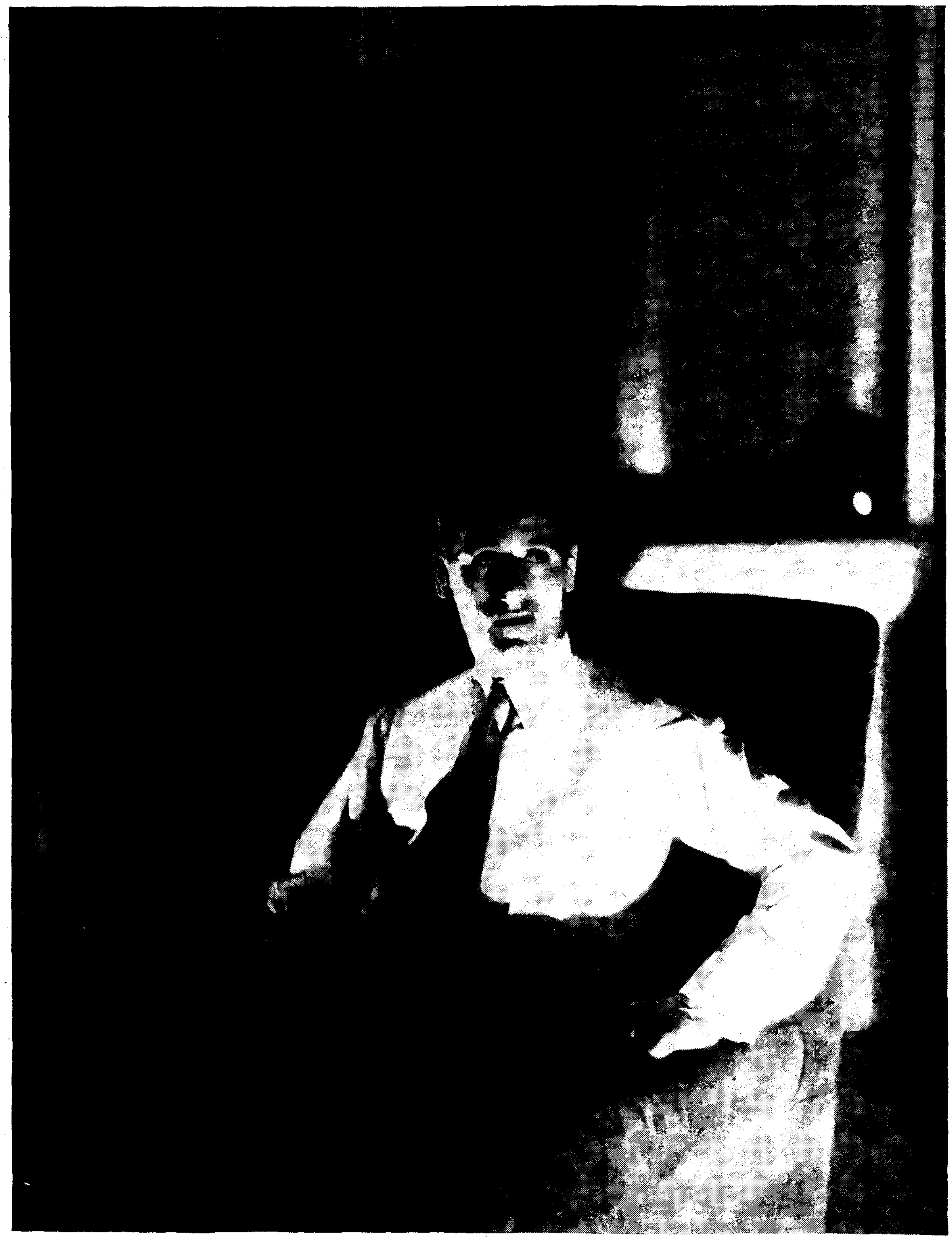
"Pretty senile," said the Biscuit, clicking his tongue and jabbing at a weed. "Pretty senile. And the year after that you'll be twenty-seven, and then, if I have got my figures correct, twenty-eight. Just waiting for the end, you might say. It's no use kidding ourselves, old friend, we're aging rapidly, and our place is by the hearth."

"You won't come, then?"

"No. I shall remain here and stroll in my garden. Quite possibly little Kitchie Valentine will be strolling in hers, and we will exchange ideas across the fence. I maintain that in the suburbs it is a duty to cultivate one's neighbors. There is in English life too much of this ridiculous keeping of oneself to oneself. I deprecate it."

(To be continued next week)

THIS CERTAINLY IS YOUR BUSINESS



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. B. JACOBSEN

It may seem like dabbling in the other fellow's business to ask the man behind the counter to show you shirts of Pepperell Broadcloth. But that small request will bring you a whopping chestful of shirt satisfaction.

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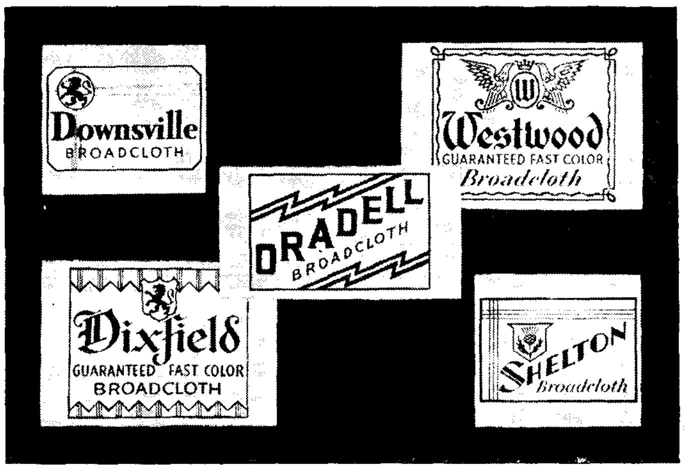
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BROADCLOTH
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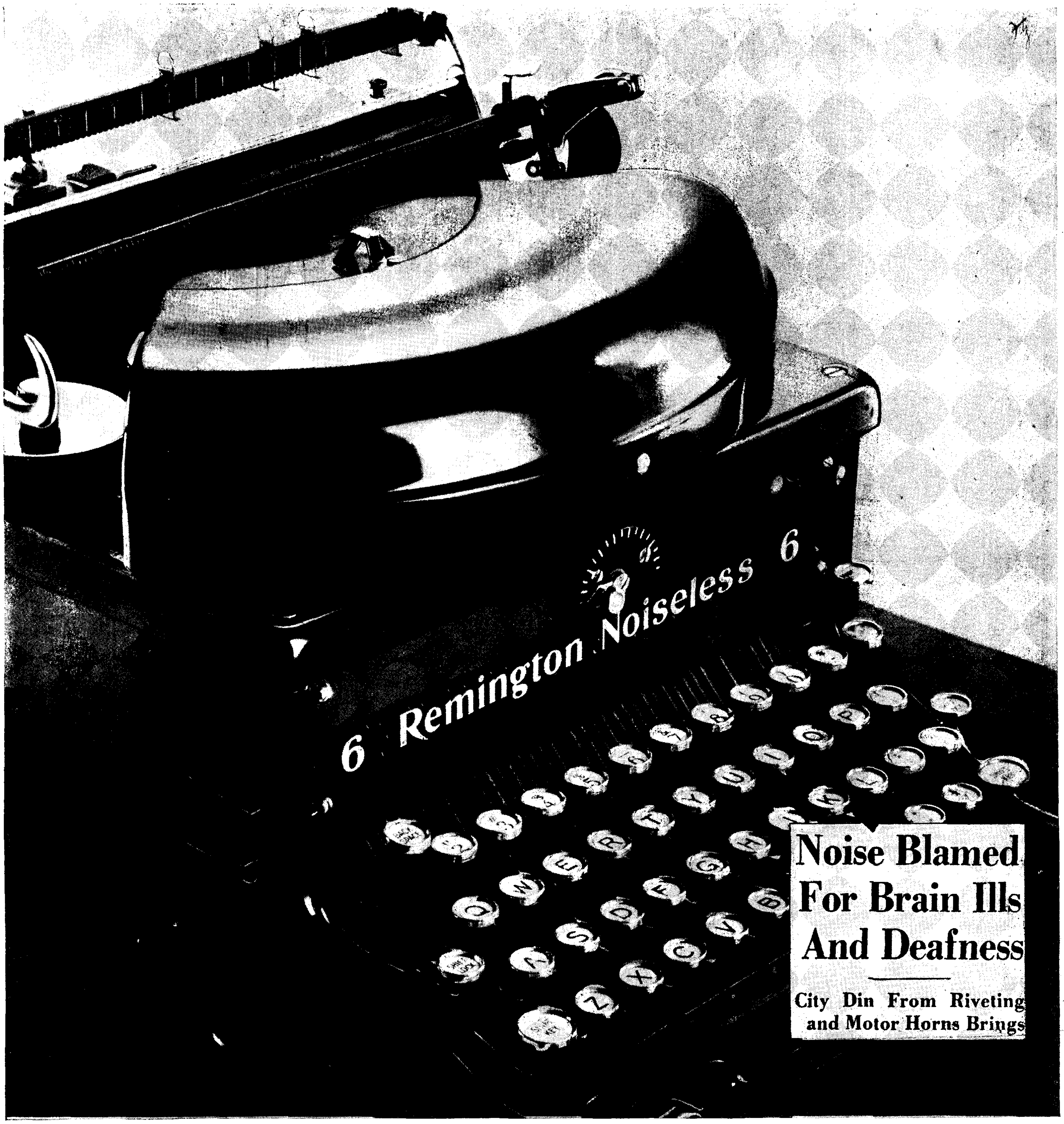
PEPPERELL broadcloths

In addition to broadcloths, Pepperell makes many other cotton fabrics. Your wife undoubtedly uses Lady Pepperell Sheets. Altogether there are over 412 useful cotton fabrics made by Pepperell.

New York Discovers


6 Remington Noiseless 6

Noise Blamed For Brain Ills And Deafness

City Din From Riveting and Motor Horns Brings

REMINGTON . . . THE ORIGINAL NOISELESS TYPEWRITER

Tremendous Cost of NOISE

Let a Thirty-day Test of the Remington Noiseless prove to you how profitable SILENCE *can be*

NOISE demoralizes business efficiency. Noise muddles creative minds. Noise frays the nerves and multiplies mistakes. Noise is one of the greatest wasters of profits in business.

These are not theories but the scientific findings of a board of experts who have been studying noise in New York. They are the reasons the whole business world, awaking to the profits of SILENCE, is listening to the money-saving whisper of this noise-eliminating typewriter.

A BANK LISTENED

. . . The noise of a battery of hammer-blow typewriters annoyed its clients and officers. It was decided to move all typewriters out of earshot, renting additional floor space. But the lease was never signed . . . The Remington Noiseless replaced the old-style machines . . . spread a veil of silence . . . and the bank saved $3,000 a year in rent. This one bank now uses 500 Remington Noiseless Typewriters and is getting better work in greater volume.

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. . . His blueprints for a metropolitan bank's new quarters called for partitions costing $17,000 to protect executives from noise. A Remington Rand man proved, with one demonstration, that most of these were unnecessary. The Remington Noiseless was specified . . . noise was killed at its source . . . typing improved . . . and $17,000 saved.

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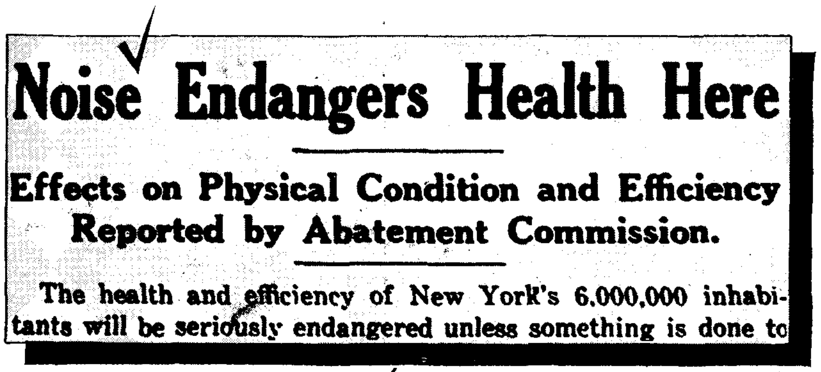
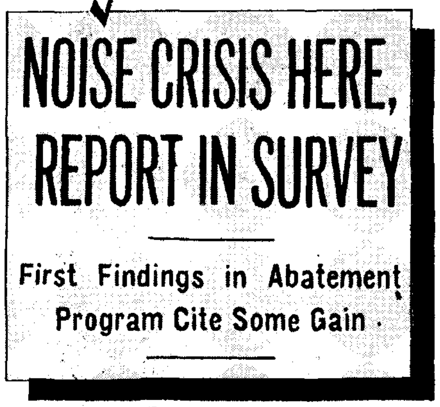
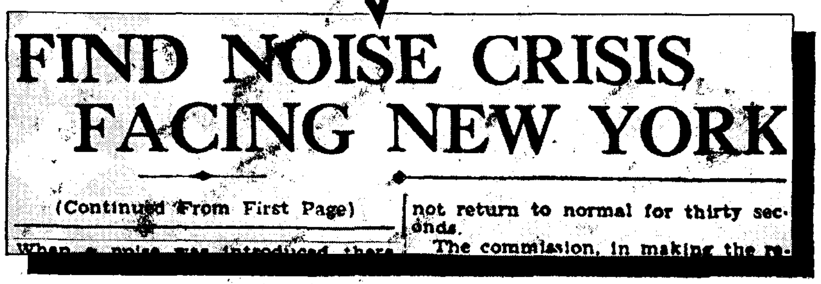

Noise Endangers Health Here

Effects on Physical Condition and Efficiency Reported by Abatement Commission.

The health and efficiency of New York's 6,000,000 inhabitants will be seriously endangered unless something is done to


NOISE CRISIS HERE, REPORT IN SURVEY

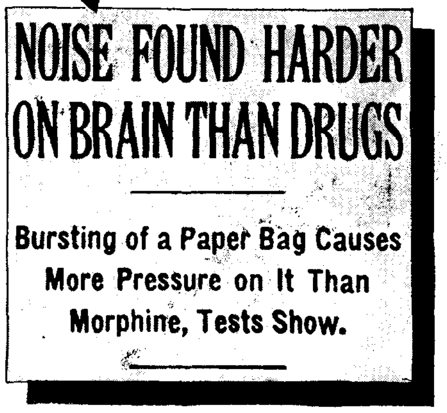
First Findings in Abatement Program Cite Some Gain


FIND NOISE CRISIS FACING NEW YORK

(Continued From First Page)

not return to normal for thirty seconds.

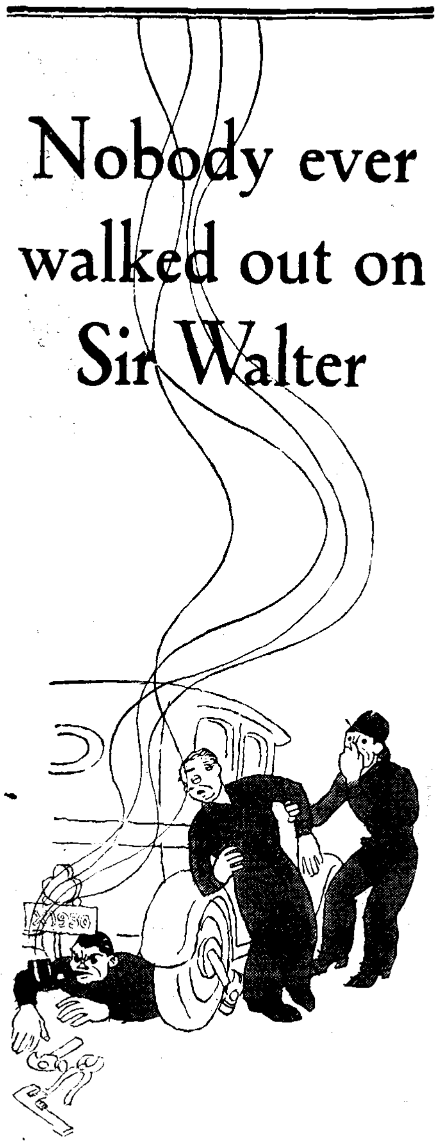
The commission, in making the re-


NOISE FOUND HARDER ON BRAIN THAN DRUGS

Bursting of a Paper Bag Causes More Pressure on It Than Morphine, Tests Show.

Remington *Noiseless* TYPEWRITER

IT TAKES THE *BEDLAM* OUT OF BUSINESS



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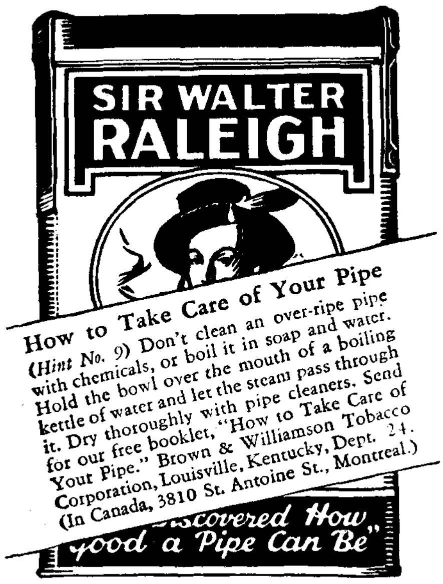
SIR WALTER RALEIGH has restored the good repute of many a pipe. Give that unpopular briar of yours a thorough cleaning. Fill it with Sir Walter's smoking mixture. Before you've finished the first can, you'll find yourself with a *reformed* pipe—a pipe that will get admiring glances from your friends. Sir Walter is a distinctive blend of fine Burley, skillfully mellowed to a mildness and fragrance that are hard to equal, no matter what price you pay.


SIR WALTER RALEIGH
"...scovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No.* 9) Don't clean an over-ripe pipe with chemicals, or boil it in soap and water. Hold the bowl over the mouth of a boiling kettle of water and let the steam pass through it. Dry thoroughly with pipe cleaners. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 24. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

Don Constanzio Dares!

Continued from page 11

thick walls the barbs of evil rumor fell back, unfelt, unheeded. And in its lovely garden the young Don Constanzio daily gave instructions to his strange protégée in the matter of reading and writing, the intricacies of Latin, and the fundamentals of the Christian faith. At first the lessons were strictly of a pedantic nature. And then, as the days went by, sometimes the heavy tomes were laid aside, and the talk drifted into more personal matters.

"Thou art not at all as I supposed a gitana would be," he said to her once, watching the play of light and shadows on her creamy brown face as she sat by the fountain.

"Perhaps Your Grace has not known many?" she answered, smiling at him with her flashing black eyes that held no hint of coquetry.

"Thou art right," he said. "I only know them as the most of the world knows them—roving aliens, who alternately plague us with their thieveries and enchant us with their songs and dances. My foster father knows them in a more terrible way."

"The gitanos did him some grievous harm?" she questioned.

"A horrible thing. While he was absent from his estates—which lie at a distance of many kilometers from Madrid—a band of them swept down on them like a pack of wolves. They robbed, they burned, they drove off the cattle and the sheep. His wife, like a Roman matron of old, armed herself and went out at the head of the terrified servants to drive them off, leaving her little child in the hacienda. In the resulting conflict she was—killed." His voice shook. "And after that, they burned the hacienda. When my foster father returned to that scene of desolation, there was nothing left—nothing."

"And then?"

"Ah—then, his despair was such that for many months it was thought he would not live. He had so dearly loved his wife and child—it was then that he took me for his son. My own parents were dead of a grievous plague, and he adopted me as his heir."

"DON CONSTANZIO—" the gitana girl spoke quietly, looking down at her slim brown hands, "you have been kinder to me than I have deserved. I know more of the world than you, I know what harm vicious tongues can do. Is it not more than likely that Señor Marqués has been told of my presence in Your Grace's house, and that he will misjudge your intent?"

Don Constanzio nodded.

"Tonight I myself will write him and tell him all the truth of the matter, and he will believe me, for he knows that I will not lie. I admit it will not be easy; for his hatred of the Romany people is like a hot, undying fire. But come what may I will not give thee back into the hands of the gitanos—that is my word to thee. No one, not even the King, could so command me."

The eyes of the gypsy girl turned to his, and for a moment they looked at each other without speech.

"No one?" she said at last, very slowly. "Not even—the Doña Mariana?"

"I have asked thee," he said sternly, "not to mention her name. Thou knowest what she means to me—the unattainable goal of my life's desire. To have her for my wife would make me richer in happiness than all the gold of the Indies. Since fear of the King's wrath keeps her from me, I respect her decision. And if thou dost wish to keep my friendship—thou must not speak of her in a tone of evil insinuation!"

The girl rose, her face crimson.

"I respect thy wishes," she said, "but I tell thee this: if *I* loved a man, and he loved me, I would despise myself for a coward dog if the fear of a king kept us apart! If thou didst love *me*, Don Constanzio, I would go through the fires of hell for thee, and laugh while they burned me! *That* is love, Don Constanzio—that is how *I* would love thee!"

She turned and ran down the tiled path, while angry, yet tingling, he stared after her.

And as if life were not enough twisted for the young hidalgo whose scholarly tastes had been so rudely interrupted, a perspiring servant, one who had ridden far, came at that moment, putting into his hand a message. It bore the coat of arms of the Marqués de la Puerta Real. Don Constanzio, tearing it open, had a premonition of its contents. His foster father had heard . . . and was consumed with unbelieving horror. . . .

THAT night the King sat beside the lovely Doña Mariana, toying negligently with her long, tapering white fingers and smiling somewhat maliciously, as he told her the latest story current in the court regarding "Don Inocente" and his Romany ward. A tall man, the King, thin and sallow-faced, with black eyes a trifle yellow at the corners; yet not a cruel man, when the matter did not concern bull fights, or rivals in love.

"They say that the old Marqués de la Puerta Real has been informed of his foster son's intrigue with a gitana, and that the *viejo* is furious. Thou knowest his hatred of the Romany tribes—it is said that he hath sent a message saying he will disinherit Don Inocente unless the young fool sends the gitana wanton packing—and that he will not do."

The Doña Mariana's face had crimsoned.

"Will he not!" she murmured, almost to herself, "will he not!"

But she shrugged white shoulders, a trifle more uncovered than strict decorum would have permitted. Her golden hair, meticulously curled and arranged after the latest fashion from France, made her look like a fragile china figurine. Her eyes were as blue—and as hard—as sapphires. She laughed with the King, accepted his audacious compliments, and her eyes were wistful and melting as she gazed at him.

But after he had bidden her farewell the loveliness vanished from her face. There was a rage in it that pulled the muscles taut and took the color from her cheeks.

"Don Constanzio dares!" she breathed. "He dares to offer me this insult! He will not send the gitana girl away? I think he will—and tonight!"

IN THE spacious library of Don Constanzio's residence the young man sat by the light of a wrought-iron candelabra, his scholarly head bent over a sheet of fine vellum, a plumed pen in his hand. The black velvet doublet and hose molded to his shapely figure made a silhouette against the rich crimson of the brocaded chair in which he sat. Pain and determination were stamped together in intricate pattern upon his drawn forehead.

"My beloved father—" he had written in a fine, beautifully limned chirography, "I am at fault for not having been the first to give thee the news that was so distasteful to thee, for it is clear that it has come to thee through evil channels. It is true, my more than father, that I have here under my protection a gitana girl. They have told thee that she is my mistress, and that is a lie. Thou, who didst give me ideals of truth and purity, will believe me when I say it. I know thy feeling against the Romany people. I can understand thine indignation and horror at my association with one of them.

"But, my dear father, when I tell thee that she saved my life at the risk of her own, how am I to obey thy stern command to leave her and come at once to thy estates?

"Thou dost threaten me with disinheritance. That means infinitely less to me than the loss of thy love. But I must risk even that, if the alternative be to cast back into the hands of brutal, vindictive gitanos a girl who became of her own will an outcast from the tribe, and who will surely be done to death if I withdraw from her my protection. . . ."

He sighed deeply. The quill pen scratched to a silence. And suddenly another sigh, a faint echo of his own, startled him, swung him about in his chair.

A figure in white stood in the doorway. A white lace mantilla was draped about the head and hidden face, but Don Constanzio's heart pounded madly. He could scarcely stand, so great was the weakness that came upon him. His voice sounded huskily in the tense stillness: "Doña Mariana—thou?"

SHE came forward very slowly, in a sibilant cloud of white brocade and shimmering silk. The lace mantilla fell away from her perfect face, revealing in the tarnished light her golden hair and blue eyes and mouth that was like a fragrant red rose. . . .

"Why," he stammered, "why art thou here?"

"Oh, Constanzio, Constanzio—" she spoke his name with passionate softness, and her hands touched his black velvet doublet, crept upward towards his neck, "I have need to know if thou dost truly love me. . . ."

His face was the face of a man in torment.

"Doña Mariana," his voice was hoarse, "be not cruel! Thou knowest that I love thee with all my heart and soul. Ask me what thou wilt, my life is thine. Only torture me no more. If thou wilt not be mine in honor, then let me remain in the despair in which I have dwelt ever since I first saw thee. I want thee, long for thee, dream of thee unceasingly, but only as my wife. . . ."

Her white arms went around his neck.

"That is what I came to tell thee, my beloved!"

"Mariana!"

His arms went around her in a wild delirium of incredulous joy. Her lips were his, to take again and again, the wonder of her soft, yielding body was his, her arms about his neck, her cheek against his. . . .

"Querido," she whispered at last, "thou knowest that in giving thee my love I defy the King?"

"I know," he answered her with difficulty, "but why need we think of that now? There are so many things to plan for our future life together. . . ."

She toyed with a lock of his dark hair, drawing it through her fingers.

"Truly, dear one! So many things! We shall be together, always, is it not so?"

"Always!" The word thrilled him. He kissed her again lingeringly, dazed by the wonder of it all.

She drew away a little.

(*Continued on page 44*)

Romance Rides Gaily beside A Face That's Fit

Williams'
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As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
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Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

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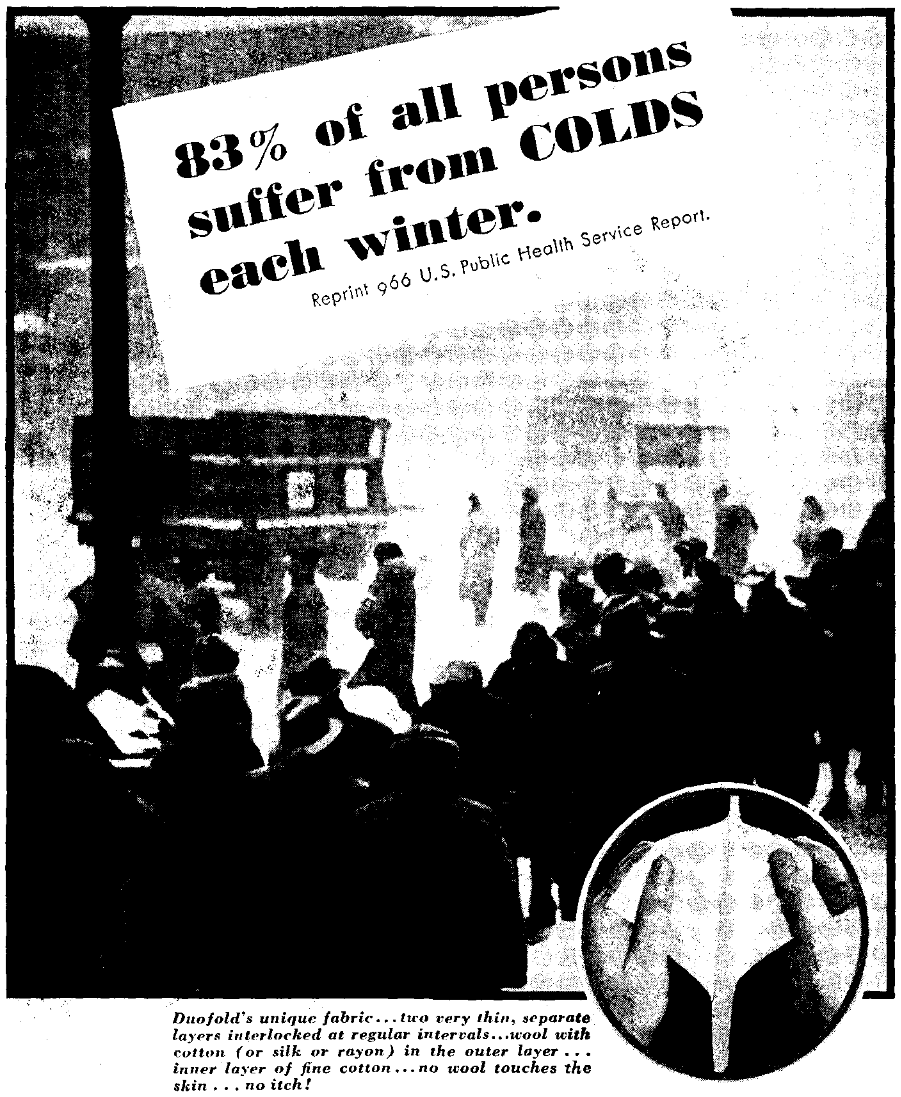
SHAVING CREAM——AQUA VELVA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Get into that other 17 per cent

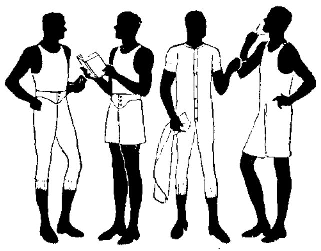
ONLY seventeen per cent of America's millions go through the winter *without* colds.

Get into that 17% class. By maintaining even body temperature; by keeping sudden chills *out;* by keeping natural body warmth *in.*

Duofold's unique and exclusive light-weight, two-layer construction... its use of wool... itchless because it cannot touch the skin... its *extreme comfort*... mark it as the *one* underwear that makes winter a tonic and a pleasure.

Above... read the interesting description of Duofold Fabric. There is no other like it. When you *feel* it between your fingers... feel the comfort of its soft cotton side against your skin... you will *know.* A free sample is yours for the coupon.

*"**Must I catch cold?**"—is the name of a booklet on colds and their prevention, prepared by Dr. Frederic Damrau, an eminent and nationally known authority. The coupon will bring you a copy.*



Made in all popular styles... athletic union suits and shirts and shorts, with many varieties of color patterns as well as white; in union suits or two-piece garments... long sleeve, short sleeve, no sleeve: ankle-length, calf-length, knee-length.

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Send Dr. Damrau's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Fabric for

☐ Men ☐ Boys ☐ Infants
☐ Children ☐ Women

Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........

Don Constanzio Dares!

Continued from page 42

"Just we two?"

"Just thou and I, Mariana—" Remembrance suddenly smote him.

"And—"

She stirred in his arms. Her blue eyes rose searching to his.

"And?"

"And the little gitana. La Rosa. She has no one else. Thou knowest that she saved my life?"

"Pay her then with money, my Constanzio. It is what the gitanos worship. But let her not come between us!"

"How could anyone come between us, my life? Is not all my love for thee? Thou knowest not the circumstances, or thou wouldst not even suggest that I turn her out into misery and danger of death."

THE softness slipped suddenly from her face. It was like the falling of a filmy veil from the marble countenance of a statue.

"Then it is true, as they say, that she is thy mistress!"

"Mariana! Thou knowest it is not true!"

"Prove it! Send her away! If thou lovest me so much—give this gitana wanton a bag of gold and tell her to go! I relinquish a king's love for thee—do thou give up this Romany woman for me!"

"Mariana," he said slowly, "these words are not thine! The poison of the court atmosphere is in thy nostrils! Dear one, let not the breath of evil touch thee! Thou, who art to me as pure and holy as a saint, wilt not ask me to do a deed of cruelty and dishonor...."

She flung back her head and laughed. *"Ask* thee to send her away? Nay, I *demand* it! Either that, or thou dost lose *me,* Don Constanzio!"

He stared at her, unable to speak or move. And in the terrible, transformed silence of the room another voice spoke, a slow, sad, exotic voice, speaking Spanish with a curious foreign inflection:

"But she is right, Don Constanzio! I must go!"

The gypsy girl stood there in the doorway.

How long she had been there, watching them, they did not know. Nor did it seem to matter. The two women, one so dazzlingly white, the other so somberly dark, gazed at each other without speaking.

It was the Doña Mariana who first broke the startled silence. Her face was marble white. Her eyes were like blue fires. "She agrees with me, Don Constanzio! She heard the mention of a bag of gold!"

At that, Don Constanzio stirred. But before he could speak the gypsy girl flung up her head, like a slim wild horse. "I know that in the court of Spain it is the fashion to lay the lash upon the shoulders of those who cannot strike back in self-defense. From such a so-called 'jest' did Don Constanzio save me, making me forever his debtor. His happiness is mine. I will not allow him to lose his inheritance, nor the love that he has longed for. I go—not at his word, but of my own free will!"

Then she was gone, as swiftly, as silently as she had come, as if she had been dissolved into the blackness of the outer corridor.

Don Constanzio moved as if from a trance. His voice was hoarse: "Doña Mariana—she has gone! She will go back to the gitanos—"

"Why not, beloved?" she whispered. "It is better so! She is not of our life—now we are alone—completely alone—give me thy lips, querido mio—"

His head bent again to hers. Then suddenly a nausea, spiritual and physical, smote him in a hot, sickening wave. He staggered away from her.

"No!" he cried out. "Thou art unworthy! Thy love is unworthy! I have been blinded by beauty that is only a mask! Wert thou truly as I have visioned thee, thou wouldst not laugh at the sacrifice of a life—I tell thee, if she goes back to the gitanos, it is to death by torture!"

Doña Mariana was trembling. Her eyes were livid, sulphuric.

"Thou fool! Thou fool!" she whispered. Then her voice rose, like a shrill, untamable wind: "No wonder they make a mock of thee! 'Don Inocente!' Canst thou not even read thine own heart? Thou dost love her! Well, then, go to her! Be a gitano! Be a pauper! I would not have thee for all the wealth of Spain and the Indies! *I am the King's beloved,* dost thou hear? I have but played with thee for mine own amusement! And thou hast championed me so nobly! I have laughed at thee! I laughed the night the King sent the gitanos to kill thee! And I will laugh again when I see thee in gypsy rags, begging upon the streets of Madrid!"

He stood very still, staring beyond her. He seemed to have heard only one sentence—his face was very white....

"I *do* love her," he said very low, "it is incredible that I did not know...."

He brushed past Doña Mariana as if she did not exist.

But the gitana's room was empty. The Fiery Torch had gone. La Rosa had gone. He stood swaying in the doorway like a drunkard. Then his face hardened into fierce, terrible lines.

"At least she shall not go to death alone! She and I—together!"

He walked quickly. His breath began to come in sobbing gasps. What if he were too late? Would they take their vengeance quickly, or slowly? Or—what if she had not gone back to them after all? How then would he find her?

Staggering with weariness, at last he came upon the gypsies; a savage-faced, unclean crew, swaying, dancing—the flare of the women's skirts and the tinkle of the golden coins on their kerchiefed heads reminded him poignantly of another night....

THEN he saw her. The gitana maiden who had given him back his life and had taken his heart all unknowing—she who had said, "I would go through the fires of hell for thee and laugh while they burned me—that is how *I* would love thee!"

At first he thought, from the darkness of the outer shadows, that she was only standing there in the firelight, while the wildness of the dance swirled about her in eddies of dark, luridly lighted faces and gaudy, blowing gypsy rags. So quietly, so regally she stood, in her black velvet garment with its white lace ruff... her black hair drawn smoothly back from her forehead, her face pale, her great dark eyes unmoving, unfrightened.

His voice, crying out, caught in his throat in a strangled cry. *She was bound there!* Tied to a stake that rose up in the center of the swirling circle. And as they passed in the wildness of the dance each gitano was flinging something down at her feet—a fagot! They were going to burn her! She was indeed to know the fires of hell!

It was madness unparalleled for Don Constanzio to do the thing he did. But he was mad, quite mad, with that utter

(Continued on page 46)

Clarion Jr.

with TONE CONTROL

The Modern Convenient Radio

$63.30

COMPLETE WITH TUBES

Pictured above is model 60, Clarion Jr., leading the modern trend toward small radios. Price complete with tubes $63.30.

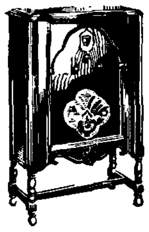
CLARION JR., though small in size for your convenience — easily moved from room to room—is large in performance. With every advance radio feature . . . without sacrifice of any of the quality so necessary to give you lasting radio satisfaction.

CLARION RADIO'S true *re-creation* . . . the justly famous CLARION tone, which you may control from "deep" to "brilliant" by a finger's touch, to please your particular taste in tone values . . . cabinetry which embodies the best to be found in fine furniture . . . CLARION RADIO is a joy to the tone-conscious and to those who know furniture.

Naturally behind this marvelous performance are all the advance features of present day radio—screen-grid circuit, full size electro-dynamic speaker, push-pull 245's; screen-grid power detector, all-steel chassis, illuminated dial, local-distance switch, phonograph jack.

In the CLARION plant every manufacturing operation is under the guidance of a specialized expert who knows his place in the production picture—and still sees clearly in his mind's eye the perfect finished radio . . . so that CLARION will reach you as originally conceived . . . the "Greatest Radio Value at any Price."

The CLARION dealer in your neighborhood will be happy to show you all of the CLARION models and to explain the many unusual CLARION features. You can depend on his courteous assistance in making your choice.



$109.00

IN ADDITION TO CLARION JR. *at $63.30 complete, is the Lowboy (pictured) at $109.00 . . . the Highboy at $129.00 . . . and the radio phonograph combination at $199.00; less tubes.*

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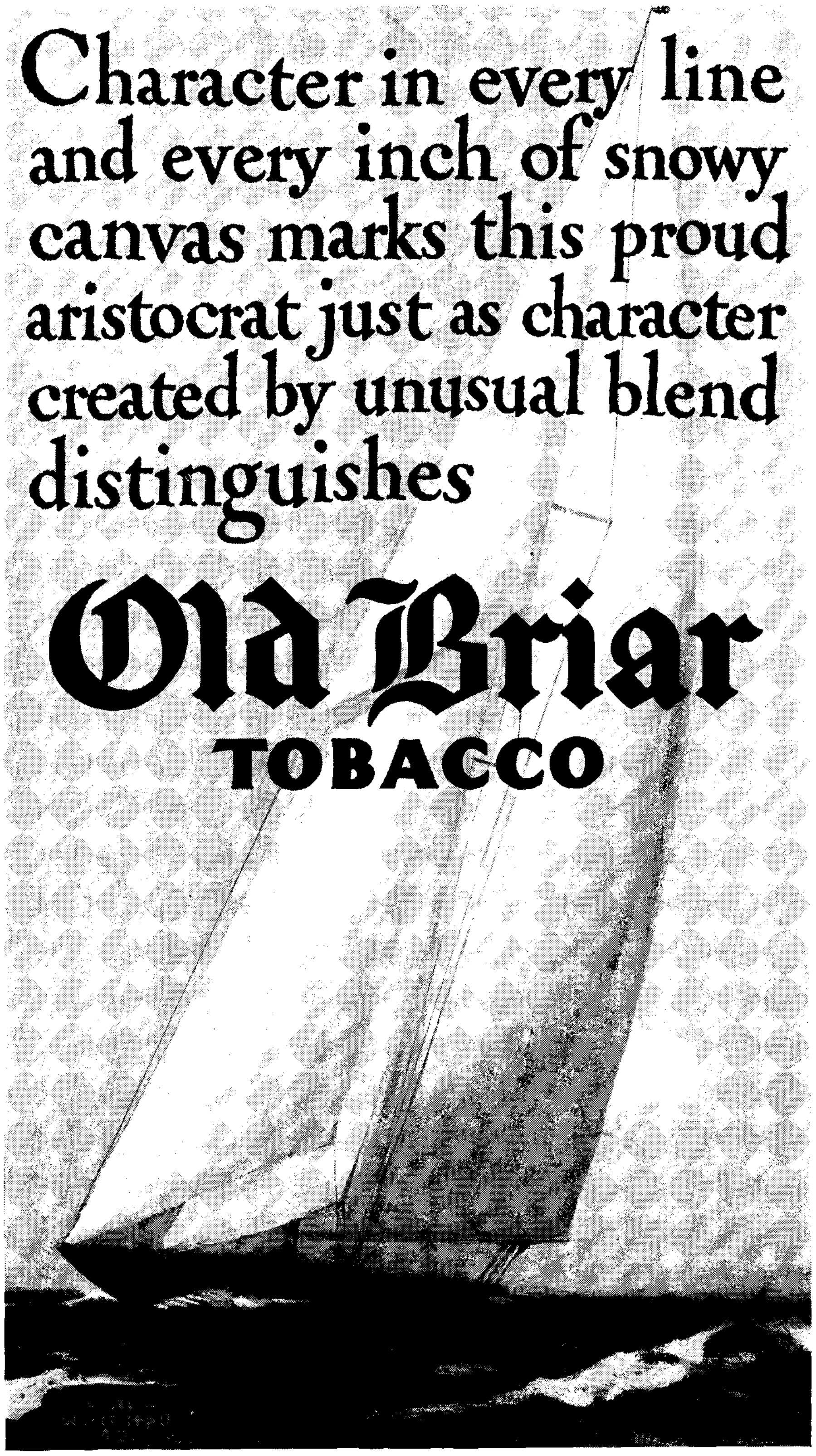
Clarion Radio

THE GREATEST RADIO VALUE AT ANY PRICE


Character in every line and every inch of snowy canvas marks this proud aristocrat just as character created by unusual blend distinguishes
Old Briar
TOBACCO

CHARACTER is as definite a reality in Old Briar smoking tobacco as in the smartest racing yacht. If you will try one package of this fine tobacco you will instantly realize its character—not merely by its fragrance, its appetizing taste, its smooth, full mildness, but because the choice tobaccos that combine to give Old Briar these pleasing qualities, have been skilfully blended to produce also a life and sparkle missing from ordinary blends.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

Don Constanzio Dares!

Continued from page 44

indifference to death that is sometimes misconstrued for bravery.

One leap, and he was inside the gypsy circle. So swift, so unexpected was his coming, that the gitanos, for the first instant, stood swaying, uncertain, their black eyes darting like rats into the outer darkness, expecting an attack of soldiers.

In that instant his sharp stiletto went cleanly through the cords that bound her. The light in her face, as she turned it to his, was like the light out of heaven's portal.

"Don Constanzio," she whispered, "this can avail naught—there are too many of them. . . ."

His eyes were afire with recklessness, he seemed taller in stature and strong and invincible as a young god.

"Listen, you Romanies!" he cried out to the savage, clustering faces. "Here is a jest that will sit well upon a gitano stomach! Marry us first, and then fight me! And this be the bargain: If I kill a gitano our lives belong to the tribe! But—if a gitano kills me—my bride—my gypsy bride—goes free!"

There was an instant of silence, and then a clamor of shouts and laughter. A one-sided bargain indeed, what Romany would not take it?

But the gitano maiden cried out:

"Ah, Dios! No! Not that, Constanzio! Not thy life for mine!"

Pale, yet smiling still, he turned his face to hers, speaking rapidly through set lips:

"Even a Romany ceremony is legal in the courts of Madrid. There is some property in my name—it will provide for thee."

"No!" she cried out again. "I will not do it! Thou shalt not sacrifice thyself for me! Cut thy way through them and begone! Let them do as they will to me."

The chief of the Romanies, a swarthy giant with scarred face, pushed laughing through the throng, his black eyes flashing in the firelight.

"Marry them!" he shouted. "I, Gregorio Stefano, accept the terms! If he kills a gitano in fair fight, his life—and hers—are ours for our sport. If he is killed—she goes free. I have said it!"

Don Constanzio flung away his cloak.

"Thy word is the word of a man," he said, "and I accept it!"

"You may well do so," the giant answered. "Gregorio Stefano has no need to lie!"

Don Constanzio bent over the girl.

"If there is nothing more in life for us, at least there is this. . . ."

HER face lifted in an agony of love and despair to his. She tried to speak, but his lips were upon hers. His arms went about her, drew her close. And she surrendered herself to him in a long, long kiss, while the gypsies sang, while the violins wailed a song of love and the guitars throbbed like the beating of hearts, and the circling wall of living color wove a web of glamour and forgetfulness about them. . . .

"It is done!" shouted the stentorian voice of Gregorio Stefano. "Now for the fight!"

The ring of gypsies suddenly spread apart, arm locked to arm to form a barrier.

A gitano blade flashed and fell at Don Constanzio's feet. "There is a knife—use it!"

A lithe figure, glittering-eyed, gold-earringed, leaped out of the circle. Straight upon the young hidalgo he sprang, like a wild boar charging a stag.

Rigid, unmoving, Don Constanzio waited. The gitano knife lay at his feet, untouched. . . .

But she whom they had named The Fiery Torch screamed out. She flung her body fiercely against his, and he reeled with the impact. The Romany assailant was carried past by the force of his own leap. He fell heavily, and they waited for him to rise. . . . The others laughed, jeering at him for his clumsiness. *Still he did not rise.* His body quivered, and one hand jerked spasmodically.

White-faced, wordless, the gitana maiden clung to Don Constanzio. His arm was around her, his cheek was against hers. They waited. . . .

The Romanies began to slink back, like animals dismayed by an apparition. Gregorio Stefano spoke at last.

"He is dead; and by his own hand. The Georgio did not kill him!"

THERE was a snarl, as of blood-thirsting wolves returning to their prey.

"Let *me* fight him!" cried a voice. "*I'll* not run myself through!"

But the tall, scarred-faced chieftain lifted his hand.

"Nay," he said with slow impressiveness, "let the jest end here. It has been well played out. We shall sing about it for years to come, our children and our children's children. You are a brave man, Georgio, even though you be a Christian. . . ."

He paused, drawing a deep breath, gypsylike, relishing the impending drama of his words. He made a sweeping, grandiloquent gesture of giving.

"Take the girl if you will—she is not of our blood—she is a Christian! Her father is—the Marqués de la Puerta Real!"

In the hushed silence, she whom they had called the Fiery Torch cried out. Her face was deathly pale. . . .

"He lies! He lies, Constanzio! Do not trust him—it is some new mockery—I cannot remember any other life than this. . . ."

But the giant chieftain towered above them, his voice beating hers down.

"I speak the truth!" he shouted. "Gregorio Stefano has no need to lie! Her father, Georgio, hunted our people as if they were wolves of the forest! He stoned us and harried us, and sent his men to burn our camps—we did not forget! And so, when he was away, *we* came! And *we* burned! And *we* harried! And we took the child, who was fast asleep in the hacienda—took her to bring up as one of our own, and named her 'The Fiery Torch!' Never has she been a gitana, Georgio; that too was part of the jest as I have watched it through the years. Now it is ended. Take her if you will, in friendship. And in token of it give me your two hands!"

The girl in Don Constanzio's arms suddenly went limp. For the first time in her wild, hazardous, courageous life she swooned.

And that night a horseman, mounted, ready to ride fast and far, leaned down for Don Constanzio's orders. The young hidalgo stood with face that shone with a radiance like the dawn. His voice was clear and vibrant as a cathedral bell. . . .

"Tell my dear father this! Say to him, 'Thy son sends thee this message: I am bringing to thee tomorrow thy child who was lost. Thy daughter, restored to thee, and miraculously given to me—thy son, and thy daughter, tomorrow are coming—home!' "

O Magic Nights beneath the Moon where Eyes meet Eyes beneath the Southern Cross

WHILE MUTED STRINGS are plucked, the tap of heels move to a Spanish rhythm . . . skirts swirl and bangles glitter in the light, as eyes meet eyes. . . . Romance is eery as the moonlight and the stars of the Southern Cross look down.

Intriguing as the glance of eyes . . . and subtle as romance . . . thrilling the senses as the measure of a South American dance . . . this is something of the quality, the exhilaration, the unusual zest of "Canada Dry."

Here is a remarkable ginger ale, distinctive, stimulating, delightful. It has its definite quality because it has basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger" —which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality.

And as a result this fine old ginger ale is served the wide world over. It has won the connoisseur's nod of approval. At famous hotels and clubs . . . at the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . on transatlantic liners . . . in London . . . in Paris . . . "Canada Dry" is the beverage which has first call. And in countless homes throughout this country its unforgettable flavor, its delightfully subtle aroma are known and cherished.

"Canada Dry" will bring distinction to your dinner table. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

HAVE YOU TRIED—?

Canada Dry's Sparkling Orange. A remarkable new carbonated orange drink. Made from pure fresh orange juice, and containing the natural fruit pulp —a true orange beverage. Ask for it where you buy "Canada Dry."

Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime. This wonderfully refreshing beverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics. Let it win you with its keen, cooling lime taste as it is winning countless others daily. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

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Where the most enjoyable golf is played you find "True Temper" Steel Shafted Clubs.

Distinguished in appearance . . unequalled in playing performance . . the "True Temper" Steel Golf Shaft has become the standard of quality for the better clubs of all prominent makers. Ask your Pro to let you try your favorite make of club shafted with a "True Temper" Steel Shaft.

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SPORTING GOODS DIVISION
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The "steps" distinguish "True Temper" Steel Shafts from all others. On request we will be pleased to send you our interesting folder called "True Temper Golf Shafts" which explains why "True Temper" Steel Shafts give such remarkable playing results.

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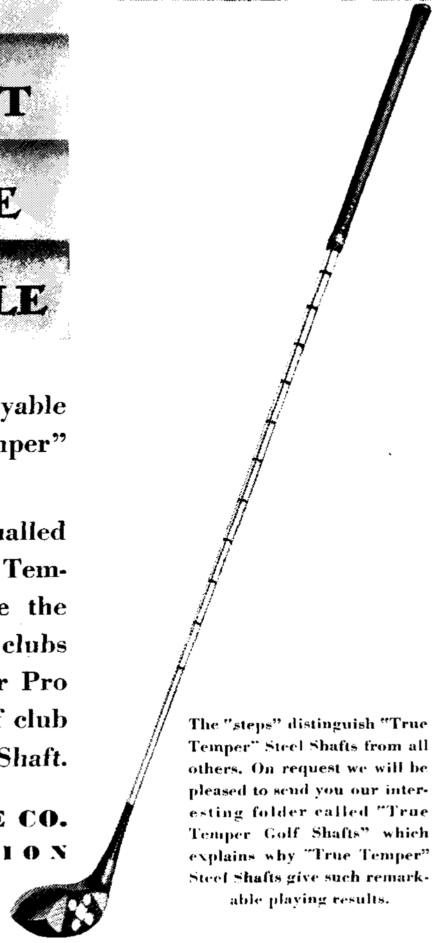
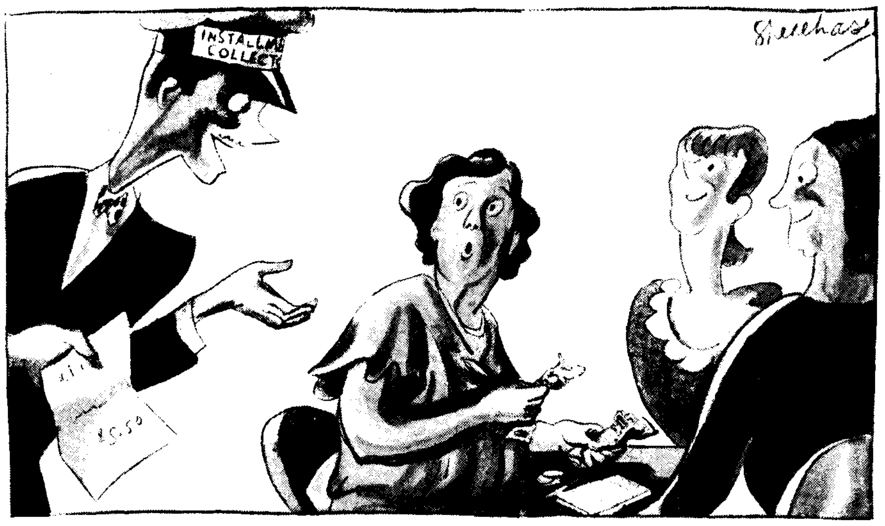
STEP DOWN
STEEL SHAFTS





"Ah, Mrs. Jones, that $5.50 you just won will pay off the installment due four months ago on the bridge table and chairs"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-Q-6
H. A-K-Q-8-5
D. K-4-3
C. A-K

West
S. J-10-9
H. J-9-6-3
D. A-6-5
C. Q-7-5

East
S. K-7-4-3
H. 10-4-2
D. J-9-8-2
C. 9-6

South
S. 8-5-2
H. 7
D. Q-10-7
C. J-10-8-4-3-2

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in an important Contract game in Dallas, Texas.

If it had been played at Auction, South and West would have passed and North would have bid one Heart, which probably would have been the final declaration. But the hand was played at Contract and, after South and West had passed, North bid four Hearts, which ended the contracting.

The North in this case evidently was not a believer in the two-Club artificial bid to request the keeping of the declaration open until two suits or a suit and a No Trump have been shown. If North had made that initial bid, South's answer would have been two Diamonds, thereby announcing that his hand had neither two Aces nor an Ace and a King. Then North would have bid two No Trumps (the higher of the two declarations he is submitting to South for a choice); South would have bid three Clubs (keeping the bidding open as cheaply as possible). North then would complete his real bidding by calling three Hearts and South would show that he preferred No Trumps by bidding for game at that declaration; it could have been made by clever play. If instead he had bid four Clubs (taking desperate chances), North, with his strength to support a Club contract, would have bid five and it would have been perfectly easy to make five Clubs, losing only the Queen of Clubs and the Ace of Diamonds.

The Play

East (the original leader) led his fourth best Diamond in compliance with the theory that it is better to open a Jack-high or Queen-high suit against a suit contract than it is to open a King-high suit. The King-high suit probably will make a trick if deferred, and may not do so if opened. Dummy (South) played the Seven of Diamonds, and West played the Ace. This showed that West did not have the Jack, as he would have finessed with Ace-Jack; and with the Jack marked in the East hand North played the King of Diamonds so as to leave South two winning Diamonds to enable that hand to run the Clubs after they were made up.

Seeing that a Diamond lead would be up to two winners, although he knew from East's Deuce lead that North had two more Diamonds, West shifted to the Jack of Spades—which caused Declarer some perturbation. He now could count as sure tricks two Diamonds, two Clubs and one Spade—also four Hearts, provided he obtained the normal 4-3 distribution of the outstanding Hearts. He needed one more trick than that. A successful Spade finesse would make it; the King probably was in the East hand, but it might be that West was leading from King-Jack-Ten up to weakness in dummy and North did not wish to throw away this chance of cinching game. So the finesse was tried, North playing the Queen, which lost to East's King. East returned the suit, West played the Nine and North won with the Ace.

North then won tricks 4, 5 and 6 by leading the Ace, King and Queen of trumps, being delighted when both adversaries followed suit each time. North's problem now was to obtain a discard of his losing Spade and that probably could be done with the aid of South's Clubs. Consequently North led the Ace and King of Clubs to tricks 7 and 8, and a Diamond to trick 9, which was taken with the Ten in the South hand. This was followed by the lead of a Club and, West playing the Queen, North's ruff established that suit. East had shown exactly four Diamonds by his original lead, so it was perfectly safe for Declarer to lead another Diamond, winning with the Queen in dummy, and then to lead a good Club from dummy. West had to trump it and North discarded his losing Spade. Then North's remaining trump won the last trick, so that he succeeded in pulling off a difficult contract with everything against him except the break of the adverse trumps.

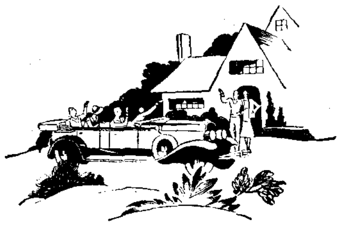
Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-6-5
H. 9-4
D. K-4-3
C. K-Q-9-8-6

East
S. 10-9-8-3
H. 8-6-3-2
D. Q-10
C. A-5-4

West
S. A-K-Q-7
H. 7-5
D. J-9-8-7
C. 7-3-2

South
S. 4-2
H. A-K-Q-J-10
D. A-6-5-2
C. J-10



"IS A LETTER OF THANKS TO ONE'S HOSTESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY?"

EMILY POST says: A box of candy sent with a visiting card, on which is written a word or two of thanks, takes the place of the bread-and-butter letter which many find hard to write. A box of candy also says *Thank you* to a neighbor of your hostess, who was especially kind to you and whom you are unable to thank in any other way.

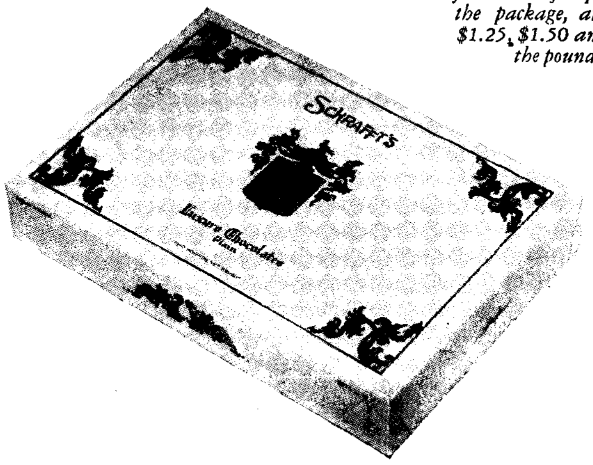
A box of candy sent to a ship or train says *Happy journey* . . . To a friend who has had good fortune, *Congratulations* . . . To another returning from a voyage, *Welcome home*—and endless other things.

Emily Post

EMILY POST is the Author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and *The Personality of a House,* etc.

WHEN the candy you send is Schrafft's, the sending becomes more than the casual gesture of social custom. The name Schrafft's on the box is like a particularly expressive phrase in a letter . . . eloquently sincere and long-remembered.

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package, at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*



SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

Clean inside - well outside!

"Gitty-Ap, Dad!"

"Easy with the whip there, Son!"

Here's the beginning of a happy and life-long partnership.

Well, why not? They're healthy! They feel fine. Things that bother other grown-ups don't upset Father. Things that tire other children don't worry Son. These two have extra patience—extra strength—extra ability for success and happiness—because they're healthy.

and they look it!

★

DOCTORS pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs which you know are bad for you. Don't you think it's worth trying?

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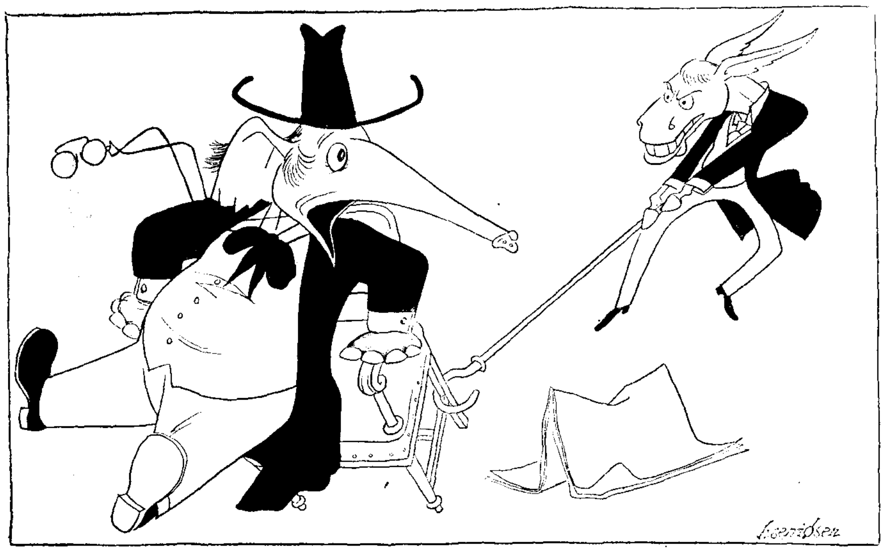


Seating Arrangements

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

A DEMOCRATIC majority in the House is generally expected as a result of the congressional election soon to be held. The Republicans now have slightly over one hundred majority in the House; so the Democrats will have to capture more than fifty seats now held by their opponents.

The general expectation is that they will gain not only fifty seats but enough more to give them a narrow majority. But, as the voters seldom do things by halves, a good many observers of politics expect the Democrats to gain nearly one hundred seats and to have a big majority.

In the Senate the Democrats have now thirty-nine seats. They need ten more to have a majority. They will probably lose one, the seat now held by Steck of Iowa. So they will have to make a gain of eleven seats to control the Senate. Such a gain is improbable in anything short of a great landslide.

The prediction that the Democrats will win the House and considerably increase their numbers in the Senate is based on the observed fact that financial disturbances such as the one the country is going through are almost invariably followed by a defeat of the party in power.

Only a great issue, more important to the voters than economic conditions, ever prevents this from happening after a period of depression. And no such great issue is in sight.

About Face!

Let us look at three great depressions of the past and their effects upon the congressional elections immediately following: In the House preceding the depression of 1853 the Democrats had 159 members, the Whigs 71, and the American party 5. In the next House elected the figures became: Democrats, 83; Republicans—who succeeded the Whigs—108, and Americans, 43. The party in power lost 76 members.

In the House elected in 1872, preceding the depression of 1873, the Republicans had 194 members and the Democrats 92. In the House elected in 1874 the Republicans had 109 members and the Democrats 169. The party in power lost 85 members. In the House elected in 1892, preceding the depression of 1893, the Democrats had 218 members and the Republicans 127. In the next House, elected in 1894, the Democrats had 105 members and the Republicans 244. The party in power lost 113 members.

The House in those days was much smaller than it is today. So if any such political disturbance takes place this year as did in 1854, 1874 or 1894, the extreme prediction of a gain of one hundred seats by the Democrats may be realized.

Straws in the Wind

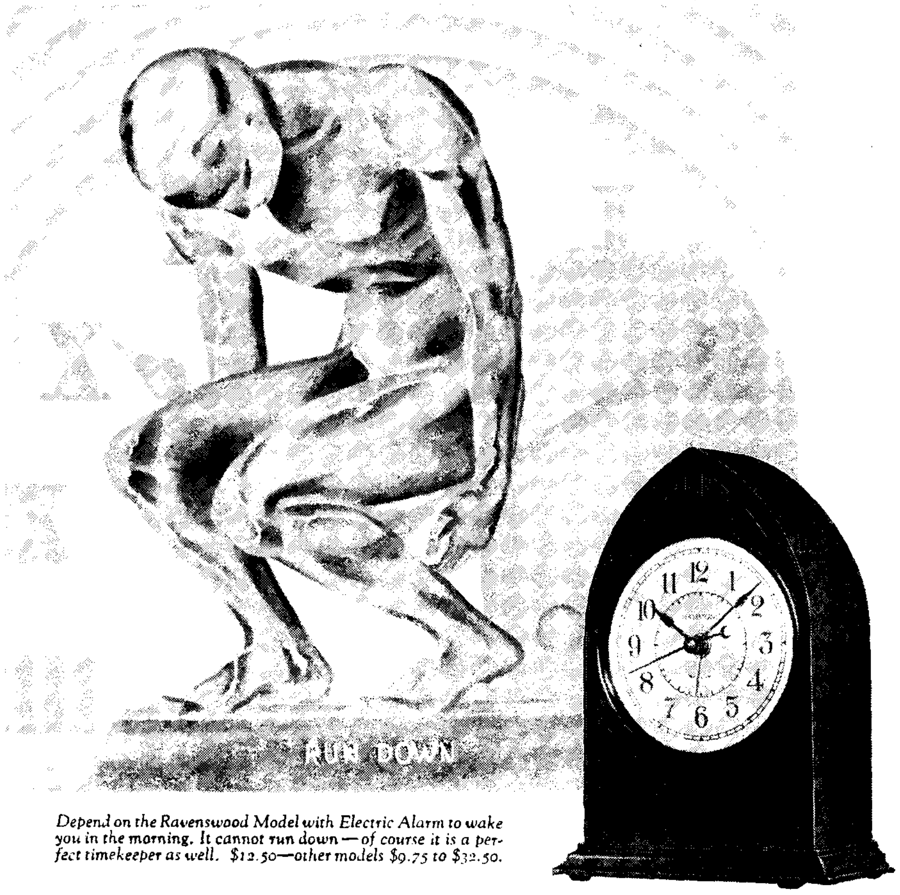
So much for general principles. But there are also special indications of a Democratic victory—the carrying of a Republican congressional district by a Democrat in Massachusetts in a recent election, the election recently of a Democratic judge in a Republican district in Illinois, the election of a Democratic city ticket by a large majority in Kansas City. Moreover, reports reaching Washington all indicate the Democratic trend.

Leading Republicans from Indiana say that the House delegation from that state, now standing ten Republicans to three Democrats, will stand after the election nine Democrats to four Republicans. Newspaper correspondents familiar with Missouri say that that state, which now has ten Republican to six Democratic congressmen, will only elect two or three Republican congressmen in November.

Ohio, which went Republican by 700,000 in 1928, is now said to be likely to go Democratic. At any rate the Democrats will pick up several congressmen in that state; some Democrats estimate as many as nine. They now have only three. Kentucky will probably send five more Democrats to the House than it now has in it. The situation in these states merely serves to indicate that the tendency which might be expected after a depression is in full force.

The issues operating, as already indicated, are chiefly economic. There is unemployment. There are small profits for business. There are low prices for the major farm products. And in addition there is the drought affecting the farmers of a large section of the country.

The tariff probably cuts very little figure in the campaign. It is much talked about but, so far as votes are concerned, it is only a minor part of the economic issue. Prohibition is a factor in some parts of the country. An important section of the country is out of sympathy with Mr. Hoover on this issue. Some seats in the Northern and Eastern section will go Democratic partly through wet votes. The wet issue has, moreover, become important in Illinois and Ohio.



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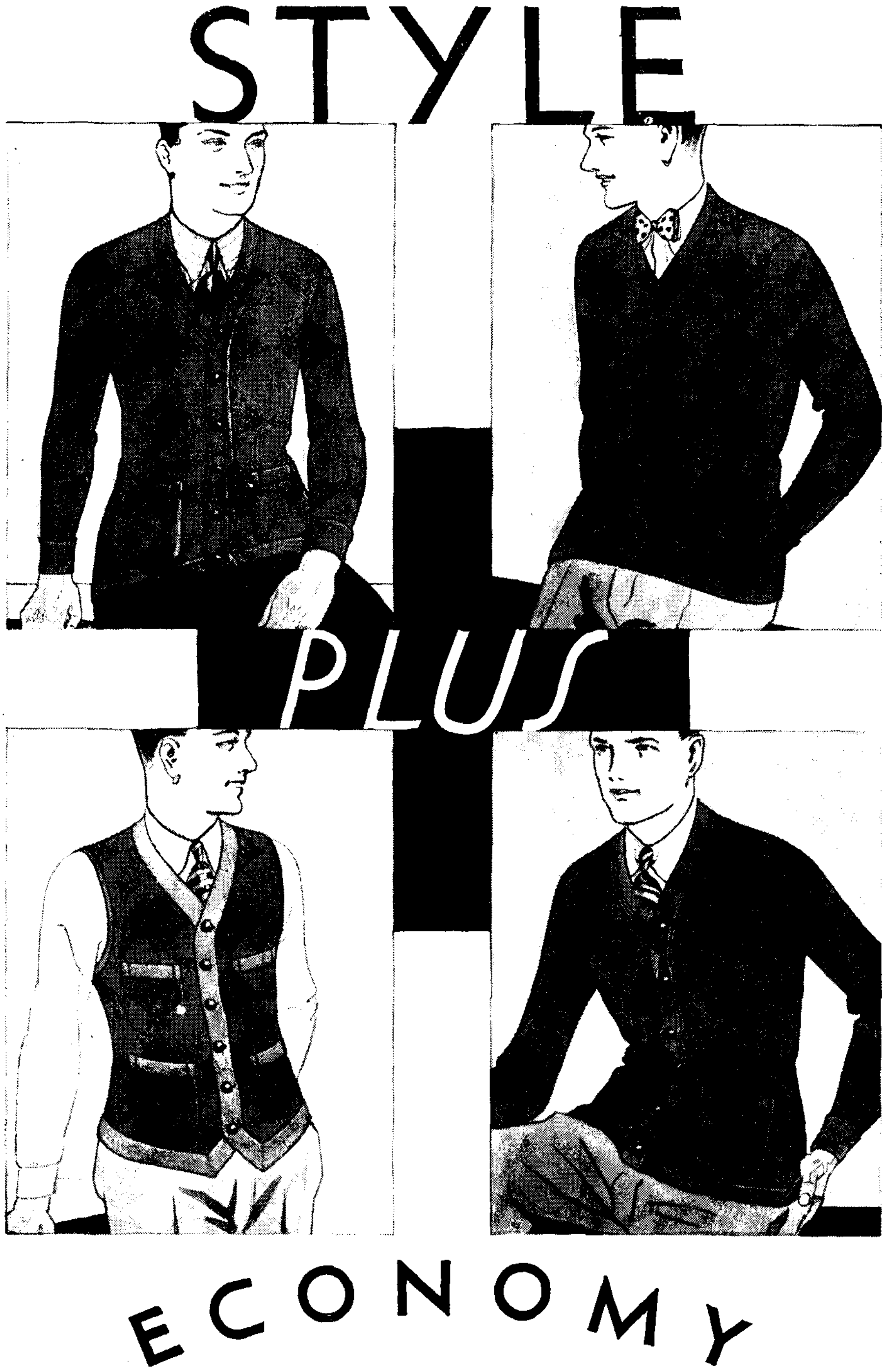

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Don't Wait Up for Me

Continued from page 16

"Can I help?"

"No, thanks." He got up out of his chair and went to look out of the window. Lights piled upon lights. Little towers of light went poking up into the heavens and left him giddy, because he seemed to see a bunch of maniacs rocking on the topmost light out there, laughing uproariously.

He flung the curtain back into place, but stood there. "God," he said unsteadily, "things are going too fast for me, all at once."

"May I get you an aspirin, Webb?"

Aspirin! Webb almost laughed aloud. Marriage with Ann? Lord! For soul-sickness, she'd hand him an aspirin! He saw Ann following him around all through his life and then into eternity, lugging a box of aspirin. "No, thank you," he said. "I've a little headache, but it will wear off. I'm just admiring the view." To make it more probable he pulled the curtain back once more.

SOMEWHERE out there in one of the lights, Lola, his baby, was lifting a glass of poison to her lips and listening calmly to the breakage of her heart as it clattered around in her breast. She was laughing, probably, as though nothing mattered a damn; not even Tony, her lover.

He went back to the divan and sat down beside Ann. "Ann," he said, "would you mind awfully if I left early tonight?"

She saw her hopes buried with a slight, polite smile. "Of course not," she said, and when the door closed behind him, she sat on the divan staring straight ahead, smoking one cigarette after another. Later, when she went to bed, she wept a little and regretted that she hadn't worn the white satin. It did make her look younger.

Webster was out in the air, walking slowly; telling himself that he was not going to do what he was going to do. He was going to stop at Pete's. Hunter and his crowd often went to Pete's. It had been one of Lola's old hang-outs. Perhaps they'd taken her there. If he just dropped in, casually . . .

He hated himself. Set up a code, had he? Decided things, had he? Decided that Lola's life was her own, and no meddling. Decided that in no circumstance would he stretch out a restraining, paternal hand to yank her back into the realm of safety for his own comfort. There was no use telling himself that he wanted a drink, because he loathed Pete's liquor, and his own was less than five blocks away. He was deliberately crashing Lola's party, and for what? To stop her drinking? To advise against the consumption of too many cigarettes? No, to be there and have his eyes on the situation; to know what was happening. Was it possible that he was a father after all?

With dragging footsteps he ascended the stairs leading to Pete's place. At any moment he could turn around, go back down, and she would never know that he was a prying old fool.

For the moment after he rang the bell, when he was being recognized through the peephole, he felt as though he were being photographed. It was hard to restrain an artificial smile, almost as though a photographer had said, "Look pleasant, please," and squeezed the bulb.

They were there. Marcia Loring was with Brett Saxe. Marcia had a fascinating chin and a passion for asking questions. She said it was an interest in human problems and her friends called it curiosity. Brett Saxe was drunk a good deal of the time and he didn't care much about human problems unless they were, in some way, connected with liquor or the annulling of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Hope and Danny Southworth, the other couple besides Lola and Hunter, had a splendid income. They divided their time between trying to live within three thousand dollars over it and figuring out why they were bored with each other.

Webster wandered in and simulated pleased surprise. He felt, as he sat down, like a spy in his native country after he has betrayed it.

A radio was playing a tinny, squeaky tune. Lola sat opposite a mirror and Webster stole glances at her reflection. Her eyes were taking on that fixed, glazed look.

Webster was sick at the pit of his stomach. *Something was wrong.* Lola was young, and fresh, and beautiful. That mask was not Lola. It was Lola drowning Tony in a glass of rye. He damned Tony in a rather calm and detached way. It was unsatisfactory, because it wasn't Tony's fault that values had changed and made this situation possible. Values had changed, but human nature and human passions had not. It was that change and lack of change that had put Lola and Tony where they were. He tried damning the change of values, but it became such a nebulous and unsatisfactory subject for damnation that he abandoned it and ordered another whisky sour.

Hunter lifted his glass to Lola and said: "Welcome back to civilization."

"Is this civilization?" Lola asked. Webster knew that she was too dead inside to be offended. Hunter was treading on dangerous ground. The forbidden, sacred ground that belonged to Lola and Tony.

"I suppose," Hunter said, "that to spite the dramatic critic, you'd drink yourself to death."

"If I do, be sure to attend the funeral in striped trousers and a cutaway coat."

"She's proposing to you," Danny Southworth said, and Hope glared at him. Danny was too free with his references to their unhappiness.

Brett Saxe spoke for the first time in twenty minutes. "This rye's cut to hell," he said.

Eddie, the day boy, heard him and turned around. "No, sir," Eddie said earnestly, "that's imported stuff. Honest, we get the best stuff in New York."

"I don't doubt it a damn' bit," Brett said, and frowned into his glass. He liked that answer. He had to frown to keep from looking pleased about it.

TWO hectic spots of red started glowing in Lola's cheeks. Webster was afraid she was going to cry or scream. Once he had seen a woman lose control of herself in an emotional crisis and pull her hair out in great handfuls.

He knew what she was feeling. He had felt it when Nancy left. Loneliness; desperate, driving loneliness. It had sent him forth seeking human companionship, and each time he had lurched home wanting to cut his throat and the throats of the humans he had just left.

Hunter asked Lola to dance and Webster watched her standing in the middle of the floor poised for his arms. Her voice was pitched a shade higher than usual. It was the voice of incipient hysteria. She had reached the breaking point. Webster clenched and unclenched mental hands. He felt powerless. He

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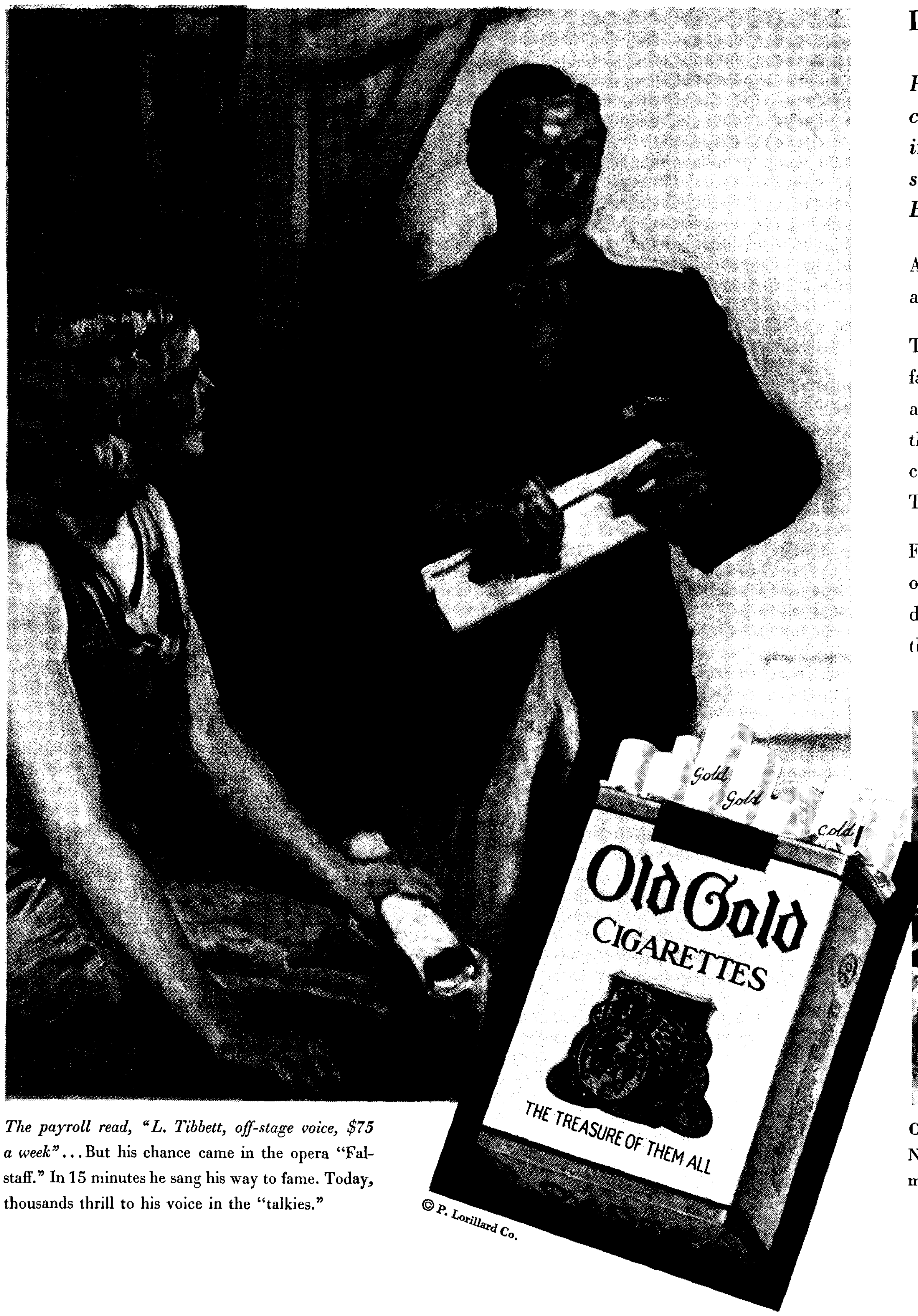

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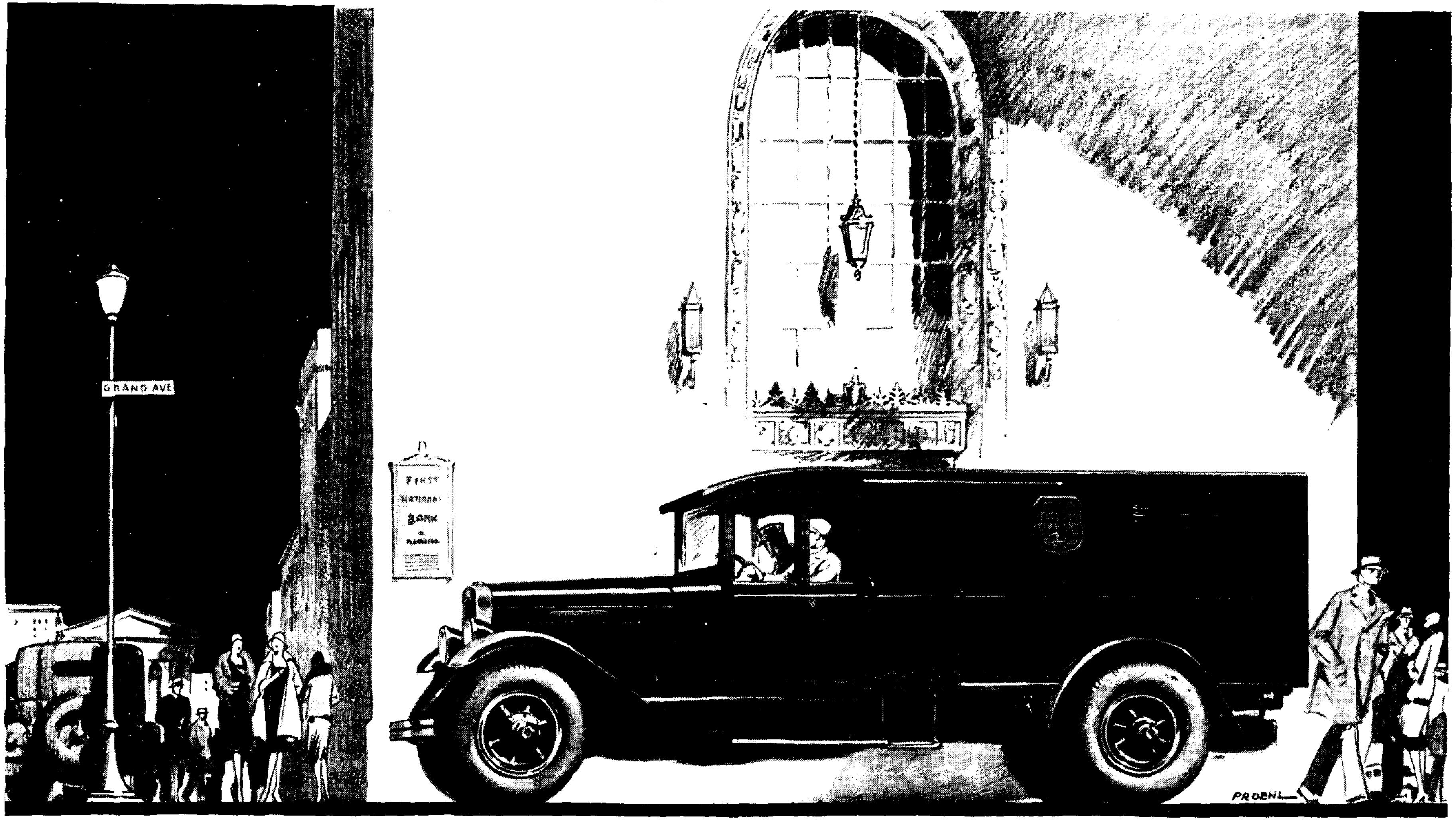

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Don't Wait Up for Me

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had to fight his desire to grab her up bodily and carry her out of there.

He could hear Hunter proposing quite audibly. "Midnight elopements are romantic," Hunter said. "Better take me, Lola, before I change my mind."

"Marry him, Lola," Brett Saxe said angrily, "and we'll all send you bookends."

"That's a nice revenge," Hunter said over his shoulder. "Send elephant bookends in green. I love those. They make me bilious."

"Your family has been bilious for generations," Brett retorted.

"*Pal*," Hunter said.

The buzzer outside the door hissed softly. Eddie put his hat down on a stool and answered it. Webster looked over his shoulder.

Tony's huge figure loomed in the doorway. He looked weary and unpressed and his eyes were fastened hungrily on Lola, who stood in the center of the floor swaying slightly. Her face was completely drained of color.

TONY said, "Hello, Webster," and then went directly to her. "I had to see you," he said. "I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I thought I might find you here." He put his hand out and Lola put hers in it.

The others at Webster's table were staring at Lola and Tony with the ill-bred, undisguised curiosity of the well-bred person in 1930. Webster wanted to shriek at them. He wanted to shriek something about things being sacred and certain things not being for their eyes, but the word sacred created too much amusement in that circle to make it expedient.

Without turning, he knew that Tony was drawing Lola toward a secluded corner of the room, where they might talk alone and in peace, unobserved. Almost in desperation, he engaged the others in conversation. They didn't respond well. Webster knew full well that if one could witness the process of straining ears, he would be seeing a remarkable exhibition. In disgust, and reflecting that courtesy had died in the previous century, he withdrew to the washroom with the announcement that he was about to comb his hair.

There he loitered, leaning against the washstand and smoking one cigarette from the stub of the last. Lola would know that her father, at least, respected her privacy. He was overcome with the futility of this thing which was going on out there. Two kids batting their heads against the stone wall of life until the blood trickled down and blinded them. Lola refusing to be a mistress, and Tony refusing to be an indigent husband.

He saw, quite clearly, their respective points. With the vague idea that he might, in some way, bring one of them to his reason, he started out again.

The room was filled with an electric excitement which subsided slightly upon his appearance. Marcia Loring looked as though she were enjoying it. Hope Southworth appeared to be enjoying it and disapproving of it at the same time, while Danny disapproved of her disapproval, as he disapproved of everything she did, thought and said.

Brett Saxe and Hunter Barclay looked actively unhappy.

"Lola asked us to tell you good night," Hope said, as Webster neared the table.

Danny said to her: "Lola asked Hunter to tell her father that she had left with Tony. Why don't you try, just once, to state something accurately?"

Marcia looked up at Webster. "Really, Webster," she said, "I think something should be done about Lola. She was crying. That Gard man is not good for her. Now, I am not a prude, but—"

Webster was at the door, fumbling with the lock. He hoped to catch them. What he would do when he caught up with them, he did not know. He only knew that he had something to say, and that they must listen. He knew what he was talking about. . . .

He tore downstairs and wrenched the lower door open. The street was deserted. The night air brought him to some semblance of reason. *Did* he know what he was talking about? Had he been such a howling success in his dealings with similar problems?

He stood there staring at the deserted street for a long while. Then, wearily, with a hazy idea of getting his hat and going home, he climbed the stairs once more. As he entered he realized that he must give a logical excuse for his impulsive exit. He went over to the table and mumbled something to them about Lola being without a key and wanting to give her his. He joined them in a last drink before leaving. While he sipped it, he couldn't escape the advice of Marcia and Hope:

"Webster, there are *some* things . . . well, really, I can hardly bring myself to advise a man of your age . . . it seems presumptuous. . . ."

"It is." (This from Danny, who with every drink was loathing Hope more and more heartily.)

"You see, Webster" (Marcia's face was alight with what she considered a Madonna-like radiance), "we're all young, and we approve of freedom, but we're *so* interested in Lola . . . she's such a *sweet* girl. . . ."

Here Danny laughed outright and slapped his knee with his hand in unsober glee.

Marcia looked at him but was not daunted. ". . . and *we* think . . ."

"Do you really?" This again from Danny, who was having a huge time.

"Danny," Hope said, "that's not funny. It's not a bit funny."

"I'm crushed," said Danny.

"Never mind Danny," Hope said to Webster, "he's drunk. But really, we think . . ."

And presently, when his drink was finished, Webster escaped. Hunter Barclay went to the door with him and offered the one contribution of value. "Lola said," said Hunter, "to tell her dad that she had gone with Tony and for him not to wait up."

HER dad. Webster said those two words over and over to himself on the way home. Her dad. She hadn't called him that since she was a little girl. He was ashamed of his desire to weep, and kept his eyes down to hide them from the passers-by.

He was lonely. He was a man alone, except for Lola. Even Lola had gone her way, leaving only a word. She was with Tony. Nothing would come of it except more sorrow. Why couldn't she see that? Tony would never give in. "Don't wait up for me." She expected her dad to go to bed with the knowledge that she was in Tony's arms, that she was accepting an opiate to dull her pain. Temporary relief from the pangs of separation.

He had so much to tell her about men and women. He wondered why he hadn't told her before. He had not known, until tonight, how much he needed Lola. His brain reeled with the

(*Continued on page 56*)

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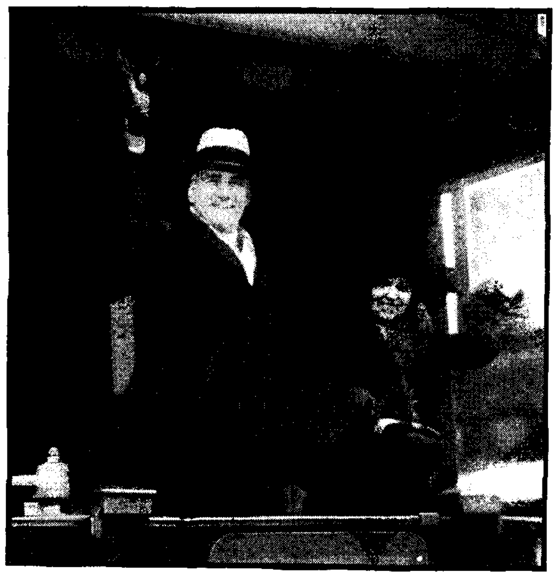

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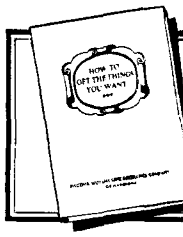
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(*Continued from page 55*)

realization of his loneliness. He felt solitary and deserted, and an old man. An old man alone.

The silence in the apartment was a living thing. He felt it leaning over his shoulder, saying unpleasant things in his ear.

As he sat there he caught his mind keeping time with the clock. Tick, tick. Lola's hair had been the longest he had ever seen on a baby. Tick, tick, ti-ck. Lola had cried once when she bumped her head, and had put it in his lap for comfort. Tick, tick, tick, tick. Her eyes had been large with wonder when he told her about her mother. He had tried to soften the blow, had said that Nancy was away and that she might not come back. Tick, tick. She had worn little white embroidery dresses and big, blue, butterfly bows on her hair. Tick, tick, tick. This silence would drive him crazy in a moment.

He got up, poured himself a drink and sat down to wait again. He dozed and dreamed that Nancy was in the room laughing. Her laughter changed to sobbing, and he saw her throw her wealth of dark hair over her face as she lowered her head into her hands. It was the same heartrending sobbing that had gone on the night before she ran away with Carter.

Webster struggled to his feet fighting the sleepiness. He felt that he must do something about it. Nancy was no longer his wife, but he would comfort her. His head and vision cleared, and the figure of Nancy changed to that of Lola.

She was standing over by the French windows, still wearing her wrap, and the room was filled with the sound of her sobbing. The clock said four.

Webster stretched his arms out to her awkwardly, but she did not come into them. Instead, she said, "You shouldn't have waited."

"I . . . I dozed off," Webster said.

"Don't make excuses. You waited. It's over and done with now, if that's what you were waiting to find out."

"I was waiting to see you, baby," Webster said. His tongue was dry in his mouth. She would never believe it. She was staring straight through him at something beyond. He found his voice and murmured, "He was adamant, eh?"

"Granite," Lola said. "But so was I." She had stopped crying now.

"Thank goodness you had that much sense. We'll start a campaign for getting over this," said Webster. He tried to keep the eagerness from his voice. "Things can be done."

"Yes, things can be done," she said.

"We'll fix it, Lola. You and I together will fix it."

"I'll fix it," she said dully. "I won't need any help."

"I *want* to help. Lola, baby . . ."

"Perhaps you'd get me a bromo seltzer, then," she suggested, with a faint smile. She looked at him, but he still had the feeling that she did not see him.

HE ALMOST stumbled in his eagerness as he went upstairs and fumbled in the medicine closet. He sifted the dry powder in one glass and put a small quantity of water in the other. He would tell her about his plans after she took it. They had a lifetime before them. Webster Strange and his daughter. He saw it on a passenger list, saw himself smoking leisurely after dinner while she danced with ship's officers. It could be pleasant. They would share their lives, he and Lola. He went downstairs.

The living-room was empty, and the French windows were open. Webster was cold, in spite of the mildness of the night air. He tried to stop the sudden trembling which came upon him. He kept telling himself that he must not hurry. He must not hurry. He was going mad with the rest of them. He went out on the terrace.

Lola was leaning over the balustrade, looking down. Webster's feet seemed leaden. It was an eternity before he reached her. He stopped behind her and forced his voice to come naturally.

"It's a long way," he said.

She did not turn. "I know it," she said, "but not as far as the other."

HE DARED not touch her. He knew that if she plunged over in that moment, he would be forced to stand there shivering and desolate. He saw the whole thing very clearly. It made him slightly ill. Once more he forced his voice: "Lola, I'll be on the long road with you."

"It's Tony I want," she said.

Even then his voice did not tremble. "Tonight," he said, "you've been talking about funerals. You seem to think a funeral is a one-man show, Lola. It isn't. Remember, there's always the chief mourner." His voice broke slightly, but recovered in a split second. "I'm not asking for anything," he went on, "I only thought maybe you'd not gone into it very thoroughly."

He had stated his case. He turned and stumbled back into the living-room and sat down. Sitting in the wing chair, he clenched his hands on the arms and closed his eyes.

Closing his eyes didn't shut out the pictures, though. He had to grip the arms of the chair to restrain himself physically from rushing out there.

The clock ticked at him malevolently again. He knew that if he survived this moment, his first conscious act would be to throw that clock over the balustrade. *Over the balustrade* . . . he flinched and sickened again, found himself straining his ears. The silence was awful. He kept his eyes closed and heard the grinding of his teeth in his own ears. At any moment now, people might come up the stairs bearing the necessary ingredient for Lola's funeral. He started listening for them.

A large, awful void of silence slipped down around him. . . .

When the zero moment came, when he was *sure* he could stand it no longer without screaming hysterically, something was let down gently into his lap. He reached his hands out and opened his eyes. He stroked her head and cried with her. Her hands were groping for his. He took one of them and rubbed it gently in both his own.

"It's all right now, Dad," she said, "I'll stick it out."

Webster bent and kissed her hair. It had been the longest hair he had ever seen on a baby. He felt thirty-five again, and the ticking of the clock had changed from malevolence to a benevolent and soothing lullaby.

WORD HUNT

"Spots before your eyes, hm? Stick out your tongue."
WORD HUNT
M.D.

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are only seven words (each having just eight letters) that begin with the letters A·C·C·O. One of them is ACCORDER. You supply the others.

1	A	C	C	O	R	D	E	R	One who accords.
2	A	C	C	O					Addressed; greeted.
3	A	C	C	O					(Rare) *To join; couple.*
4	A	C	C	O					(One of two forms) To equip; attire; array.
5	A	C	C	O					Same as "accollé" (Heraldry), entwined about the neck.
6	A	C	C	O					An embrace; a ceremony or salutation.
7	A	C	C	O					Conceded; awarded. Also, settled; adjusted; harmonized.

MR. COOPER

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. *All proper nouns*, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for October 11th

1. Splitted
2. Splining
3. Splinted
4. Splinter
5. Splitnew
6. Splitten
7. Splitter
8. Splitsaw
9. Splicing

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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"AS I WUZ SAYIN'"
by ABE MARTIN
COLLIES, HORSES & WOMEN CLIPPED
GARAGE & RIDING BARN
BLOW HORN

"Seems like more men are smokin' cigars these days. So mebbe the country ain't goin' to the dogs as fast as Mrs. Moggs likes to believe.

•

"Si Harned, who claims to understand economics, says it's on account o' the lower cost o' high livin'.

•

"But Al Winters who runs the cigar store and ought to know, says no it's on account o' rocky fords. He claims they give a feller more fer a nickel than he has any right t' expect.

•

"What's more, he says, they're wrapped in cellophane now, so's to keep the goodness in 'em. Thank Heaven, he says there's one thing that won't go Dry on you."

•

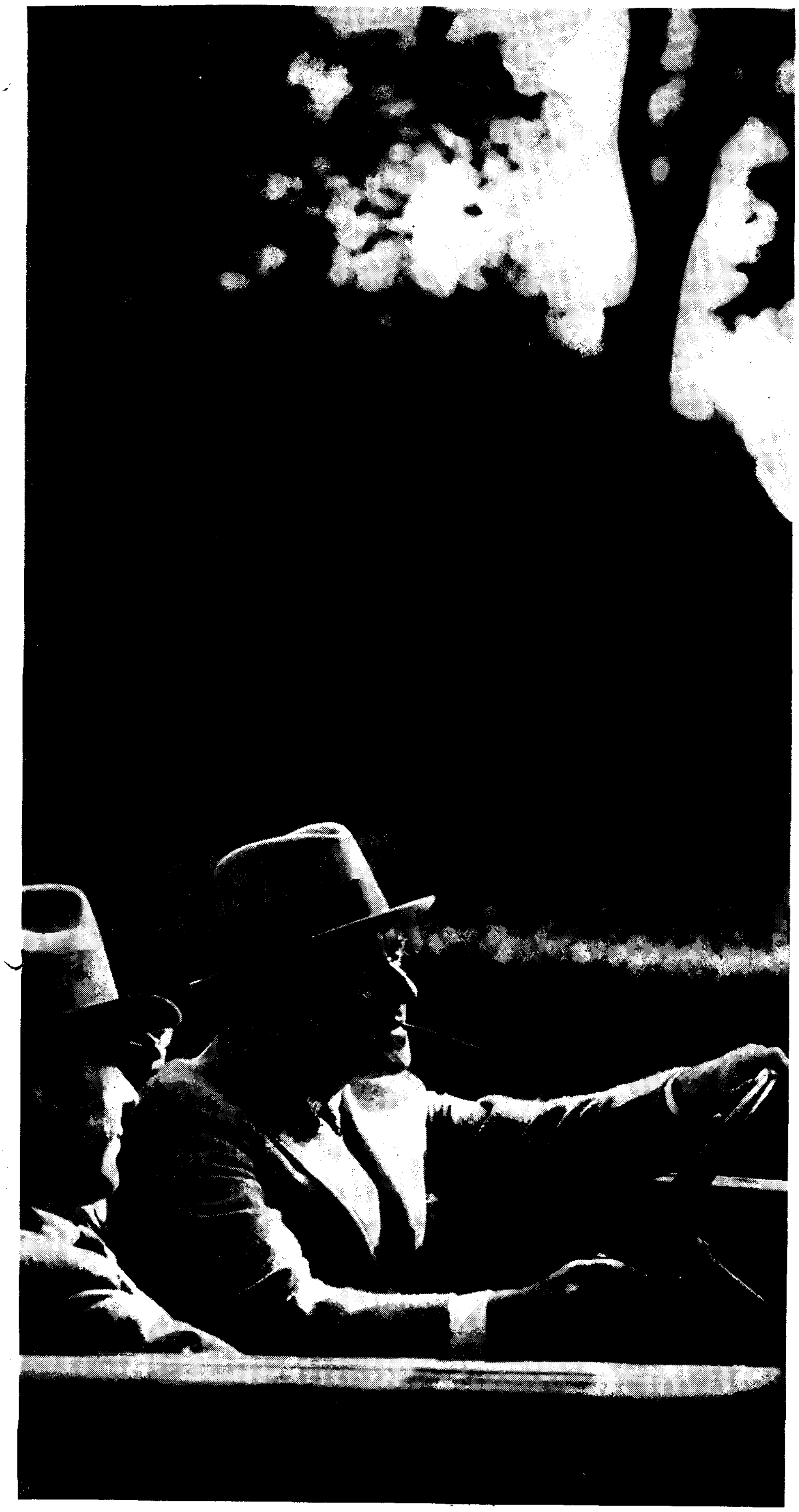
ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th St., New York.

the better 5¢ *cigar*

Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

© P. Lorillard Co.



He's got as much use
For an adjective
As a cowboy
For a powder-puff.
He's rough
On claims
Promises
Of what a car
Will do.
He's the old-time
Hupmobile owner.
He's seen
Cars come
Seen 'em go,
And seen Hupp
Go on and on
Up and up.
He's the man
To talk with.
Only
He won't talk.
He'll act!
Give you fact
After fact,
Not in words
But in deeds,
In bullet speeds
And "Big Bertha" power.
He'll lift the hood
As a veteran would
And show Hupp's
Mechanical fineness.
He knows!
He's driven Hupmobiles
Since the
Old out-dated
Antiquated
But still revered
Early Hupmobile
With the tall steel
Spout
On its radiator.
There's something
About Hupp's
Faithfulness
That gets to a man.
A feeling
That hasn't a name
But it's the same
As the feeling
A seaman gets
For his ship,
An engineer
For his engine,
Or a woman
For her home.
A Hupmobile
Becomes a little bit more
Than just a car.
Four new Straight-Eights
And the Century Six
Are ready.

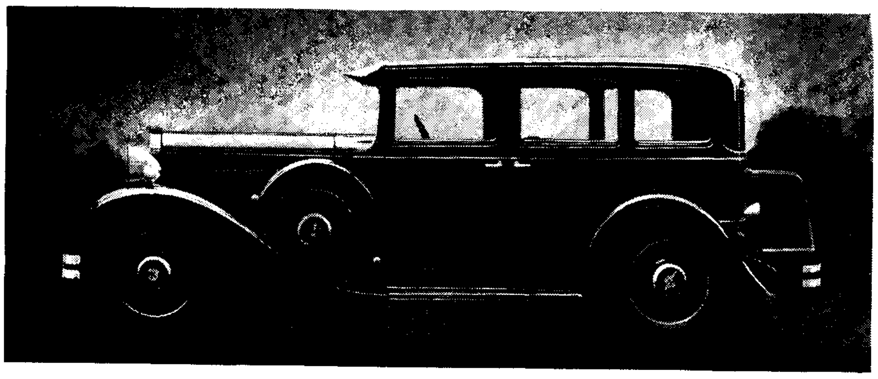
HUPMOBILE •

1931 SIXES AND EIGHTS

THE COMPLETE 1931 HUPMOBILE LINE

The 1931 CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P.	FROM $1145
The 1931 CENTURY EIGHT, 90 H. P. . . .	FROM $1345
The 1931 100 H. P. EIGHT	FROM $1695
The 1931 133 H. P. EIGHT	FROM $2080
The 1931 CUSTOM EIGHT, 133 H. P. . . .	FROM $2645

PRICES AT THE FACTORY



'MUM TI

Look for This Emblem—It's the Sign of a Good Florist

OCTOBER, 1930

WIN OR LOSE

YOU'LL SEE "MUMS" AT ALL THESE BIG GAMES

WHETHER your favorite gridiron contest is listed here or not, you'll be sure to see "mums" there in profusion. For nowadays no football game is complete without its quota of feminine rooters, all wearing big, colorful chrysanthemums or corsages of tiny pompons. The schedule below lists some of the outstanding intersectional frays of the 1930 season.

Don't forget the tickets—or her "mums"!

October 18th

Northwestern at Illinois
Florida at Chicago
Columbia at Dartmouth
Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame
Army at Harvard

October 25th

Tulane at Georgia Tech
Mississippi at Chicago
Dartmouth at Harvard
Notre Dame at Pittsburgh
Illinois at Michigan

November 1st

Princeton at Chicago
Dartmouth at Yale
Kansas at Pennsylvania

November 8th

California at Southern Calif.
Alabama at Florida
Vanderbilt at Georgia Tech
Notre Dame at Pennsylvania
Michigan at Harvard
Ohio State at Navy

November 15th

Missouri at Nebraska
Colgate at Syracuse
Yale at Princeton
Penn State at Iowa
Minnesota at Michiga

November 22

Stanford at Californ
Harvard at Yale
Ohio State at Illinois

November 27

Penn State at Pittsb
Cornell at Pennsylvan.

November 29

Dartmouth at Stanf
Army and Notre D
Chicago

Dece

Notre Dame

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Lovely Film Star Adores Flowers

JOAN CRAWFORD, bewitching Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film favorite, is an ardent flower enthusiast. Miss Crawford, now appearing in the sensational success, "Our Blushing Brides," believes in keeping her home surroundings gay and lovely with huge bouquets of fresh blooms the year 'round.

PLANES BRING FLOWERS

Many Delicate Blooms Now Speed Over Continent in Air.

UNCLE SAM'S mail planes nowadays carry many a fragrant burden, for American florists are among the most frequent patrons of the air mail service. Flowers formerly grown in greenh often shipped fr hund

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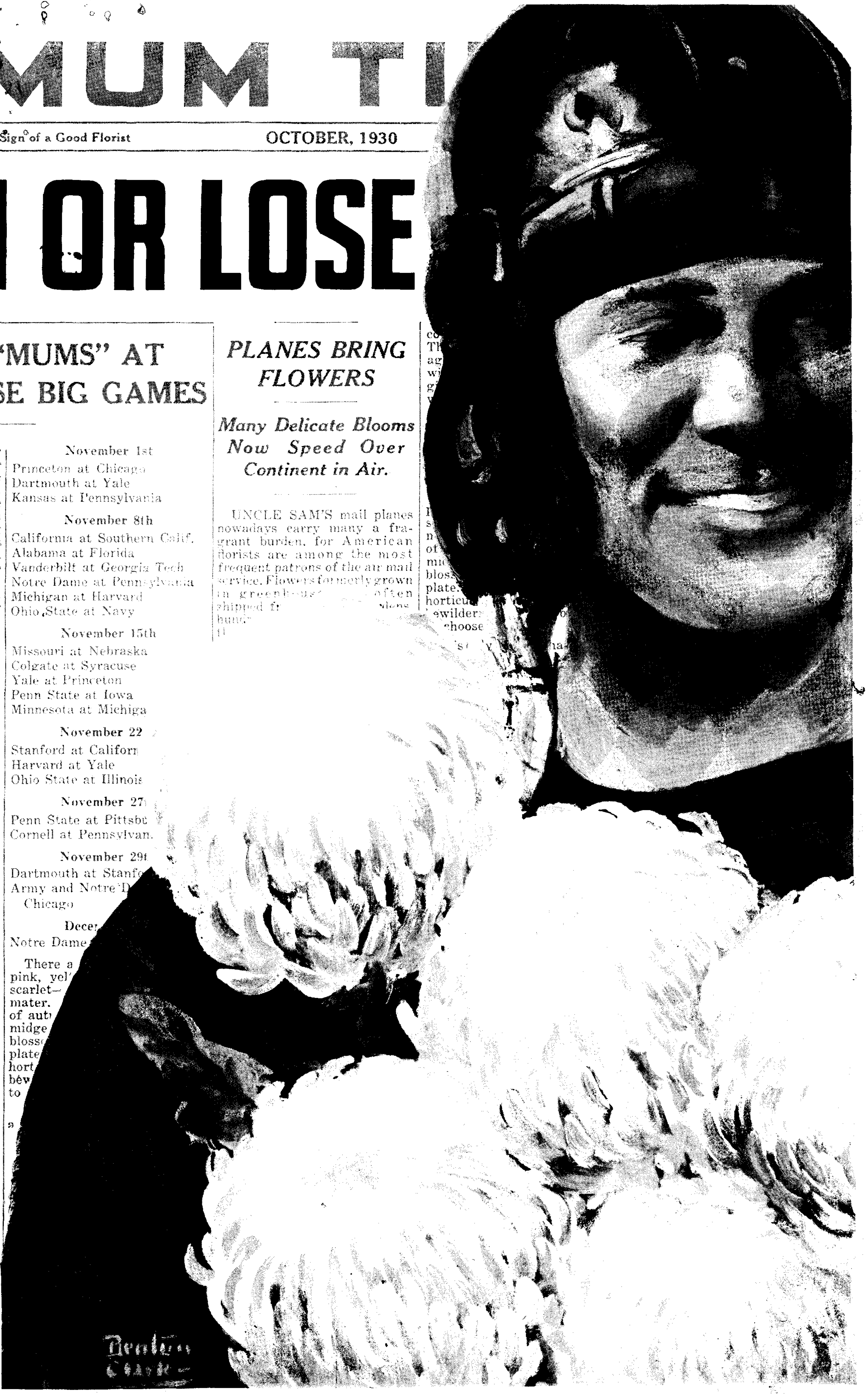

'MUM TIMES

Look for This Emblem—It's the Sign of a Good Florist | OCTOBER, 1930 | Telegraph Flowers Where You See the "F.T.D" Emblem—for Safety

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

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Graceful Flower Arrangement for Mantel Suggested by "Delineator"

GIVE HINTS ON ARRANGING FLOWERS IN HOME DECORATION

FLOWERS make beautifully effective decorations for the home. Their living charm and fragrance add immeasurably to any room. Yet many flower-lovers hesitate to employ them because of uncertainty as to arrangement.

Here are some simple suggestions that will aid in arranging flowers attractively:

Observe due consideration for proportion. Use big blooms in a large room; small flowers look best in a smaller, more compact room. The same principle applies to the receptacle in which the flowers are placed, as well as the table or stand upon which the flower group is placed. Short-stemmed, simple ...rs should be placed on ... tables ... on dressers.

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EAST VS WEST AT STADIUM SATURDAY; "MUMS" SCORE TWICE

Fair Fans of Opposing Teams Will Show Their Colors with Gay Blooms.

SPECIAL DISPATCH—The gridiron battle of the year! Once more the traditional foes trot out upon the field. Both elevens are in tiptop shape, keyed to the highest pitch of eagerness Cheers echo and re-echo across the huge bowl, then the throng settles to deathlike stillness as the opposing captains signal their readiness. A shrill blast from the referee's whistle—a thud of pigskin—and the great game is on!

As always, the grandstands are riotous with color. Every fair enthusiast carries the colors of her favorite in a single giant chrysanthemum or a corsage of tiny pompons. White for East and Maroon for West, thousands of these blooms merge into a wall of vivid hue. Co-eds and alumnae, sweethearts and wives, one and all, are proud of their allegiance.

This custom of wearing "mums" to the big gridiron contests has swept the country. The college girl of a generation ago showed her enthusiasm with a tiny pennant on a fragile bamboo cane, which she waved vigorously in the exciting moments. Then her attention was caught by the gorgeous "mum" and today no football fan of the gentler sex would dream of attending a game without her floral adornment.

There are "mums" in white, pink, yellow, orange, maroon, scarlet—a color for every alma mater. And in size this queen of autumn flowers varies from midget pompons to mammoth blossoms as large as a dinner plate. The wonders of modern horticulture have produced a bewildering array from which to choose.

It is only natural that "mums" and football should become inseparable in popular fancy. Florists begin to offer their first chrysanthemums just at the time when gridiron lovers first think of fifty-yard lines and backfield possibilities.

SAVE
$10 to $15 now...
$50 to $200 later

● Waxing—to prevent body depreciation—is a precaution which any automobile dealer will urge you to take. Next time you wash your car, see how easy it is to wax it yourself with Johnson's Wax. This easy flowing, quick-drying polish gives you a professional result without the cost of professional labor. Adds $50-$200 to your car's trade-in value. Absolutely insures the body against film, ordinary scratches, dullness, and needless depreciation. Usually all that's necessary is a bottle of Johnson's Wax and a few clean cloths. If traffic film has *accumulated*, Johnson's Automobile Cleaner will remove it. Just return the coupon, as thousands have, for a free 25c can of Johnson's Wax as demonstration. Carried at all hardware, grocery, paint, etc., stores.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. C10, Racine, Wisconsin.
Gentlemen ● Please send free 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish to preserve and renew body finish.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Prohibition's Too Wet

Continued from page 19

was hard to find men who would be willing to work for the state for nothing.

"You see," he told me, "at the start the enforcement agents, whoever they were to be, had to bank on finding enough violators, subject to sufficient fines, to bring them in their first month's expenses and salaries. Not many men wanted to take the chance."

But a situation like this was too "sweet" for a certain type of man to overlook. And he turned up in due time.

Everett E. Van Wert was his name.

I asked Attorney-General Foote who recommended Mr. Van Wert, an outsider from distant and generally unknown parts, to the officials at the state capitol for this important position of carrying out the wishes of some 102,000 citizens to have their state dry.

"Well, he just came along and promised to do the job and we took him. That's all." And then Mr. Foote added:

"You see he promised to work without salary and to foot the expense bills until the courts began to fine the prisoners he would bring in and collect prohibition funds. It was hard to find a man who'd do that."

It was all a business deal with a stranger so far as Montana official records go.

So that's the way state prohibition started off in Montana, some fourteen years ago: 102,000 citizens dead certain that by a law they had dried up their state at the polls, great contentment in the churches, and the outsider "Gene" Van Wert starting out with a gun and a star to do the big job.

Van Wert, with his own car, his own gasoline and his own gun, backed by the power of the state of Montana, started out to dry up the state. Or, rather, in effect he started out to pile up, through fines imposed by the dignified courts of the state, sufficient funds with which to pay his own small salary by the time the state payday rolled around.

He could arrest violators fast enough but the judges took their time trying them and fining them. Then it took additional time for the clerk of the court to send this fine money back to the state capitol to go into the state prohibition enforcement fund.

Anyhow, after several weeks had passed, the state prohibition bureau began to have a good-sized fund of its own, collected by the six prohibition boys captained by Van Wert, who labored under Attorney-General Foote. They began to produce. They made the money for their paydays sure; they made the funds for their very extensive expense accounts certain and sufficient.

Motorists were stopped on the highways, insulted and their cars searched. Homes were searched without warrants. Stool pigeons, hired for piece-work jobs in various communities, were town loafers of disreputable character. Shootings and killings took place. A frightened boy, in a motor car, called upon to halt on a country road by two rough-looking characters, tried to speed away. He was killed by a rifle shot from the rear by the would-be enforcers of the state's prohibition law.

During a country dance at the little town of Augusta celebrants discovered men rifling cars in search of contraband booze. The men were officers of the law, but they were acting without warrants. Two men were wounded in an exchange of shots that amounted to a small battle. A representative of the attorney-general was shot when he tried to arrest a hip-pocket drinker in a saloon.

Soon almost every community in the state had its glaring instance of prohibition high-handedness. Juries began to acquit prisoners charged with prohibition violation. And then one day in a trial a lawyer defending a bootlegger said in gist to Van Wert, the state officer who had put state prohibition on its feet:

"Mr. Van Wert, were you ever sentenced to jail for a crime?"

There was no way out for Montana's prohibition chief.

"Yes," said Van Wert.

The lawyer had in his possession at the time the certified copy of a court record, showing that Van Wert, as an employee of the federal government in Iowa, had been indicted for and pleaded guilty to accepting bribe money "to influence his official decision." He had been sentenced to serve three months in the jail of Jones County in that state.

Convictions Grow Fewer

Thereafter, whenever Chief Van Wert appeared in court to prosecute an alleged prohibition law violator, the prisoner's attorney would ask:

"Were you ever sentenced to jail for a crime?" and Van Wert's "Yes" would always be part of the trial record.

Another of Van Wert's men named W. H. Countryman, acting with star and revolver, and extremely active in spending the prohibition department's expense money, with Van Wert's O. K., had been convicted of robbery and served time in the penitentiary. Several other state officials turned out to have been lawbreakers before they became law enforcers.

There was a hearing in the state legislature, seven years after prohibition began, during which the scandal of state prohibition was brought to light, but it was not until two years later, in 1925, that the citizens of Montana were given an opportunity to vote on a referendum as to whether the state prohibition law should be killed.

It *was* killed. The state had been only forty-two per cent wet in the 1916 election, creating the state prohibition law.

In killing the law it was over fifty-three per cent wet.

The Anti-Saloon League of Montana immediately went into action when the state law was killed. It began an effort to reinstate the law.

So when Mr. Hoover went to the polls in 1928 there also went before the voters of Montana the question of whether it should return to prohibition.

Though the state gave Mr. Hoover 113,000 votes against Al Smith's meager 78,500, it proved wetter than in the two previous state prohibition elections.

In 1928 the voters were fifty-four per cent wet. Though only 78,500 voted for the wet Presidential candidate, 80,600 *voted against any more state prohibition*.

And that's where Montana stands today.

And now back to the two members of the Montana Club in Helena—Judge Galen, Republican, Catholic and wet, and Thomas J. Walsh, Democrat, Catholic and dry, candidates for the United States Senate.

The fight between these two men on election day will be one of the most interesting or, at least, the most enlightening in the United States.

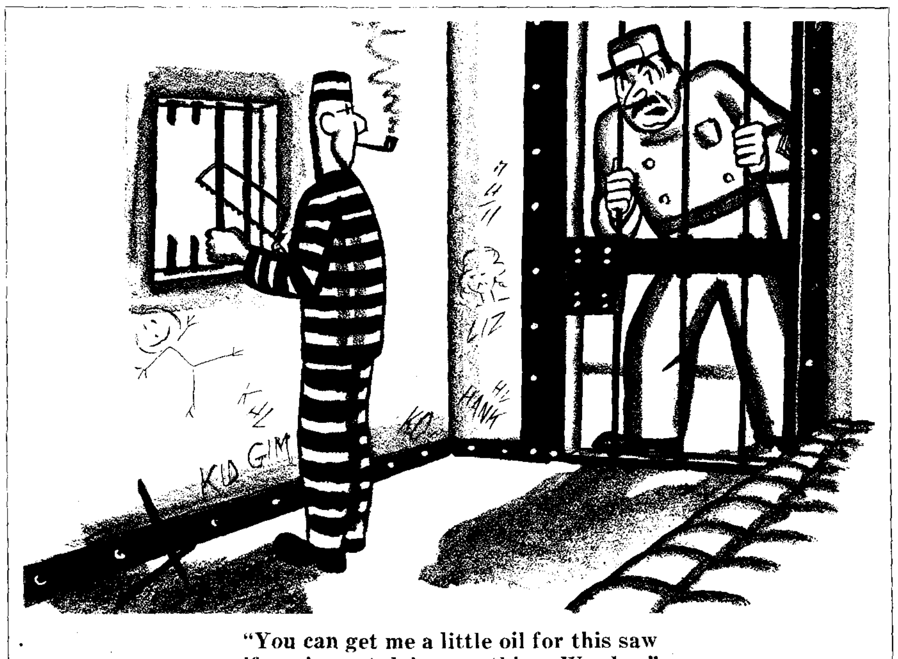
There is an intensely bitter feeling in Montana against prohibition. Will such feeling take away from the United States Senate the gallant figure of Thomas J. Walsh?

Senator Walsh's friends know that there is a danger in his dry position. So does he. Senator Walsh, himself, has stated publicly that he will abide by any decision that voters may make as to another prohibition referendum. He made this statement to me:

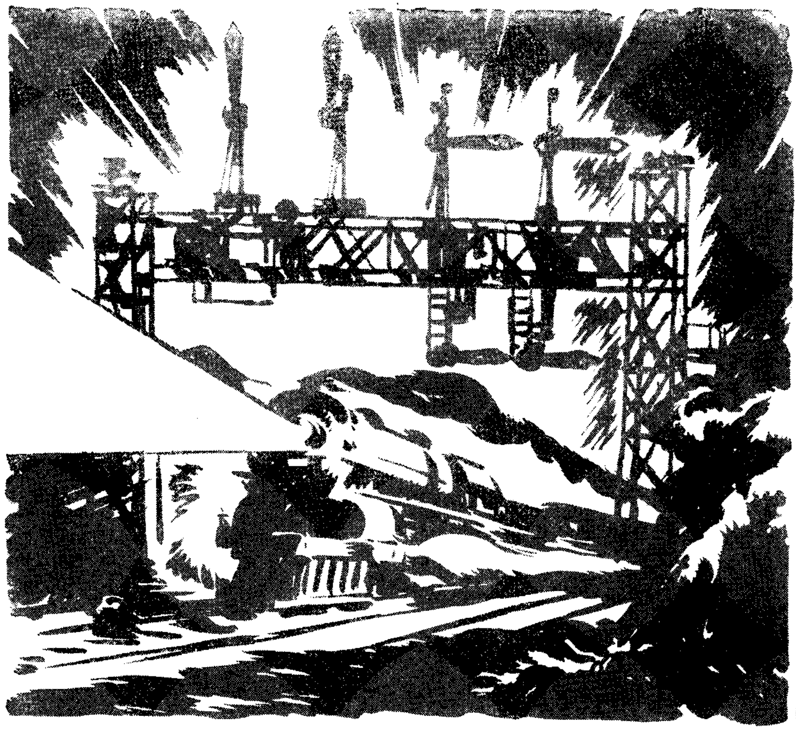
"Senator Jones of Washington was asked, following action taken by the Republican State Committee of his state, what he would do should a referendum be had and his state vote for a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He replied that in that event he would feel obligated to vote to submit a resolution of amendment. I was then asked what I would do should my state take a like course with like result. I answered as he did."

This is Walsh's supreme concession to the fact that we are rapidly coming to the day, in government, when a man, to gain, or regain office, must depend not so much upon his record for decency, honesty and good service to his country, as upon whether or not he believes in one great, overshadowing national issue—prohibition; booze or no booze? Whether we'll put it into our stomachs or not.

Montana among all our states is the most glaring present instance of this plight into which we have fallen.

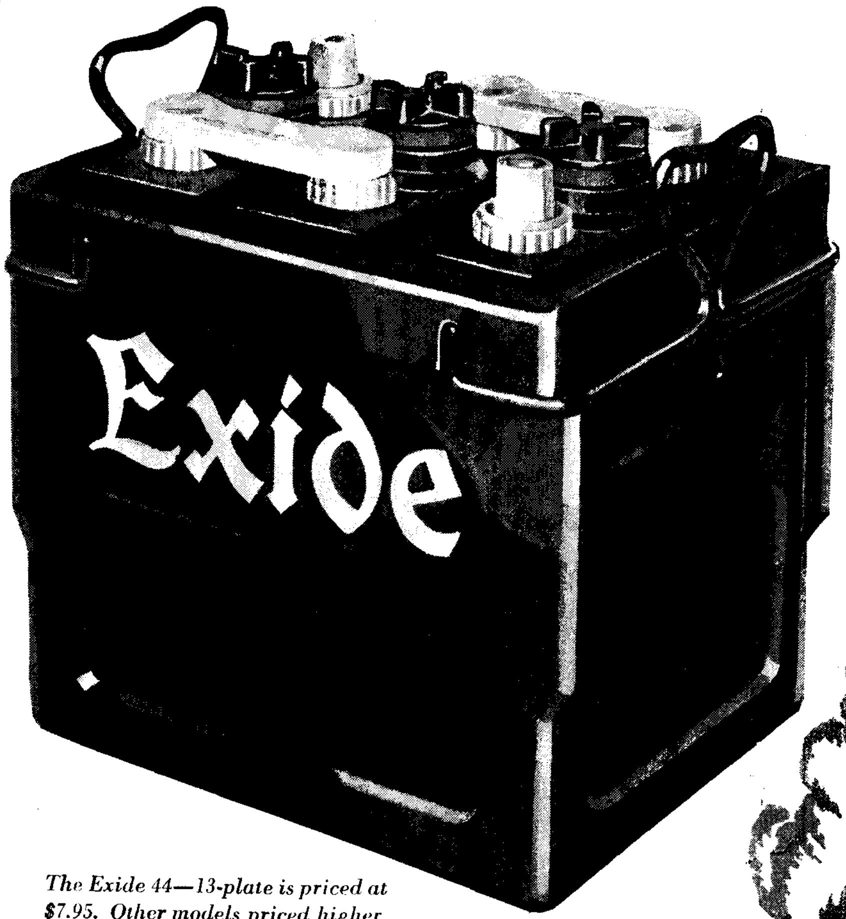


"You can get me a little oil for this saw if you're not doing anything, Warden."



YOUR EXIDE BATTERY

. . . the great railroads depend on Exides for their signal systems— have you one in your car?

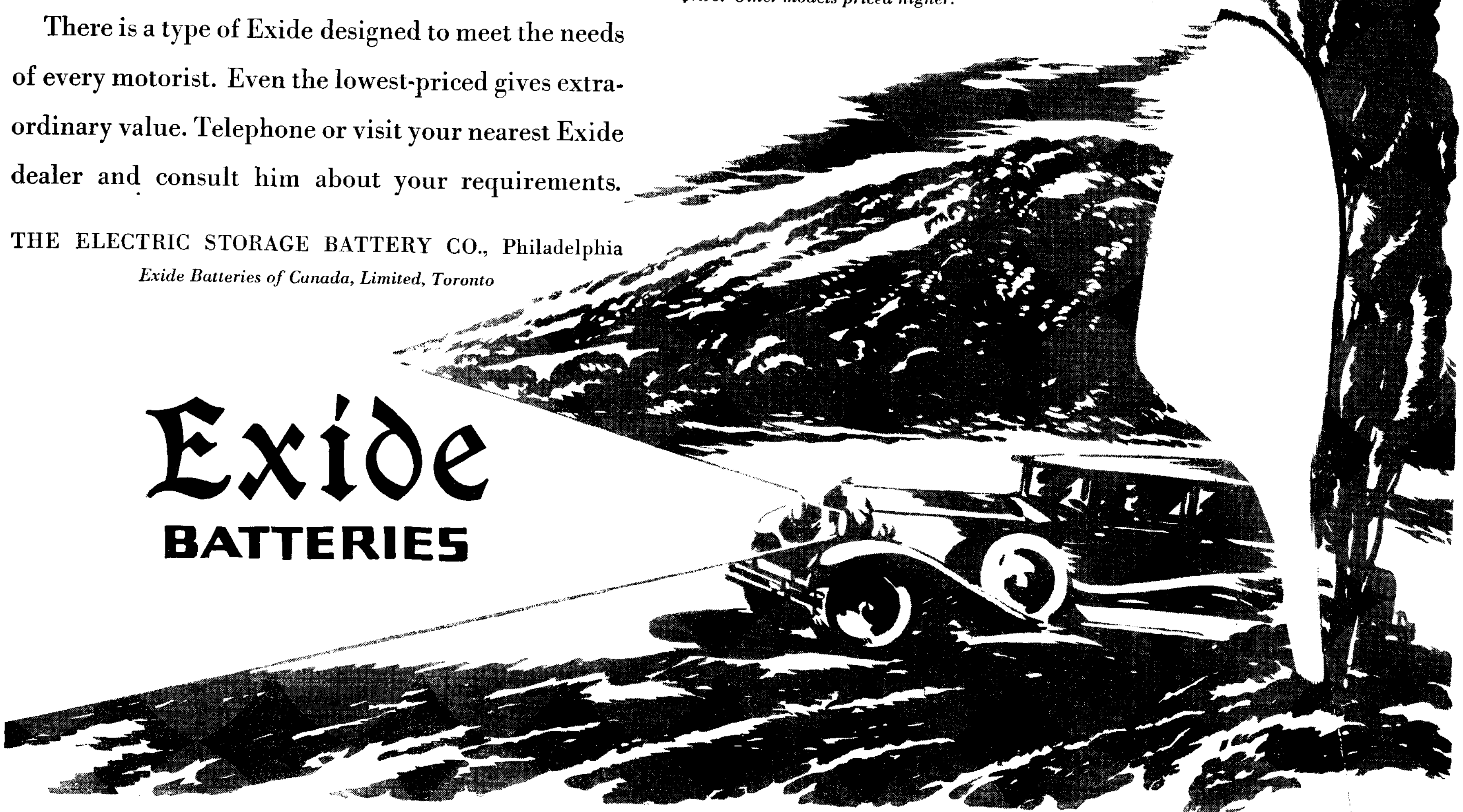


The Exide 44—13-plate is priced at $7.95. Other models priced higher.

THE nation's great railroads use Exide batteries on their signal systems because they find them dependable under all conditions. When you purchase an Exide battery for your automobile you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have one of the most scientifically designed, perfectly built, *reliable* batteries that can be produced. It is made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose.

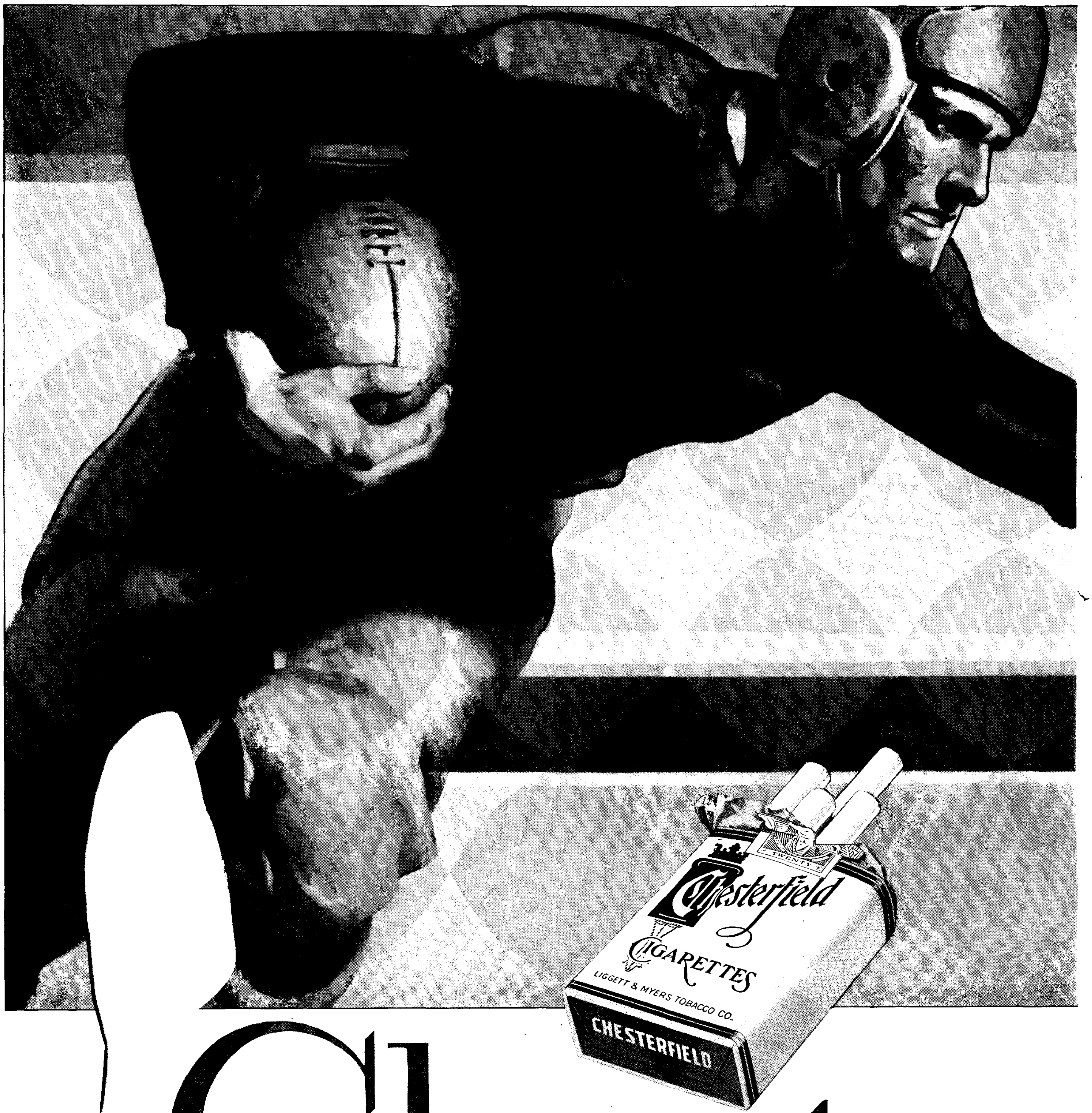
There is a type of Exide designed to meet the needs of every motorist. Even the lowest-priced gives extraordinary value. Telephone or visit your nearest Exide dealer and consult him about your requirements.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



Exide
BATTERIES

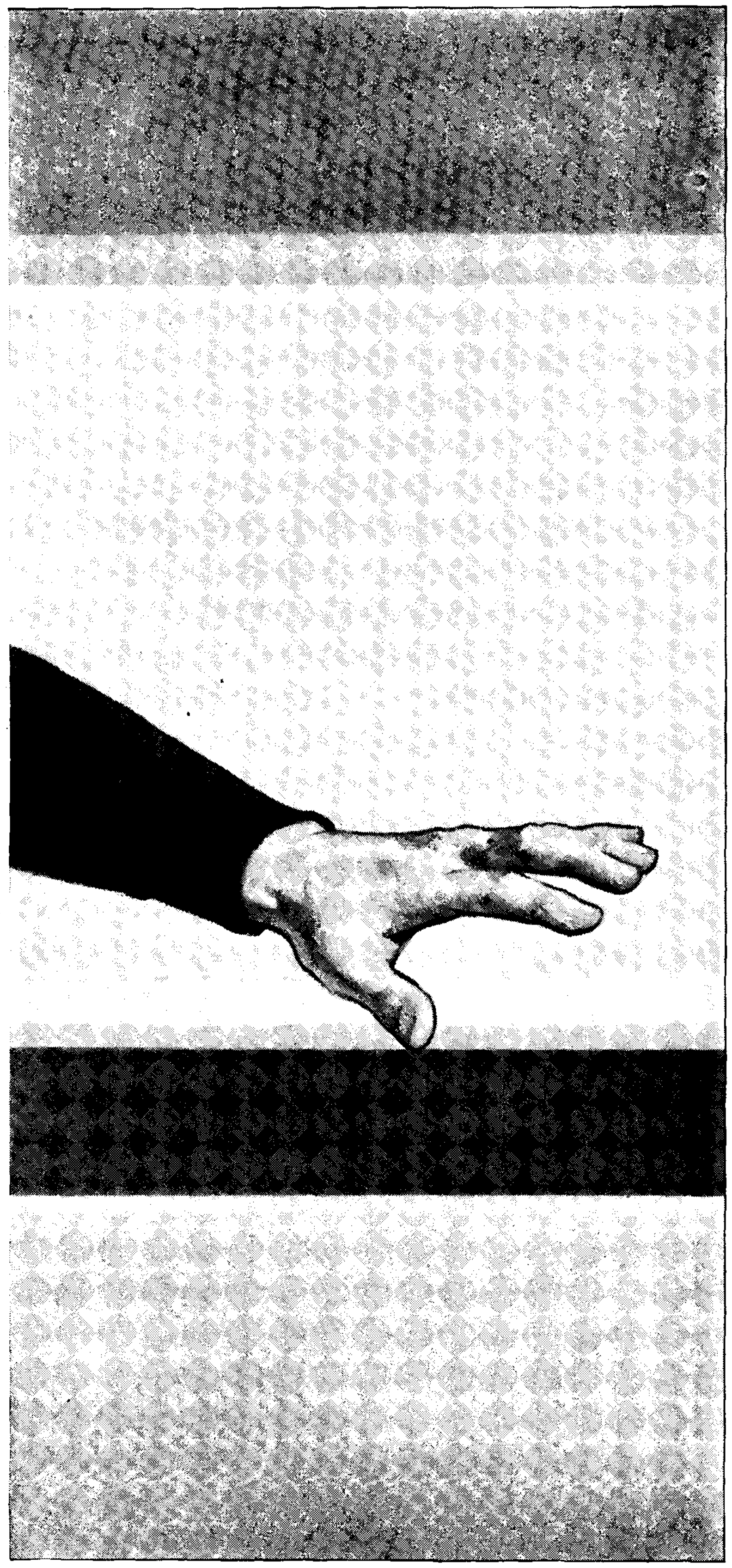
ONE *will always*


Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
TWENTY
CHESTERFIELD

Chester

© 1930
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

stand out!



You don't have to learn to like them

THE brilliant, breathless "get-away" of a star back brings the crowd to its feet by a common impulse.

Equally natural and spontaneous is the response of smokers to Chesterfield's satisfying goodness, its wholesome smoothness.

No one ever has to "acquire" a taste for Chesterfield. Smokers take to its pleasing flavor instinctively.

And here's why:

Chesterfield takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—fragrant mildness and a ripened richness, without a hint of harshness or irritation. In short

MILDER . . . *and*
BETTER TASTE

field

They Satisfy

that's why!

IN STEP WITH STYLE

Every Ed. V. Price & Co. suit is the result of a careful study on the part of a designing staff whose business it is to know style, create style, and keep in touch with the trend of fashion.

You choose a style becoming to your type or build, and exercise the same personal preference in selecting the weave, color and pattern—from America's greatest stock of fine fabrics.

Further than this, your clothes are cut to your individual measurements and tailored to conform to every requirement of your natural attitude—the manner in which you stand, walk and wear the suit.

The advantages of seeing the Ed. V. Price & Co. representative in your town for your Autumn and Winter clothes requirements are many.

If you do not know our dealer in your locality, please write us.

Who's your Tailor?

E. V. Price & Co
CHICAGO
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Kindly Kick Out Bearer

Continued from page 23

"You lie!" the old Indian snarled at him. "Give it here! I need!."

Never, thought Douglas, had Harris' plausibility obtained a greater tribute than that. He wasn't used to being called a liar, but he handed the paper back. "You going to work for the Circle Bar?"

"Short job."

Even in his anger it occurred to Douglas that Harris might be planning one joke more on a victim who had had enough. "If you find the 'short job' is used up," he told Busted Wing, "come here—I'll give you a job any time."

Douglas hunched his shoulders and went into his adobe house with deliberate long strides. He turned aside to lift his gun belt from a hook in the wall, and strapped it on; then went out the front of the house to his battered touring car.

Steve followed him. "What you aim to do?"

Hugh appeared not to hear. But now Steve noticed the gun belt; and for the first time seemed to perceive the quality of Hugh's crazy eyes. "Holy smoke, Kid! Wait a minute! I'll be with you right off!"

"The hell you will!" said Douglas.

His engine bellowed, dust spurted from his rear wheels, and the old car swung into the down-country road.

IF IT had taken a Crow twist-rider to get Hugh started, it now required a girl—a particular girl—to swerve him from his immediate purpose.

A yellow roadster was coming to meet him, ripping up the down-country road into a mountainous, trailing phantom of dust. Just at the fork where the up-trail parts from the valley track to writhe twistily up the mountain way to Loper, the yellow car whirled on locked tires, coming to rest squarely across the road, and there waited for him. That yellow roadster belonged to Verne Harris; but as he brought his own car to a grinding stop Hugh saw that it was not Harris, but Dee Daniels herself who was at the wheel.

Hugh had gone to school with Dee Daniel years ago and never noticed her; and he had forgotten her altogether when he went away to study law. Recently, however, he had rediscovered her and wondered amazingly why this remarkable person had escaped his attention for so long. She had loose, curly chestnut hair and humorous eyes that squinted into the Kettle Country sun; and she was in several other ways the most interesting thing included in his range-limited world.

He had fallen in love abruptly and completely. Yet he had made but little headway—and Verne Harris, of course, was the stumblingblock, as he always was, as he always had been, for Hugh Douglas.

Just now, however, as he dismounted and walked over to the other car, he was staring straight through her. Beyond her, beyond the rolling horizon of the sage, he was seeing the figure of Verne Harris on a classy horse, watching the building of a fence. And he knew well enough why she was there. The whole Kettle Country knew about the approaching fight over the Wagon Bed water; and nobody knew more about it than Dee Daniels, who, of course, had heard both sides. Dee Daniels liked both Hugh Douglas and Verne Harris. She dreaded, and had tried before now to postpone, the open outbreak of hostilities that was bound to come. There was an attempt at lightness in her voice but a determined set to her lips as she spoke to him now:

"Where you going with the artillery, boy?"

"Thought I might jump a coyote. I've got something to see about, down here, Dee." He started back to his car He couldn't talk to her, today.

"Hugh!" That was an order, and he stopped. "I bet you're going down to the Wagon Bed fence!"

Seeing Dee at the wheel of Verne's car brought the blood into Hugh's head again. "I've been meaning to have a war talk with Harris," he admitted.

"Hugh, you're not going down there."

"No? Why?"

Dee hesitated, studying him. "I suppose you know his foreman is standing over that job with a sawed-off shotgun?"

"That's good."

"Verne says—"

"Damn Verne!" he exploded.

They looked at each other in silence, their eyes strange to each other with an unaccustomed hostility. Twice before she had dissuaded him from action in just such a situation; he was determined that she should not dissuade him now.

"Well, there's no use going down there and rowing with him, anyway," said Dee stubbornly.

"I'm not going to row with him; I'm just going to put him off my land, that's all, and his outfit with him."

"You think you can?" she said curiously.

He smiled twistily and shrugged. "I suppose you think I ought to file suit, and run into a—"

"No," she said. "For heaven's sake, Hugh, don't try going into court against Verne! I know you're supposed to be a member of the bar, but you've never practiced a day; and if you get in there against the smart counsel he'll dig up—I don't want it. He makes fools out of enough people; it isn't good for him."

Then abruptly wheels spun in the sand as she backed the roadster; and in a moment more he was watching the recession of the dust geyser that Dee's style of driving always tore up from the rutted Kettle Country roads.

Hugh went and sat behind the wheel of his stopped car. A terrific impulse swept him to descend like a thunderbolt upon Harris at the Wagon Bed. Instead, he unbelted his gun and shoved it into a door pocket. Then, jerking his hat over his eyes, he wheeled his car into the Loper road.

AS HUGH DOUGLAS stood up the drone of conversation in the courtroom subsided to a buzzing undertone, then a rustle of whispers. Judge Wes' Randolph, seeing Hugh hesitate, kindly shifted his bleak gray gaze from Douglas long enough to rap for better order. After that the courtroom was still with that heavy, thick stillness of crowded air.

"This," began Douglas—and found that his voice tangled in his throat. It was his first appearance at any bar; not yet, however, did he regret that he had stubbornly rejected all assistance, insistent upon handling his own case himself. "This," he said again, "is just one of those cases, Judge, that grows out of the burning down of the old courthouse. If the fire hadn't burned out the records, there wouldn't be any need for bringing this suit. But now I aim to quiet title and get hold of an injunction stopping the defendant from using Wagon Bed Springs the same as if it was his own. I'll open by calling Bill Freeman."

In the momentary pause, Hugh let his mild blue eyes wander over the courtroom. Clear at the back he could see the crinkly brown head of Dee Daniels beside that of old Noah Daniels, her father.

"Bill," he began his examination, "what were you doing in 1891?"

Freeman, white-mustached and with age-bleary eyes, pulled himself together to state that he had been a government surveyor.

"Did you get to Wagon Bed Springs that year?"

"Yes—once. On the fifth of July."

"How do you remember so close, Mr. Freeman?"

"Because," said the witness, "at the Wagon Bed camp I was bit by a skunk."

"I got a mind to clear the court," said Judge Randolph, pounding.

Freeman now identified the Wagon Bed Springs property by surveyors' description; and Windemer, for Harris, waived cross-examination.

"Call Henry Martin," said Hugh.

MARTIN'S aged face was hairless as his gleaming head. When he was seated, Hugh, remembering that the old man was deaf, raised his voice:

"Mr. Martin, were you county recorder in 1899?"

"I don't care if I do," came the answer.

Randolph rapped for order, and Hugh went nearer. Under close-range questioning Martin admitted his past recordership; remembered Pete Douglas, Hugh's father, well, and declared that he recollected perfectly most of the titles he had recorded in the year mentioned. Conveniently for Hugh, Martin had a great reputation for memory in the vicinity of Loper.

"Who recorded title to Wagon Bed Springs?" Hugh shouted.

"Dutch Bill," came the prompt reply.

Hugh was rocked back on his heels. "You mean to tell me that Dutch Bill took title to Wagon Bed Springs?"

"I remember distinctly," Martin answered. "It was a corking-hot day in the latter part of June, and a Tuesday. Bill—"

"Try to collect yourself," Hugh bellowed. "Don't you remember perfectly well that in September of that year my father, Peter Douglas, recorded title on the basis of script that—"

"Here, whoa-up," Windemer protested. "We can't have this. He's literally leading the witness all over the range."

"Sustained," said Randolph. "You can't put that, I think."

"As to Dutch Bill," shouted Hugh, shifting his ground, "do you mean to tell me that, after all these years, you even remember the weather—"

"I object to that, too," Windemer interrupted. "Learned counsel is trying to impeach his own witness!"

"You've got a foot through the wire, Hugh," said Randolph gently. "You put him a definite question, and he answered it, and you can't turn around and try to discredit him now."

"I'll call Tom Casey," said Hugh hotly. "Call Tom Casey, Martin's assistant recorder!"

"If I can get a word in edgeways," Windemer chuckled, "I'd be pleased to cross-examine first. I'd like a crack at the local memory wizard myself."

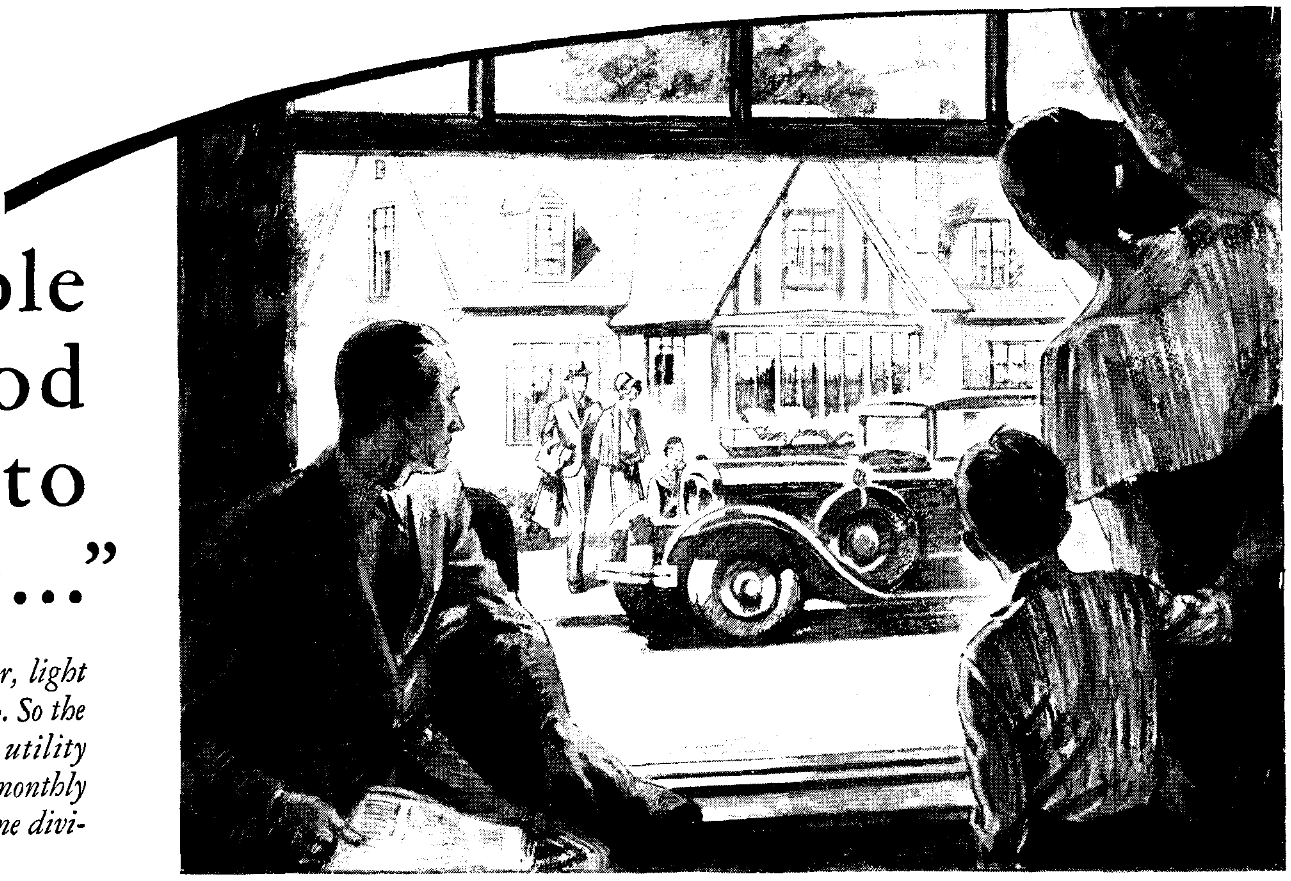
"Take him," snapped Douglas.

Walt Windemer rose. There were pockets under his warily confiding blue

(*Continued on page 68*)

"The whole neighborhood contributes to their income..."

"They're wise! We all have to have water, light and gas—just as millions of other homes do. So the Joneses invested in the stock of a big public utility company. At first, they could only make monthly payments on the stock. Now they get handsome dividend checks regularly."



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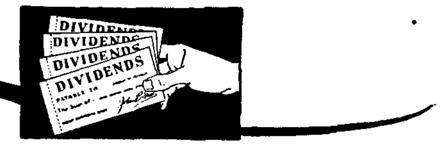

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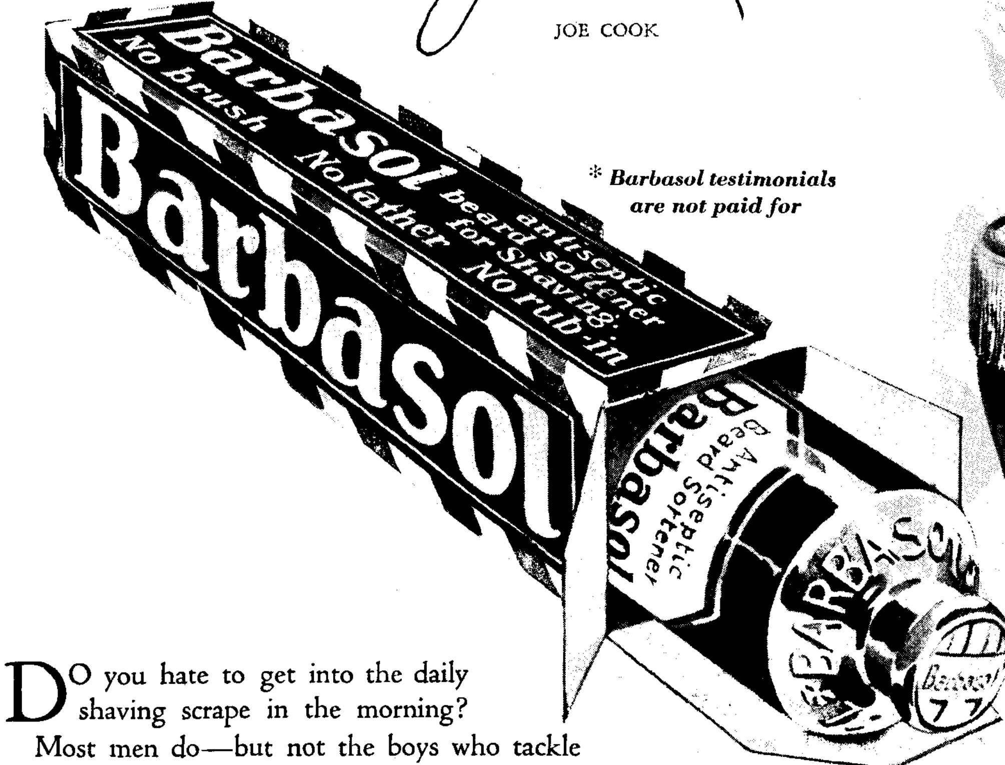
* *"Barbasol gives me a perfect performance every day. It's so clean and quick, with brush and rub and lather eliminated, that it makes the daily razor rehearsal a joy instead of a chore. And another thing: I find it leaves my face soft and smooth and refreshed. I want to recommend it heartily."*

Joe Cook

JOE COOK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Barbasol makes the shave so easy; so smooth; so slick and clean—and it *leaves* your face feeling soft as a baby's. Any Barbasol Believer will tell you he has no hesitation in shaving *twice* a day. It's that comforting to the old face, even when studded with the toughest whiskers this side of Russia.

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1. Wet your face thoroughly. Leave it wet.
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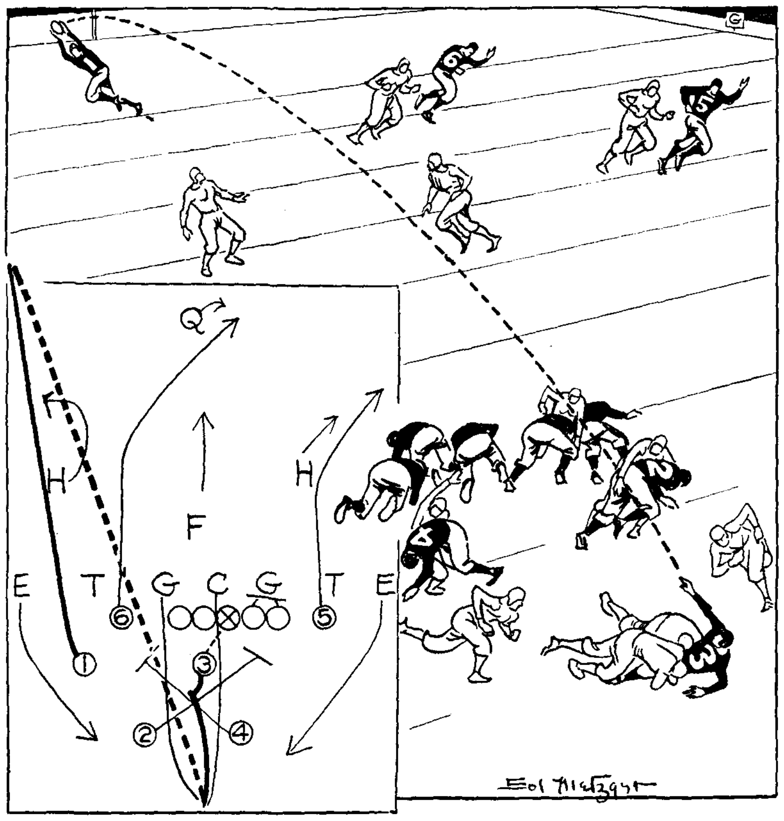

They Play with Brains at Notre Dame

By Sol Metzger

THERE is a feeling that luck, the unforeseen, far too frequently turns the tide in sport. The rule-makers are forever trying to rule it out of football. They never succeed. Fortunately luck lingers. It's the fighting chance of the game.

Elder, Carideo, Mullins and Brill! This outstanding backfield was sent against the Navy by Notre Dame a year ago. Later they mowed down all opposition, but in that game they were unable to overcome the Navy's stubborn defense. But luck did—luck plus split-second thinking.

Notre Dame's chance came near the end. They had reached the Navy's 30-yard line. Fourth down, three yards to go, two minutes to play. Score 7-7.

Carideo, Rockne's quarter (No. 3 in the diagram), dug deep into his bag of tricks to emerge with a time-honored play, a faked line-buck that became a long forward pass. It was the same play which had enabled the original Four Horsemen to cavort to touchdowns from coast to coast.

The usual shift of Notre Dame's backs is to the right. This time they hopped to the left and Navy was warned of the unusual. Spring, its right half, guessed right. So he picked Elder (1) as the opponent to cover on the expected pass.

Carideo received the pass from center and faked handing the ball first to Mullins (2) and then to Brill (4), each in turn plunging off-tackle. This held the attention of the opposing line as well as the front pair of defensive backs. At the same time Notre Dame's ends (5 and 6) ran full speed downfield and to the right. This was to draw the Navy's rear pair of backs from the area into which the pass was to be thrown.

But Spring held to his man. And as Elder sprinted for the end zone Spring covered him as he should, keeping between Elder and the goal. Meanwhile he watched what was going on behind Notre Dame's line.

He saw Koepke and Hughes, Navy's right guard and center, knife through the line and lunge into Carideo as the latter drew back his arm to pass the ball to Elder. As Carideo went down Spring felt the game was saved. He stopped in his tracks—a sad mistake. Elder flashed by unnoticed.

In the split second of falling Carideo had whipped the ball downfield over Spring to Elder, a perfect pass. The latter caught it at sprinter's speed, crossing the last white line to win the game for Notre Dame, 14 to 7.

Sure it was luck—the fighting chance of football. But place the olive wreath upon the brow of Carideo for his quick wits.

Next issue we'll untangle the powerful cut-in play that is making football history for North Carolina, a type of attack that is unsurpassed for gaining ground.

An EXECUTIVE TRAINING PLAN

for men who want complete

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

in the next five years

FIVE years from today, this conversation will take place over thousands of luncheon tables:

"I wonder what's going to happen in business?" one man will say. "The next few years are going to be hard."

His companion will laugh. "That's just what they said back in 1930," he will reply. "People were apprehensive after the crash, yet since then more business has been done, bigger fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me*."

This conversation is imaginary now, but be assured of this—it will come true. These two men represent the two groups into which business men are dividing themselves *now*. In 1935 the men in one group will say to themselves, "I have got what I wanted." The others will say, "I wish I had those years back."

Send for the new booklet announcing an entirely new Series of Business Courses

The new Executive Training Plan of the Institute was designed for those who want to make their mark in the next five years.

The plan is *new*—so new that the final sections are only just now coming off the presses.

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Kindly Kick Out Bearer

Continued from page 64

eyes, and his face was pink instead of tanned, but the bristle of his short white hair was a war cry.

Today the folds of the old jury-advocate's long-used face wore an apologetic look, in addition to his customary expression of absolute surety. He was crushing a mere gnat, a nice boy who had been to law school, but who could hardly expect to stand against the best trial lawyer the Kettle Country had ever known.

"I'll show the witness," said he, "a description of this property exactly as set out in the petition of the plaintiff. Is this," he bellowed at old Martin, "the land recorded by Dutch Bill?"

Martin mumbled over the description for a space of moments. "No!" he said vehemently. "This is the Wagon Bed Springs lands that was recorded by Peter Douglas!"

ALL Windemer's practical psychology had blown up in his face, and all over the courtroom was felt the shock of that explosion. Yet he did not flinch, and his hesitation was a matter of a second only.

"But," he roared, "you said a minute ago it was Dutch Bill!"

"Oh, I thought he said Hackenschmitt Springs!"

A slow rustle ran over the audience, gradually becoming a rumble, and then a roar, as the significance of the cross-examination dawned. For once Windemer's headlong attack had landed him in the barbed wire. Yet, in the face of misfortune, he made the most of the moment. Windemer turned, and stood with drooping shoulders, facing the audience with an expression of such utter pathetic woe that the laughter rose anew.

"Let's try to be a little quiet," said Randolph. "Go ahead, Hugh."

Douglas, pushing his case through sharply, now called three cattlemen who testified that the Wagon Bed was commonly known as Douglas land; these brought out plainly that although the Wagon Bed had, from time to time, been overrun by many brands, a small sum per head of stock had often been paid Peter Douglas by those who used the Wagon Bed water the most. Three cowboys next bore witness to the fence-building of Verne Harris upon Wagon Bed land; and there, esteeming that he had established a case of title and trespass, Hugh wound up his case and sat down.

"I move the case be dismissed," said Windemer.

"Why?" said Randolph. "It seems to me he's established a perfectly good *prima facie* case of title, Walt."

"Oh, was all that to establish original title?" said Windemer. "Why, my client was prepared to concede that!"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"I really couldn't make out what he was getting at," Windemer apologized. "Well, well, well. Call Newt Magnusson."

Windemer now called three witnesses who testified consecutively that the elder Harris had expressed an intention to buy the Wagon Bed; that he had said definitely he was on his way to buy it; and that subsequently he had referred to the Wagon Bed as if it was his own.

"This is hearsay," Hugh Douglas objected.

"*Res gestæ*, strictly," said Windemer sagely.

"A slight weakness in the knees does not make testimony hearsay," Randolph decided. "Proceed."

A slow, dark doubt was stretching its shadow over Hugh Douglas. It was plain enough, by this time, what line Harris had instructed Windemer to take. Hugh could guess, too, just about what evidence existed in support of that defense. At the same time he knew Windemer for a daring, often a reckless, strategist; and Verne Harris, of course, could be depended upon for no scruples at all. How far this pair would dare go before Judge Randolph, with no recourse to a befuddled jury, and what would be the result, he had not the experience to judge.

Of the first four witnesses, Hugh cross-examined but one—a cowman who testified that Rack Harris, Verne's father, had "generally kept his accounts in his pants pocket."

"What kind of records did Peter Douglas keep?" he asked.

"Rotten," said the witness. "Worse than Rack Harris."

"A fine way of doing business," Randolph allowed himself to comment. "And now with the county records burnt—"

George Calender, accountant, now testified that he knew the veritable signature of Peter Douglas; that there had been given into his keeping, for auditing, a mass of receipts; and that among them were fourteen receipts which acknowledged that the elder Harris had paid the elder Douglas sums amounting to nearly seven thousand dollars. Only one of these contained any notation of what the payment was for, but this one, sufficiently damning, seemed indicatory of the significance of the rest:

> "Received from Robt. Harris on Wagon Springs account" (the witness read aloud) "the sum of $800.
> "(Signed) PETER DOUGLAS."

"These receipts," Windemer put, "obviously represent a purchase of that land?"

"They might," said the witness.

THE assembled cowmen stirred, recognizing the force of Windemer's latest wallop. Nor could Douglas break the witness.

"As a matter of fact," he put, "you know very well that these receipts represent a lease, and not a sale?"

"No!" Again the restive air. . . .

"I was going," said Windemer, "to call a lot of witnesses to show that my client is in possession of this land. I think, however, that the plaintiff's own witnesses have already cleared this up very nicely. Now I'll call the coroner—unless Mr. Douglas concedes that Charley Phillips, county recorder in 1910, is now deceased."

"I'll admit he's dead," said Hugh.

"And his assistant?"

"Yes."

"Is that your case, Walt?" Randolph asked.

"You may well ask," said Windemer. "Certainly it looks like case enough. I agree, we have not only established the transaction circumstantially, but we have exhibited receipts covering the payments. Possession has kindly been established for us by Mr. Douglas; and we have nicely covered the absence of further records. I'm going to call the tax assessor."

The latest witness, hardly less damaging than the one before, now testified that Harris had been paying taxes on the Wagon Bed range for at least three years, and probably, by implication, for a long time before that. Stroke by stroke, the Harris-Windemer combination was literally cutting the ground from under Douglas' feet.

A crazy anger was on Hugh Douglas. He saw now that in his inexperience he had bungled his case, and he knew that he could never wipe out the defeat that he already read in Randolph's kindly eyes, nor the faint, derisive grin from the face of Rack Harris' son.

"Just as a finishing touch," Windemer's ululating voice was saying, "we will call one witness more. In fact, we have sent downstairs for him. Call Charley Busted Wing."

Having been sworn, the Crow agreed that he was of the name given, and a cowboy. A snicker from some place greeted this description, and Busted Wing looked about him with surprise. For the first time he seemed to become aware that he was conspicuous before any number of people. He made a move to leave, but a bailiff urged him back.

"You've been away from the Kettle Country some time?" said Windemer with that unctuousness that passed with him for gentle handling.

"Four year," said Charley promptly.

"What is this Wagon Bed fence dispute, Charley?"

"Never heard of it."

Counsel for Harris peeled off his coat; he was getting ready for one of his deliberate, nicely timed, dramatic moments.

"You just got back? And have you found employment?"

"Huh?"

"Who do you work for?"

"*Hugh Douglas.*"

"Who, me?" said Hugh.

A FAINTLY pleased gleam of recognition shone for a moment in Busted Wing's apprehensive dark face. "Uh-huh. You said—"

A sharp riffle stirred the crowd. A Two-Box cowboy—roughly speaking—was about to turn in the final evidence against his boss!

"What were you doing," Windemer asked the witness, "in the summer of 1910?"

Marveling, Hugh Douglas checked up his poker face. A new urge of battle was pounding into him as he listened to the most extraordinary testimony he had yet confronted.

In the short sentences that examination worked out of him Busted Wing testified that in 1910 he had been cook at the Two-Box; that Rack Harris had stopped by and asked the price of the Wagon Bed; that, after a long argument, a price was agreed upon. Money passed, and papers were written. Charley could not read; but he was certain that the Wagon Bed land had been bought and paid for, that hot day in 1910.

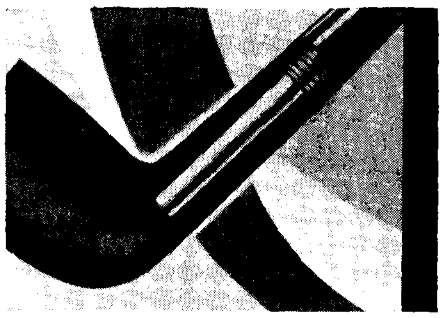
It was true, Hugh recalled, that Charley had once cooked, for a short time, at the Two-Box. What deal the Indian thought he remembered, Hugh had no notion. He could imagine, however, how Harris, arrogant in his long run of luck, might have been tempted to a bold and unscrupulous stroke; and he could picture well enough the plausible Verne, deftly wheedling the Indian back to a memory of fictitious events. And he was pretty sure that once scared—and Busted Wing was worried—the Crow would stick to his recital through whatever verbal storm.

"How do you know it was 1910?" Windemer was concluding.

"That year, I just come," said Charley. "I know *something* sometimes, huh?"

"You sure do, Charley," chuckled Windemer. "And I may as well say

(Continued on page 70)



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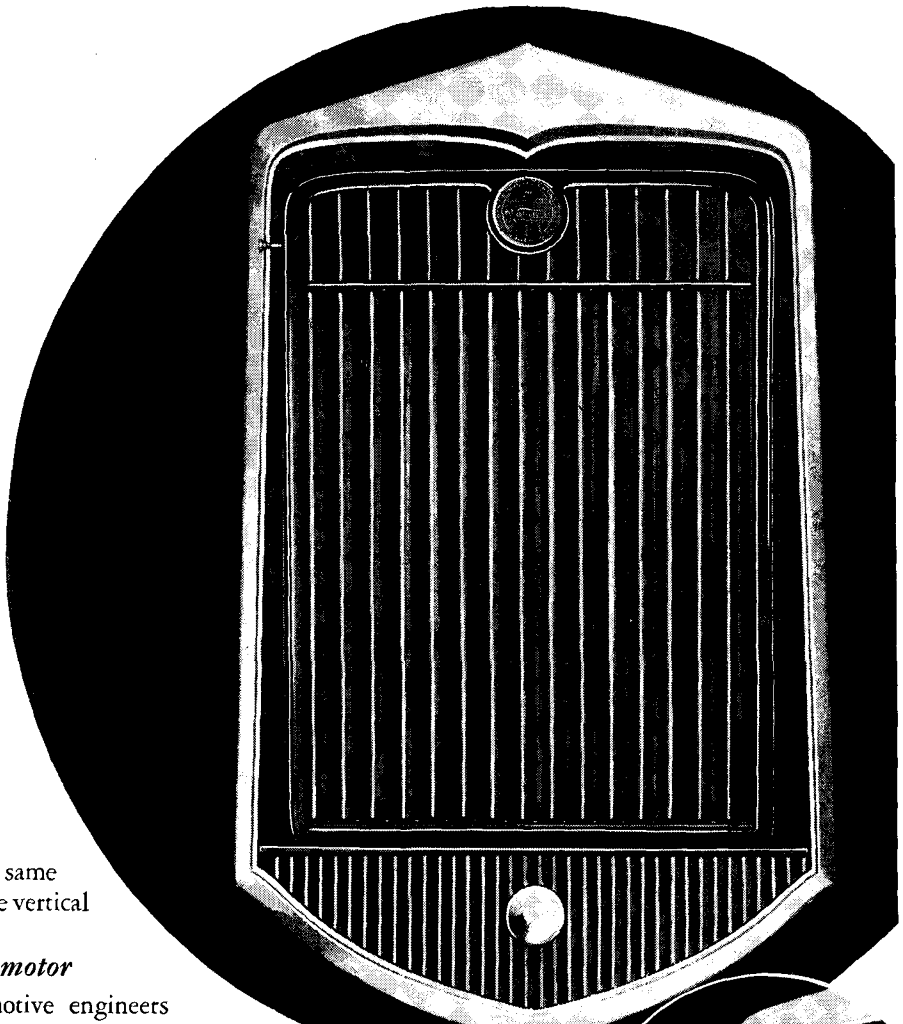

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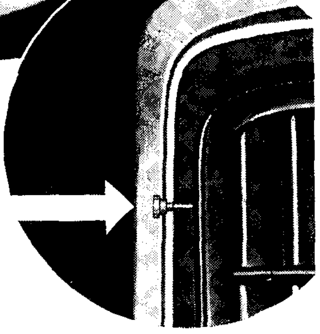

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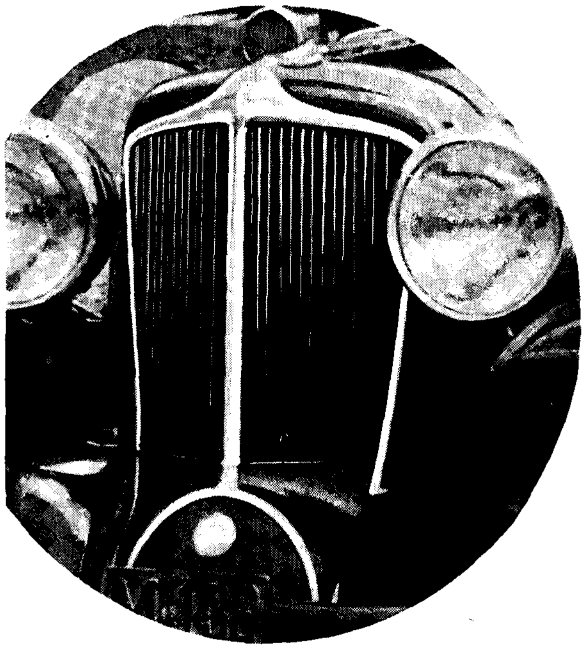

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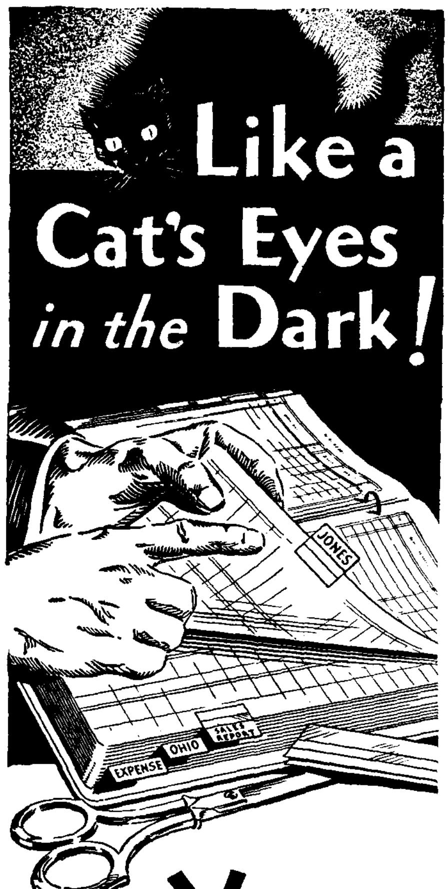

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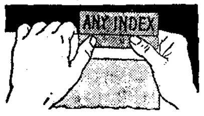

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Continued from page 68

now," he added, turning to the bench, "that when this witness has been cross-examined and washed up, that is going to be our case."

"Quite a case," commented Hugh.

"My boy, it's a screamer," Windemer agreed. "Take the witness."

Hugh Douglas got to his feet. "You say you can't read, Charley?"

"No."

"No can, or no can't?"

"Can't read."

"Then why," Hugh said, "did Verne Harris give you written instructions about what you were to say here?"

Windemer shot to his feet. "Now, honestly, if Your Honor please! I certainly don't want to make it any harder for the plaintiff than it already is; but I really have to object to that!"

"I think you don't realize, Hugh," said Randolph, "that that question, leading or not, comes pretty close to an open charge."

"Judge, I aim to impeach this witness," said Douglas. "This is going to be about the worst impeached witness ever seen in this court."

"Are we trying the witness?" asked Windemer.

"What it amounts to—" began Judge Randolph.

"Excuse me," said Windemer. "Don't say it yet! Will you please reserve decision for just a moment?"

VERNE HARRIS, an evil glimmer in his eye, had pulled his attorney's arm and was whispering instructions.

"On second thought," said Windemer, "we withdraw our objection. After all, as my client puts it, a show is a show. By all means, let Mr. Wing answer."

"Let's not twitter out and in," said Judge Randolph. "Is that final on this point, Walt?"

"Yes. When it comes to proving written instructions to a witness that can't read—"

"Please let Douglas proceed," said Randolph wearily. "I've set at this bench on and off for fifteen years, and I've given up trying to break this county to legal procedure. Go ahead with Busted, Hugh."

"Charley," said Hugh Douglas, "hand the judge that paper you've got in your pocket—the one that starts out by telling who you are."

Once more a gleam of independent intelligence showed in Busted Wing's *unbright face. From his pocket he* drew a flat tin-covered box that had once contained snuff. Carefully he took out of it the yellowed tally sheet.

At this point the vague, restive suspicion that had begun to tinge Verne Harris' face was seen to give way to something else. He clutched Windemer's arm and was whispering furiously as the paper passed to Judge Randolph's hand.

"Object!" barked Windemer. "Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial!"

"We had that up a minute ago," said Randolph peevishly. "You withdrew your objection—"

"There is such a thing as carrying nonsense too far," Windemer blustered. "In all seriousness, I object on perfectly sound grounds of procedure."

"The Court," said Hugh Douglas, "has already admitted the exhibit."

"I made no ruling whatsoever," said Randolph. "The objection to this line of cross-examination was withdrawn. I'm getting tired of this gee-haw in what is already a drawn-out case. For once I am going to make a perfectly strict ruling around here. The—"

"Gimme that back!" yelped Charley Busted Wing.

With a perfunctory gesture, the exasperated Randolph extended the tally sheet to the witness. "The objection is—"

His hand and voice stopped abruptly in mid-passage. His eye had caught upon the tally sheet like a wasp lancing against fly paper. "Just a minute," he said.

"Now, if Your Honor please," shouted Windemer. "I don't know what that paper contains, but—"

"Order!" snapped the judge. His face was as implacable as living rock as he smoothed the worn tally sheet before him. The courtroom was utterly still, now, as Randolph's slow hand adjusted unnecessary nose glasses.

"There are times," the bench declared at last, "when an exhibit needs not only to be admitted, but to be made known throughout an entire jurisdiction. This is one of those times."

"Good Lord, he's got no sense of humor!" sounded Verne Harris' agonized whisper.

To let that whispered remark be heard was possibly the worst thing he could have done. Randolph, who had opened his mouth, now closed it and slowly impaled Harris upon an iron stare. "Are you interrupting me, sir?" he demanded.

"No, sir!"

"If Your Honor please—" Windemer tried again.

"How would you like a contempt of court?" Randolph said savagely. Slowly, bearing down on every word, he intoned to the Kettle Country the message of Busted Wing's worn recommendation:

> "To Whom It May Concern:
> "The bearer is Charley Busted Wing, run out of the Kettle Country as the damnedest liar, thief, and drunkard out of the Crow Nation, which is going some. If he stops in your county you will be missing calves, etc., and the truth is positively not in him. Kick him out."

He took off his glasses and looked over the assembled cowmen. " 'Signed,' " he finished, " 'V. Harris, Circle Bar.' That, gentlemen, is the defendant's conception of his witness."

THERE was a short, incredulous pause; then an enormous volcano of laughter went up from the crowd with the rumble of a distant dynamite blast. Through the uproar the gavel was seen to rise and fall repeatedly, but its crash of wood on wood was lost in the storm.

"I've run this court for fifteen years with an easy and liberal hand," Judge Randolph exploded, when at last he could be heard again, "and I suppose this is what I get for it. I'm free to state that never in all my experience have I seen such a bald-faced damn' insult to an American court of law!"

Once more laughter rocked the building, while Randolph polished his glasses and put them away.

"Is that your case, Windemer?" he said at last, his voice cold in the disturbed air.

"Not by a whole lot," said Windemer. "I'll put Verne Harris on the stand!"

"Put him on!" snapped Randolph. "Put him right on! But I'll tell you now if Verne Harris goes on that stand I'm going to question him myself!"

"You can't do that! Procedure—"

"Damn procedure! Put him on, and we'll see if I can!"

Verne Harris, his face blank, met the harsh gaze of Randolph briefly, but his own eyes wilted away. He hesitated, while all the courtroom waited. Hugh Douglas watched intently. He was praying with all his heart that if it was in Verne Harris to turn tail he should turn now.

And Harris had reason enough to dread the witness chair. Once thoroughly aroused, Randolph had wit enough, and more than experience enough, to trap better men than Verne. Nobody could say what incriminating facts, what humiliating details, would be tricked out of Harris if once he subjected himself to Randolph's raking fire. It was an ordeal no man could look forward to with confidence, and Harris least of all.

"Well, well, Harris," Randolph pressed, "will you give evidence or not?"

Harris' one word came out low and thick under the silence.

"No!"

IT SEEMED enough; yet, when Hugh Douglas had freed himself from the enthusiasm of the crowd, the day still held for him one unexpected revelation more.

Dee Daniels was waiting for him in his dusty old car. "Are you going to give me a lift? Dad's busted down, and—"

"Bet your life." He wondered a little as he watched Harris' long yellow roadster slide out of Loper ahead of them; and that wondering made him feel tired and sad. It took some of the thrust out of victory to find out that Dee was another who rallied around the victor, the same as everybody else.

Charley Busted Wing, tagging along behind Hugh, climbed apologetically into the back seat, carrying his saddle. He was oblivious, apparently, to the significance of anything that had happened; some thought it was the pounding of the broncs that had made him that way. They took the road, tooling down the ruts of the Loper switch-back in the dust of the general exodus.

"I want to tell you something, Hugh," said Dee at last.

"Yes?"

"I'm a fool. You know the idea I got, watching the trial today? Most people are cheap and small, and that goes for myself!"

"Why, child—"

"And I'm sorry for the way it went, and I *think* it wasn't fair or right," she finished, hurrying out the words. "And now you can let me out."

"You mean— What wasn't fair, Dee?"

"You should have won," she surprised him.

"But—wait a minute, here. I thought I did win!"

"Hugh—is that true?"

"Didn't you hear Randolph give me the decision?"

"No! It made me so mad to see the case going against you that I walked out on the whole business. Why, Hugh—"

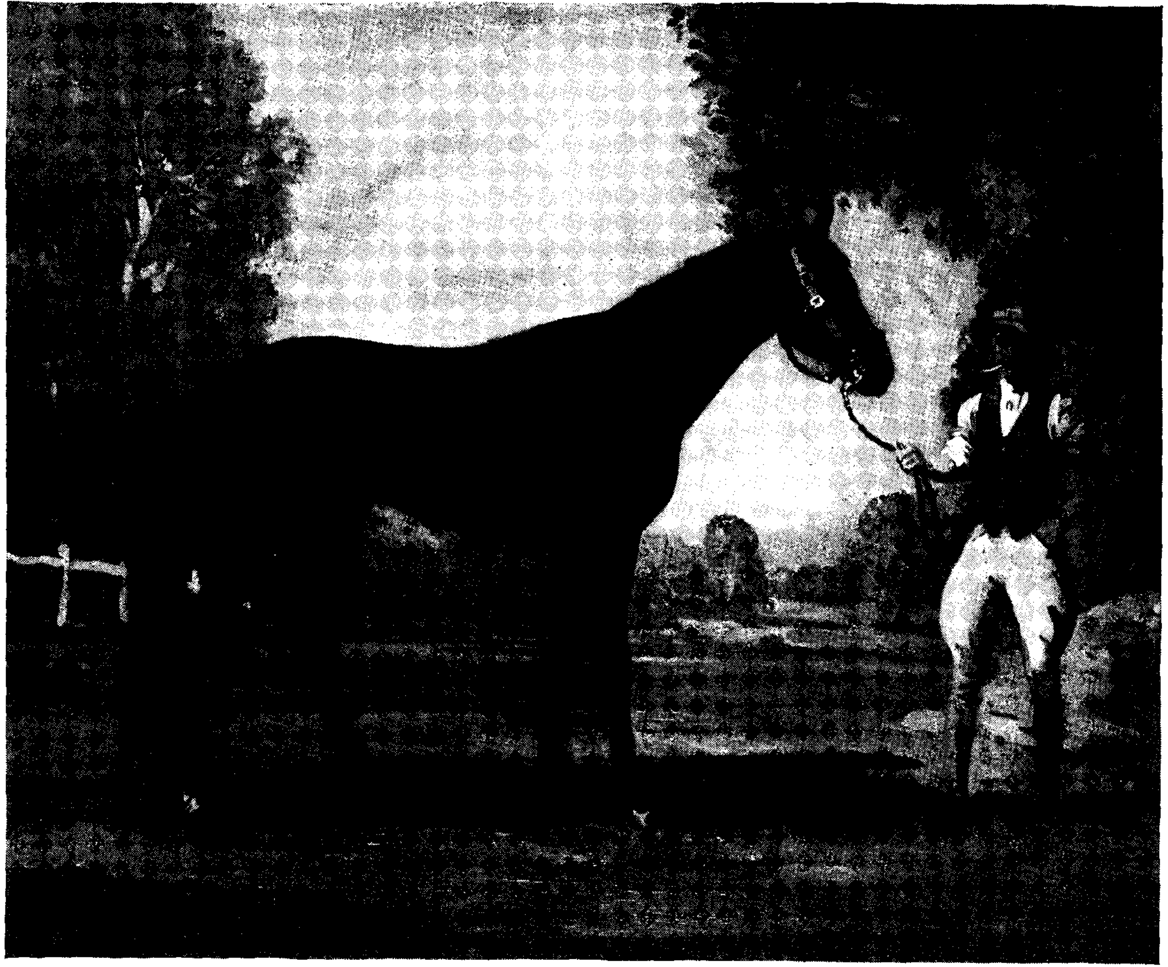
"Dee—say, you wouldn't fool me, would you?"

"Oh, glory, Hugh! *No.*"

A slow grin altered the face of Hugh Douglas almost past recognition. He pulled the car up, turned, and opened a door of the back seat. "Mr. Wing," he said firmly, "I'll see you next week. Indian, you're afoot!"

Minus its third passenger, the battered car roared down-grade full throttle, at its heels a mounting tower of dust.

BEAUTY



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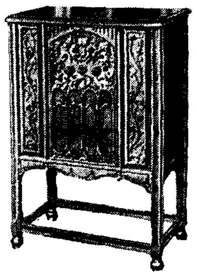

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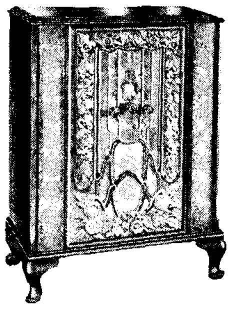

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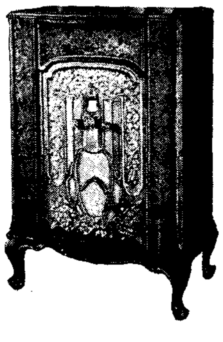

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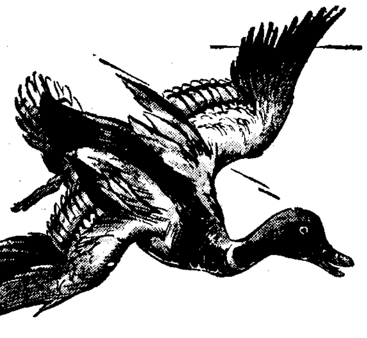

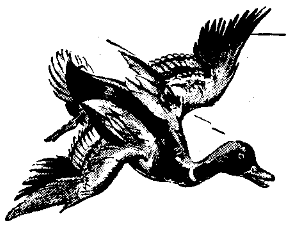

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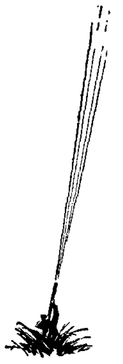

From Norway to Notre Dame

Continued from page 9

of the old-timers called me a fool to tackle a tough job. But there was excellent memory training in it. This has been a good investment in mental energy, for if a football coach needs one thing more than another, it's a memory for the swarming details of plays and combinations of plays—especially the personal styles of coaches and players in executing them.

For the rest, civil service taught me little save its unevenness and unfairness. Going on the job with a zeal to make good and get promoted, you wondered at first why veterans smiled at youthful ardor and industry. Enthusiasm could hardly survive the discovery that a dispatcher who worked hard, eight hours a night, received less than a henchman who did nothing more arduous for eight hours a day than sell stamps from an irremovable seat on a stool.

I was on the way to develop into the smartest shirker of all, having reached a point of lethargy where it took me an hour to distribute as many pieces of mail as in the first enthusiastic days would have only taken me ten minutes; but, fortunately, I had garnered my thousand dollars by then.

One of the Four Hundred

Notre Dame was hardly a name to me. Football, by that time, had been eclipsed by track and field. Much as I should like to profess being animated by a burning zeal to go out and conquer in the name of pigskin and be acclaimed a mighty player and a coach of massive intellect, the cold, unembellished fact is that a sister of mine was more ambitious for me than I was for myself. She insisted that a college education would mean more to me and the family than anything else. Also, that I'd be able to waste my time to better advantage as a college track athlete than as a part-time wonder of the campus called the Loop. Two friends of mine, Johnny Devine and Johnny Plant, both runners of more than local note, were going to Notre Dame. When we discussed our plans during a Chicago meet, and I told them I was bound for Illinois, they suggested I go along with them to the Indiana school.

"Why," I remember exclaiming, "who ever heard of Notre Dame? They've never won a football game in their lives."

What swung me to go there was the argument that I could probably get a job, and certainly get by cheaper than at Illinois.

So I went down to South Bend with a suitcase and a thousand dollars. I'd hardly seen more than two trees at one time anywhere, so the first impression on me was the sylvan beauty of Notre Dame. The Fathers of the Holy Cross who operate the university received a grant of twenty-three hundred acres in the early pre-pioneer days when Indiana was a territory and not a state. By industry and intelligence they made it an ideal site for a university.

Notre Dame University, in 1910, when I felt the strangeness of being a lone Norse Protestant—if the word must be used—invader of a Catholic stronghold, comprised six halls, in one of which, Brownson Dormitory, I was installed. There were 400 undergraduates, physical training was compulsory, and a fellow wasn't thought much of unless he went out to try and make his hall team for football.

Shorty Longman, an end on Michigan's famous Point-a-Minute Team, was Notre Dame's head coach—the first college coach I ever knew. He was a snappy, belligerent figure who affected a shock of hair after the manner of McCullough, the actor.

The university gave me a chance to work off my board and room as janitor of the chemical laboratory, cleaning out the slop buckets and doing minor chores. Somebody stole a gallon of experimental wine from the pharmacy laboratory; I was blamed, and ran risks of expulsion. So my reputation was not glamorous. When, therefore, Joe Collins, a varsity squad man, recommended me for a chance with the big boys, Longman wasn't enthusiastic.

But he gave me the chance. Freshmen were played in those days, and with a small enrollment we needed them. Longman sent me out with the scrubs in a test game with the regulars. He made me fullback. They should have changed my position to drawback. Never on any football field was there so dismal a flop. Trying to spear my first punt I had frozen fingers and the ball rolled everywhere it wasn't wanted.

Longman kept me in that agonizing game. Finally, I tried a punt. Nothing happened. I might have been a statue of a player trying to punt. Nothing was coördinated. I was half paralyzed. A 200-pound tackle smashed into me. My 145 pounds went back for a fifteen-yard loss.

Longman yanked me out of the scrubs and sent me back to Brownson Hall. I was a dub, a washout, not even good enough for the scrubs.

But the fact remained that I could run, and running was important to a football player. Perhaps, I reasoned, if I tried for a job at end, my old spot on the sandlot and high school teams, I'd have better luck. The first step was to get on the varsity track team, which I did. A track letter gave me the prestige to try once more for the football squad.

From Foot to Mouth

In the meantime I had sat at the feet of a learned tramp athlete whose name then was Foley, although he had played for many schools under aliases. He was typical of young men who roamed the country, overflowing with college spirit, regardless of the college. His tongue teemed with professional jargon. He knew all the technique and practiced none of it; yet so glib was he that it invariably took a shrewd coach half a season to get wise to the fact that this tramp athlete had only one principle in football, which he pithily expressed: "Avoid 'em." He opened my eyes to a state of affairs in college football which has since been reformed—of the journeyman players who'd leave new names behind them wherever they went and live to a ripe old age, from foot to mouth, so to speak, taking loyalty and sometimes talent with them to whichever Alma Mater would give them the best break.

We played teams whose purity of enrollment was not quite ninety-nine and three quarters per cent. The Indian schools were careless in that respect, several Indian players changing legal names to Indian names as they switched from one Indian school to another. The famous back, Emil Hauser of Haskell, became Chief Waseka at Carlisle; another lad I knew named Dietz blossomed into Chief Long Star, and I always called the celebrated back, Pete Hauser, Chief Long Time Eat when I met him playing for his third or fourth Alma Mater—he shone brightly at training table.

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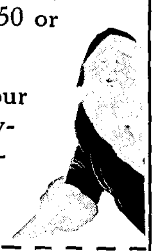
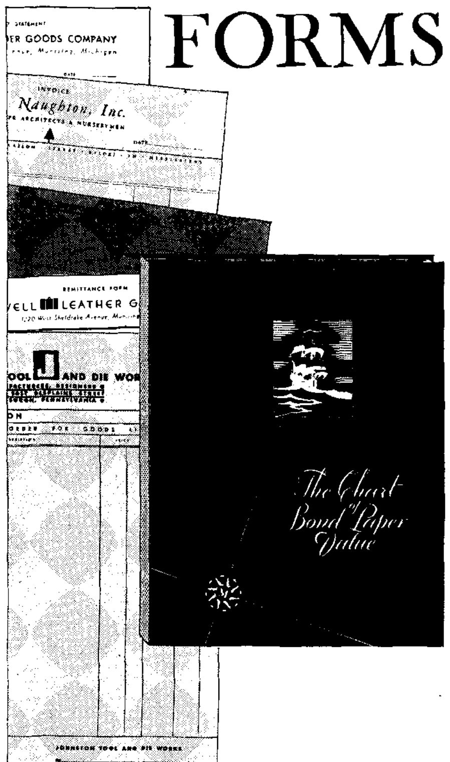


SAMPLE BUSINESS FORMS



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Although a growing youngster, I had the advantage of not being too green when I broke into big football company. I was twenty-three and able to wear a lettered sweater without too much intoxication. There were natural hurdles to be jumped in a social sense, for a lone Norwegian, always mistakenly dubbed a Swede, had difficulties among so many Hibernians. These were largely dissipated when, blushing furiously, I was called on to talk at a football rally and having heard somebody call somebody else just a dumb Irishman I had the good fortune to remark:

"There's only one thing dumber than a dumb Irishman." Before the bricks could fly, I explained: "A smart Swede."

Notre Dame was struggling to establish itself in football circles. Its schedules were not strong—Ohio Northern, Marquette and Pittsburgh were "big games." Our equipment was poor. In the first game I played in—against Ohio Northern—a guard was so severely injured that we had to use up our lone roll of tape. Later, his substitute in the line cracked up, so we had to take tape off the first boy to bind up the second.

Shorty Longman knew much about football, but he talked much more. Our offense was principally a punt and a prayer—varied with an occasional line plunge.

Longman's method was that of the old-fashioned oratorical coach. Before a game, he would enter the dressing-room dramatically, toss back his shock of black hair and burst into rhetoric.

"Boys," he declaimed, "today is the day. The honor of the old school is at stake. Now or never, we must fight the battle of our lives. I don't want any man with a streak of yellow to move from this room. You've all got to be heroes—HEROES, or I never want to see you again. Go out and conquer. It's the crisis of your lives!"

When I heard that for the first time, I was tremendously impressed. The team went out and all but pushed the opposing team—Olivet—over the fence. The next Saturday, as we lay resting in the dressing-room, Coach Longman entered:

"Boys," he detonated, "today is *the* day of days. The honor of the old school is at stake. The eyes of the world are on you. Go out and bleed for the old school, and if anybody has a yellow streak let him—"

I sat there awe-stricken. Then I saw Dorais and Bergman, two veterans, yawn.

"What do you think of the act today?" asked Bergman.

"Not so good," said Dorais. "I thought he was better last week."

One oration a season is quite enough for any football squad. Action brings reaction, and if the coach talks too much, his words lose weight.

Wabash Blues

From my first coach, Longman, came another valuable lesson. A sturdy man and useful with his fists, he believed that the best way to impress his charges was to demonstrate that he was physically their master. With this in mind, he prescribed boxing lessons which he himself would give, beginning with the lightweights and working his way through to the heavies of the Philbrook displacement.

Respectfully the squad gathered to see the first demonstration. Several of the less heavy boys, myself included, were to be operated on with boxing gloves. Shorty selected a mild-mannered chap named Matthews, a light end, for the first object lesson. That was a bad break. Matthews stepped out expertly, ducked and weaved and hooked and jabbed. After three minutes Shorty had enough. There were no boxing lessons for the rest of us.

Our next coach was Jack Marks, the Dartmouth back. He made us over from a green, aggressive squad into a slashing, driving outfit. The first time that he looked over Eichenlaub, the Notre Dame two-hundred-pound torpedo, Marks showed he knew his stuff.

"We're playing Wabash this afternoon, Eichenlaub," Marks said. "Jones, Feeney and the rest will make the holes. You tear through them."

"But I'm only a poor high school boy," said Eichenlaub.

Marks turned on his heel. That afternoon Eichenlaub ripped through Wabash for total gains of more than four hundred yards. The Wabash squad piled on a street car for the depot, badly licked. The car stopped for a feeble old lady carrying parcels. She worked her way through the limping Wabash players while a wag cried:

"One side! Here comes Eichenlaub's mother."

An Impending Battle

Marks was always a quiet mentor; but he liked to pile up scores. Once we led Adrian by 81 to 0, and the Adrian coach said he'd used up all his substitutes and would we agree to let him send men back who had already played? Marks agreed. He returned to the sidelines. Some time later he saw a strange player on our bench.

"You're on the wrong bench," he said.

"I know it," said the lad. "I've been in that scrap four times already, and they're not going to send me back if I can help it. I've had enough."

Marks laughed quietly, and let the lad remain. Again, during a game with Butler, a big halfback named Meyers, strong but shy, was missing.

"You've only got ten men on the field," the umpire cried to the Notre Dame coach. Marks looked over the field in anger.

"Where in heck is Meyers?" he demanded.

"Here I am, coach," sang Meyers from his blanket. "I got bumped right on my knee."

Marks smiled quietly, said nothing. But Meyers played no more. That was his method. The team stepped out under his leadership so that gradually we came to be noticed a little beyond the Mid-West. I won a regular berth as end under Marks and had the pleasant surprise of seeing myself discussed as an All-America possibility toward the end of the 1912 season. Almost imperceptibly, it seemed to me, I was established in football. One year, practically abandoning the idea of continuing the game; the next, being talked of—never mind by whom—as an All-America prospect.

Then the end of football and college career impended. My father died, and it seemed imperative that I quit school, although it's on the record that I passed my special subject, chemistry, *cum laude*. A wise sister interposed.

"If you quit," she said, "all right. You may earn a living, but it will be as a mail dispatcher."

So I went back, and I had hardly got off the train at South Bend that autumn when I was greeted by a cordial voice.

"You're Rockne?" its owner asked.

"Well," he went on, after having introduced himself as Jess Harper, Notre Dame's new coach, "I'm grabbing you football men off the trains as fast as I can. We've got to work our heads and legs off."

"What's the excitement?" I said, trying to be calm.

"They're letting us play in the East," he exclaimed. "The Army has agreed to play Notre Dame."

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Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 26

driving five packed horses and two unpacked, rode off behind the town across the flat toward the west. Coming to a road, Hays led on that for a mile or so, and then branched off on a seldom-used trail which appeared to parallel the wonderful, gray-cliffed mountain wall that zigzagged on to the purple-hazed distance.

They went down a long hill of bare clay earth, dotted with rocks and scant brush, at the bottom of which ran a deep, wide, dry wash. Green River with its cottonwoods dropped behind the hill, to be seen no more.

Gradually the pack horses settled into single file on the trail, and required little driving. The riders straggled along behind. Jim Wall brought up the rear. When the opposite, endless, slow-rising slope had been surmounted, he saw all around him country that wrenched a tribute from him. Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana left much to be desired in comparison with Utah. Jim had not ridden over Arizona, so could not judge. But Utah was stunning.

TOWARDS sunset they drew down to the center of a vast swale, where the green intensified, and the eye of the range rider could see the influence of water. Gradually the black Henry Mountains sank behind the rim of this bowl, and the zigzag wall, growing crimson, appeared to lose its lofty height. Only one of the buttes showed its blunt crown of gold and red. For the rest all was sunset flare, a blazing sky of rose and salmon, with gold clouds in the west. And the huge, circular swale was bathed in an ethereal, violet light.

Hays halted for camp at a swampy sedge plot where water oozed out and grass was thick enough to hold the horses.

"Aha! Good to be out again, boys," said Hays, heartily. "Throw saddles an' packs. Turn the hosses loose. Happy, you're elected cook. Rest of us rustle somethin' to burn, which is shore one hell of a job."

Jim rambled far afield to collect an armload of dead stalks of cactus, greasewood, sunflower; and dusk was mantling the desert when he got back to camp. Happy Jack was whistling about a little fire; Hays knelt before a pan of dough, which he was kneading; Lincoln was busy at some camp chore.

"Wal, I don't give a damn for store bread," Hays was saying. "Give me sour-dough biscuits. . . . How about you, Jim?"

"Me too. And I'd like some cake," replied Jim, dropping his load.

"Cake! Wal, listen to our new hand. Jack, can you bake cake?"

"Sure. We got flour an' sugar an' milk. Did you fetch some eggs?"

"Haw! Haw! . . . . Thet reminds me, though. We'll get eggs over at Star Ranch. None of you ever seen such a ranch. Why, fellers, Herrick's bought every durn' hoss, burro, cow, steer, chicken in the whole country."

"So you said before," returned Lincoln. "I'm sure curious to see this Englisher. Must have more money than brains."

"Hell, yes. He hasn't got any sense, accordin' to us Westerners. But Lordy, the money he's spent!"

Jim sat down to rest and listen. These riders had accepted him and they were out in the open now, where one might expect frankness.

"Rummy deal—a rich Englishman hirin' men like us to run his outfit," pondered Lincoln, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand it."

"Wal, who does? I can't, thet's shore. But it's an honest God's fact, an' we're goin' to be so rich pronto thet we'll jest about kill each other."

"More truth than fun in thet, Hank, old boy, an' don't you forget it," rejoined Lincoln. "How do you aim to get rich?"

"Shore, I've no idee. Thet'll all come. I've got the step on Heeseman an' his pards."

"He'll be aimin' at precisely the same deal as you."

"Shore. We'll have to kill Heeseman an' Progar, sooner or later. I'd like it sooner."

"Humph! Thet ain't goin' to be so easy, Hank."

"Wal, Brad, don't jump your ditches before you come to them," advised Hays, philosophically.

"I don't like the deal," concluded Lincoln, forcibly.

Presently they sat to their meal, and ate almost in silence. Darkness settled down; the staccato cry of coyotes came on the night wind; the little fire burned down to red coals. One by one they sought their beds, and Wall was the last. He did not lie awake long.

Dawn found them up and doing. Wall fetched in some of the horses; Lincoln the others. By sunrise they were on the trail, which about mid-afternoon led down through high gravel banks to a wide stream bed, dry except in the middle of the sandy waste, where a tiny ribbon of water meandered. It was a mile across this flat to the line of green brush.

"This here's the Muddy," announced Hays for Jim's benefit. "Bad enough when the water's up. But nothin' to the Dirty Devil. Nothin' at all!"

"What's the Dirty Devil?" asked Jim.

"It's a river an' it's well named, you can gamble on that. We'll cross it tomorrow some time."

NEXT camp was on higher ground above the Muddy, and as it was a protected spot, in the lee of rocks, the riders were not sorry to halt. Here Hays and Lincoln renewed their argument about the Herrick ranch deal. It proved what Wall had divined—this Brad Lincoln was shrewd, cold, doubtful and aggressive. Hays was not distinguished for any cleverness. He was merely an honest, unscrupulous robber. These men were going to clash. That was inevitable, Jim calculated; and for that matter he had never ridden with an outfit of hunters or cowboys some of whom did not clash. It was the way of men in the open. Jim remembered a posse with which he had once ridden, in pursuit of rustlers, whose members had argued and fought so much among themselves that they failed to catch their quarry. And certainly it was common knowledge to Westerners that gangs of robbers were continually at strife. Hank Hays was evidently a robber of some degree, though scarcely an outlaw yet. It was difficult to define an outlaw in a country where there was no law.

Early the next day Jim Wall had reason to be curious about the Dirty Devil River, for the descent into the defiles of desert to reach it was a most remarkable one. The trail, now only a few dim old hoof tracks, wound tortuously down and down into canyons of gray, yellow, brown, violet, black earth where stone appeared conspicuous for its absence.

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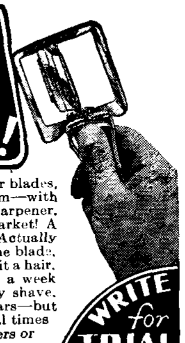

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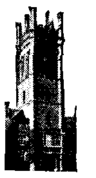

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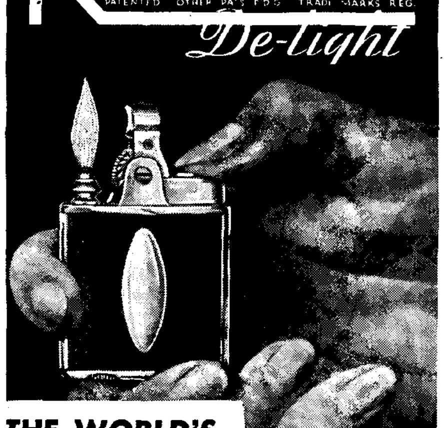

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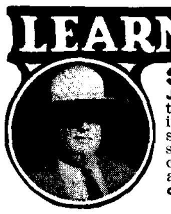

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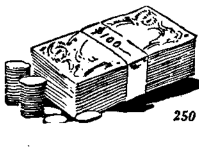

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and men perspired tremendously, and suffered from thirst, and choked with acrid dust. The tracks Hays was following failed and he got lost in a labyrinthine maze of deep washes impossible to climb, and seemingly impossible to escape from. Their situation became serious, and they halted for a conference.

"Hellhole!" gasped Happy Jack.

"How much more of this, Hays?" asked Wall, seriously.

"I wish I was shore. If we get off down into the brakes proper it's all up with us. For this ain't nothin' to the seventy miles between here an' the canyon country. I've heared of men bein' chased down in there, an' of prospectors goin' in thet nothin' was ever known of them again."

"We've walked round and round a good many miles," said Wall.

LINCOLN got off his horse and went down the canyon, evidently searching for a place to climb up to the rim above. But he did not find it. Nevertheless he returned in an assertive manner and, mounting, called for the others to follow.

"No. Thet's the wrong way," shouted Hays. "Thet's south an' if we keep on we'll never get out."

"Wal, I hear the river an' I'm makin' for it," returned Lincoln.

Jim had heard a faint, low murmur, which had puzzled him, and which he had not recognized. They all followed Lincoln, who halted at the mouth of every intersecting gorge to step away from his horse and listen. Eventually he led them into a narrow, high-walled canyon where ran the Dirty Devil. The water was muddy, the current mean, the sand-bar treacherous, but as it was shallow the riders, by driving the pack animals on a rim, and plunging after themselves, forded it without more mishap than a wetting. The great trouble with the horses was that they were so thirsty they would have mired down had they not been forced on. At last a gravelly bar afforded solid enough footing for the animals to drink, and the men to fill their water-bags.

Still they were lost. There was nothing to do, however, but work up a side canyon, which fortunately did not break up into innumerable smaller canyons, as had those on the other side of the river. Eventually they got out, when Hays at once located himself, and soon led them to a camp-site that never could have been expected there.

"Fellers, I'll bet you somethin'," he said, thoughtfully, before dismounting. "There's a roost down in thet country where never in Gawd's world could anybody find us."

"Ha! An' when they did it'd be only our bleached bones," scoffed Lincoln.

"Wal, mebbe you won't need such a place," returned Hays, curtly. "Jim, what do you think?"

"I never saw such a place in all my riding. Nothing would surprise me," replied Wall. "When will we get up high where we can see?"

"Tomorrow. Just before we reach the foothills. Wonderfulest country I ever seen, an' different. Thet's what fetched the Englishman. He's plumb crazy over the view. Wal, it's grand, shore as shootin'."

"Hank, you always had the same weakness."

"Ahuh. A man has to have weaknesses, hasn't he? Yours is whisky, hard feelin' an' greediness," returned Hays, deliberately.

That sally did not set well with Lincoln, though it effectually silenced him. There never had been any love lost between these two men, Jim conjectured.

A good camp-site left the men more leisure, except Happy Jack, who evidently liked to work as well as talk and laugh. He was capable, too. After supper Jim strolled away from camp, down to where the canyon opened upon a nothingness of space and blackness and depth. The hour hung suspended between dusk and night. He felt an overpowering sense of the immensity of this region of mountain, gorge, plain and butte, into which he was traveling.

While Jim Wall meditated there in the gathering darkness he was visited by an inexplicable reluctance to go on with this adventure. A blank, impending fate seemed to stand up, vague, indefinable, yet more bitter than a fugitive life. He could not laugh it away. It needed daylight, and clear view of this calling wilderness, to dispel unrealities. He had had presentiments before, all of which had turned out incredibly true, but this clamped his soul somehow. He seemed to catch a glimpse of that soul, in the shape of a naked man, driven to and fro across the sand and the rock, tormented by horrors that were not physical, tortured by a spirit within.

Next morning he remembered something like a distorted dream, but he could not recall details. He had smoked too much these several days, and the strong drink Hays had brought along was not conducive to quiet nerves. Jim found himself confronted by a choice of drifting on in the ways of these men or returning to the lone wolf character which had long been his. For the time being he chose the former.

Despite the abundance of water and feed thereabouts some of the horses had strayed. Lincoln came in with the last few and he was disgruntled. Hays cursed him roundly. They got a late start. Nevertheless Hays assured Jim that they would reach Star Ranch towards evening.

The trail led up a wide, shallow, gravelly canyon full of green growths. Like a black cloud the mountains loomed ahead and above. Jim was glad to ride up at last out of that interminable canyon into another zone—the slope of the foothills. At last the cedars! Was there ever a rider who did not love the cedars—sight of their rich, green foliage and purple berries, their sheathed bark hanging in strips, their dead snags, their protection from wind and cold, their dry, sweet fragrance?

But upon looking back Jim forgot the foreground. Had he ridden out of that awful gulf of colors and streaks? Hays caught up with him. "Come on, Jim. This here ain't nothin'. Wait till we get around an' up a bit. Then I'll show you somethin'."

THEY rode on side by side. The trail led into a wider one, coming around from the northeast. Jim did not miss fresh hoof tracks, and Hays was not far behind in discovering them.

"Woods full of riders," he muttered.

"How long have you been gone, Hays?" inquired Jim.

"From Star Ranch? Let's see. Must be a couple of weeks. Too long, by gosh! Herrick sent me to Grand Junction. An' on the way back I circled. Thet's how I happened to make Green River."

"Did you expect to meet Happy Jack and Lincoln there?"

"Shore. An' some more of my outfit. But I guess you'll more'n make up for the other fellers."

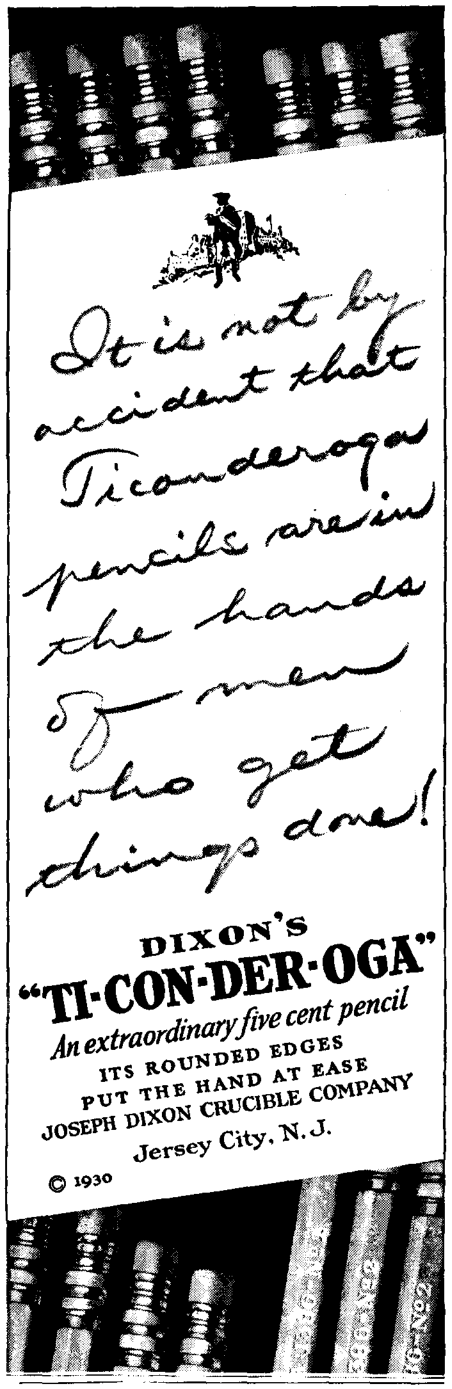
"Hope I don't disappoint you," said Jim, dryly.

"Well, you haven't so far. Only I'd feel better, Jim, if you'd come clean with who you air an' what you air."

"Hays, I didn't ask you to take me on."

"Shore, you're right. Reckon I figgered everybody knew Hank Hays. Why, there's a town down here named after me, Hankville."

(Continued on page 76)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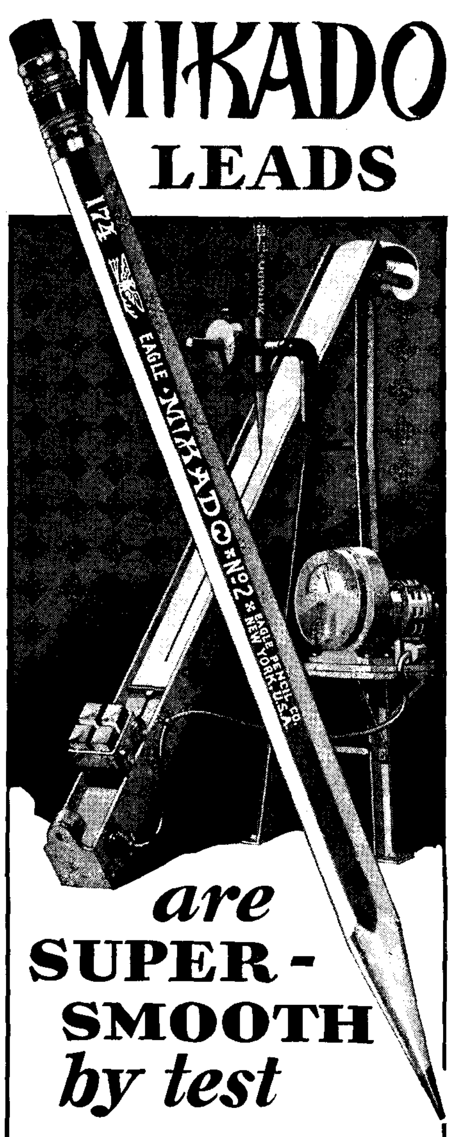

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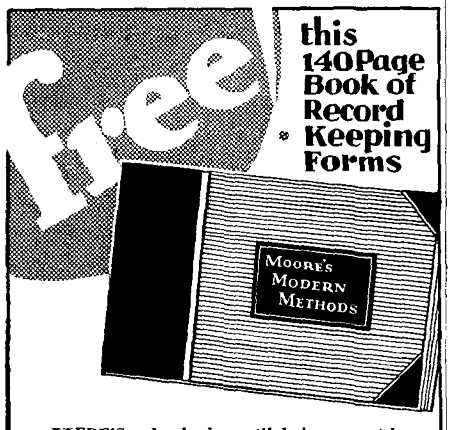

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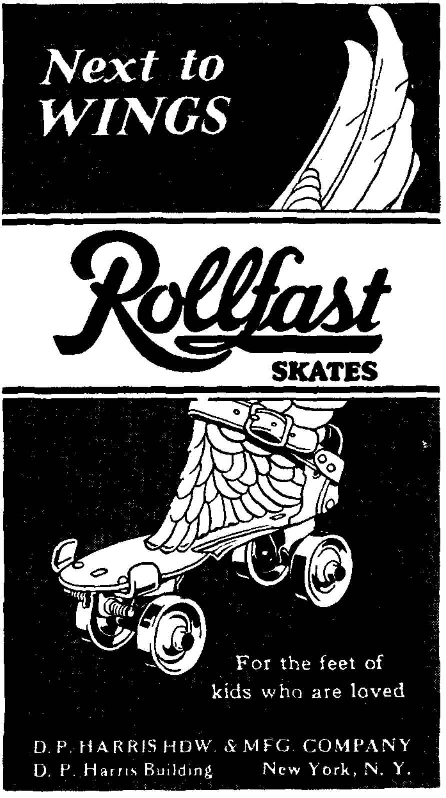
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(Continued from page 75)

"A town? No one would think it."

"Wal, it ain't much to brag on. A few cabins, the first of which I threw up with my father years ago. In his later years he was a prospector—before thet a Mormon. I never had no Mormon in me. We lived there for years. I trapped fur up here in the mountains. In fact I got to know the whole country except thet Black Dragon Canyon, an' thet hellhole of the Dirty Devil. . . . My old man was shot by rustlers."

"I gathered you'd no use for rustlers. . . . Well, then, Hays, how'd you fall into your present line of business?"

"Haw! Haw! Present line. Thet's a good one. Now, Jim, what do you reckon thet line is?"

"You seem to be versatile, Hays. But if I was to judge from our meeting with the fat Mormon at the ferry, I'd say you relieved people of surplus cash."

"Very nice put, Jim. I'd hate to be a low-down thief. . . . Jim, I was an honest man once, not so long ago. It was a woman who made me what I am today. Thet's why I'm cold on women."

"Were you ever married?" went on Jim, stirred a little by the other's crude pathos.

"Thet was the hell of it," replied Hays, and he seemed to lose desire to confide further.

JIM revolved in mind a story to tell this robber, if only to please him, and establish some kind of background.

"Well, Hank, my story isn't anything to excite pity, like yours. And sure not friendship."

"Ahuh. I had you figgered, Jim," replied Hays, wagging his head. "Shore, Jim Wall ain't your right handle. Wal, any handle will do out here. . . . Don't be afraid to tell me about yourself, now or some other time."

"Thanks, Hank. A man gets to be cautious. A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Wal, I'd rather trail with enemies than alone. I can't stand bein' alone much."

"That accounts for Lincoln. He rubs you the wrong way, Hank."

"Brad's a cross-grained cuss, but he has his good points. They don't show in times like this."

They rode into the zone of the foothills, with ever-increasing evidence of fertility. The blue, cloudy color of the still pools of water in rocky beds gave proof of melting snow. But Jim's view had been restricted for several hours, permitting only occasional glimpses up the gray-black slopes of the Henrys and none at all of the low country.

Therefore Jim was scarcely prepared to come round a corner and out into the open. Stunned by the magnificence of the scene he would have halted Bay on the spot, but he espied Hays waiting for him ahead, while the others and the pack animals disappeared round a gray rock-wall bend.

"Wal, pard, this here is Utah," said Hays, as Jim came up, and his voice held a note of pride. "Now let me set you straight. . . . You see how the foothills step down to the yellow an' gray. Wal, thet green speck down there is Hankville. It's about forty miles by trail, closer as a crow flies. An' thet striped messy pot of hash beyond is the brakes of the Dirty Devil. Reckon a diameter of seventy miles across thet circle wouldn't be far wrong. Thet's the country nobody knows. My father told me of a hole in there I'd shore like to see. Wal, where the green begins to climb to them red buttes—there you're gettin' out of hell. An' beyond lays grassy plain after grassy plain, almost to Green River."

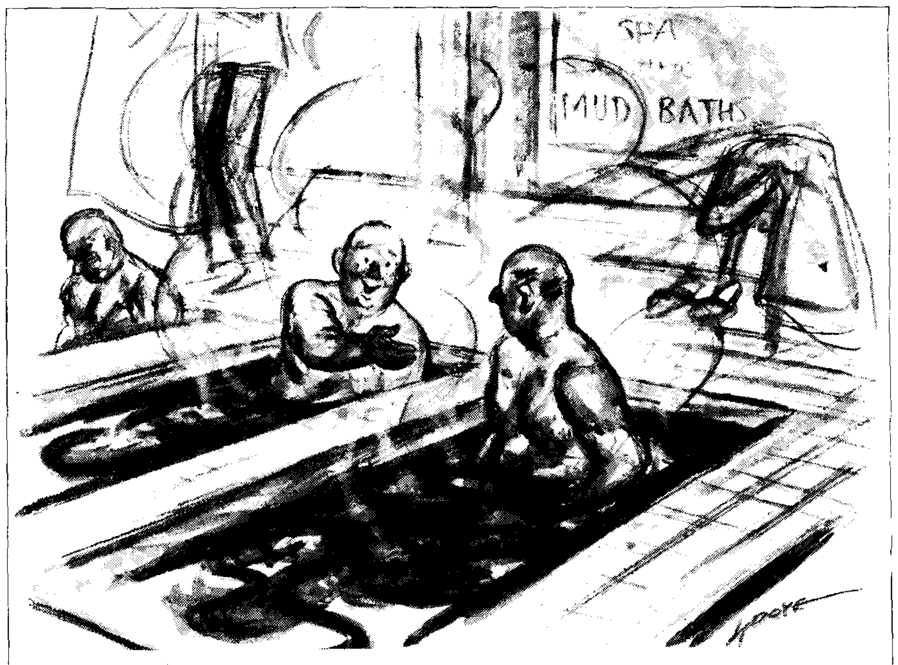
Jim's silence was eulogy enough. In fact he could not think of adequate expression.

"Now shift an' look across the canyon country," went on Hays, stretching a long arm. "There's two hundred miles of wind- an' water-worn rock. You see them windin' threads, sort of black in the gray? Wal, them's rivers. The Green runs into the Grand to make the Colorado, less'n sixty miles from where you're sittin' your hoss. An' look at the threads meetin' the Colorado. Canyons! I've looked down into Escalante, San Juan, Noki, Pinte. But thet was when I rode with my father. I couldn't take you to one of them places. We heard of great stone bridges spannin' the canyons. But only the Injuns know of them. . . . Thet round-top mountain way across there is Navajo.

"An' now, look, Jim. See thet high, sharp, black line thet makes a horizon level as a floor. Thet's Wild Hoss Mesa. It's seventy-five miles long, not countin' the slant down from the Henrys. An' only a few miles across. Canyons on each side. It reaches right out into thet canyon country, which makes our Dirty Devil here look like a Mormon ranch full of irrigation ditches. Nobody knows thet country, Jim. Think of thet. My father said only a few Mormons ever got on top of Wild Hoss Mesa. . . . What you think of it?"

"Grand. . . . That's all, Hank."

"Ahuh. I'm glad you ain't like Lincoln. We'll get somewhere together, Jim. . . .



"Come, come, old man, let's not stand upon ceremony. How are you?"

An' now, comin' nearer home, there's the Black Buttes, sometimes called Bears' Ears, an' here's Gray Bluff—thet wall thet dances toward us from the gray out there. . . . An' this mess of rocks across the valley is Red Rocks. An' so on, as you'll come to know. Round the corner here you can see Herrick's valley an' ranch. It's a bit of rich land thirty miles long an' half as wide, narrowin' like a wedge. Now let's ride on, Jim, an' have a look at it."

But Jim elected to stay behind, trying to realize what it was that caused him to stare blankly, to feel his temples throb. . . . Had he ridden half across the wild West to be made to feel like this?

Jim tried to grasp the spectacle that his eyes beheld. But a moment's sight seemed greater than a thousand years of man's comprehension. It would take time and intimacy to make this Utah his own. But on the moment he trembled, as if on the verge of something from which he could never retrace his steps. His sensations were not his to control.

ACROSS the mouth of Herrick's gray-green valley, which opened under the escarpment from which Jim gazed, extended vast level green and black lines of range, one above the other, each projecting farther out into that blue abyss, until Wild Horse Mesa, sublime and isolated in its noonday austerity, formed the last horizon. Its reach seemed incredible, unreal—its call one of exceeding allurement. Where did it point? What lay on the other side? How could its height be attained?

Nearer and to the left there showed a colossal space of rock cleavage, walls and cliffs, vague and dim as the blank walls of dreams, until still closer, they began to take on reality of color, and substance of curve and point.

All that lay beyond the brakes of the Dirty Devil.

Here was a dropping away of the green-covered mountain foothills and slopes to the ragged, wild rock and clay world, beginning with scarfs of gray wash and rims of gorge and gateways of blue canyons, and augmenting to a region that showed Nature at her most awful, grim and ghastly, tortuous in line, rending in curve, twisting in upheaval, a naked spiderweb of the earth, cut and washed into innumerable ridges of monotonous colors, gray, drab, brown, mauve, and intricate passageways of darker colors, mostly purple, mysterious and repelling. Down in there dwelt death for plant, animal and man. For miles not one green speck! And then far across that havoc of the elements which led on to a boundless region of color—white jagged rents through miles of hummocky ground, and streaked by washes of gray and red and yellow, on to vast green levels, meadow-like at such a distance, which stretched away to the obstructing zigzag wall of stone, the meandering White Bluffs along the base of which Jim had ridden for many days.

"Down in there somewhere this Hank Hays will find his robbers' roost," soliloquized Jim, and turned his horse again into the trail.

Before late afternoon of that day Jim Wall had seen as many cattle dotting a verdant, grassy, watered valley as ever he had viewed in the great herds driven up from Texas to Abilene and Dodge, or on the Wind River Range of Wyoming. A rough estimate exceeded ten thousand head. He had taken Hays with a grain of salt. But here was an incomparable range and here were the cattle. No doubt, beyond the timbered bluff across the valley lay another depression like this one, and perhaps there were many extending like spokes of a wheel down from the great hub of the Henry Mountains. But where was the market for this unparalleled range?

Herrick had selected as a site for his home what was undoubtedly the most picturesque point in the valley, if not one that had the most utility for the conducting of a ranch business. Ten miles down from the head of the valley a pine-wooded bench, almost reaching the dignity of a promontory, projected from the great slope of the mountain. Here where the pines straggled down stood the long, low cabin of peeled logs, yellow in the sunlight. Below, on the flat, extended the numerous barns, sheds, corrals. A stream poured off the mountain, white in exposed places, and ran along under the bench and out to join the main brook of the valley.

Somewhat apart from both the corrals and outbuildings on the flat stood a new log cabin, hurriedly built, with chinks still unfilled. The roof extended out on three sides over wide porches, where Wall observed three or four beds, a number of saddles and other riders' paraphernalia. The rear of the cabin backed against the rocks. Jim understood that Hays had thrown up this abode, rather than dwell too close to the other employees of Herrick. From the front porch one could drop a stone into the brook, or fish for trout. The pines trooped down to the edge of the brook.

Naturally no single place in all that valley could have been utterly devoid of the charm and beauty nature had lavished there, but this situation was ideal for riders. Hays even had a private corral. As Jim rode up to this habitation his quick eye caught sight of curious, still-eyed men on the porch. Also he observed that there was a store of cut wood stowed away under the porch.

"Wal, here we air," announced Hays. "An' if you don't like it you're shore hard to please. Finest of water, beef, lamb, venison, bear meat. Butter for our biscuits. An' milk! An' best of all—not very much work. Haw! Haw!"

"Where do we bunk?" asked Jim, presently.

"On the porch. I took to the attic myself."

"If you don't mind I'll keep my pack inside, but sleep out under the pines," responded Wall.

When at length Jim carried his effects up on the porch Hays spoke up: "Jim, here's the rest of my outfit. . . . Fellers, scrape acquaintance with Jim Wall, late of Wyoming."

That was all the introduction Hays volunteered. Jim replied: "Howdy," and left a return of their hard scrutiny until some other time.

HAYS went at once into low-voiced conference with these four men. Happy Jack hauled up the supplies. Brad Lincoln occupied himself with his pack. Jim brought his own outfit to a far corner of the porch. Then he strolled among the pines seeking a satisfactory nook to unroll his bed.

Jim, from long habit, generated by a decided need of vigilance, preferred to sleep in coverts like a rabbit, or any other animal that required protection.

At length he found a niche between two rocks, one of which was shelving, where pine needles furnished a soft mat underneath and the murmur of the brook just faintly reached him. Jim would not throw his bed where the noise of rushing water, or anything else, might preclude the service of his keen ears. There was no step on his trail now, but he instinctively distrusted Lincoln, and would undoubtedly distrust one or more of these other men.

Hays exemplified the fact of honor among thieves. Jim had come to that conviction. This robber might turn out big in some ways. But could even *he* be trusted? Jim resolved to take no chances.

(*To be continued next week*)

When You Go To Bed

Can You Go To Sleep?

Now there's a way without drugs

—that not only brings instant sleep;

but builds *new energy while you sleep!*

WHEN you go to bed do you have trouble going to sleep? Do you wake up in the morning feeling dragged out—nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate—your vitality drained by afternoon?

This, authorities say, keeps thousands of people below par. Never capable of their best.

Now modern medical science has found a natural way to combat this. A way without drugs. A way that usually brings instant, restful sleep and creates new vitality in mind and body while you sleep!

Morning finds you a new man—fresh, cleareyed, buoyant. You have the vitality to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

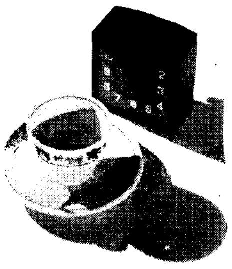
A remarkable Swiss food-drink does this for you, as it has for thousands already. A simple food-concentrate that you mix with milk. A super-delicious drink that's making a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people.

What It Is

This scientific food-concentrate is called Ovaltine. You simply take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; it brings you both sleep and vitality in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the vitality lost during the busy day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to vital energy. And thus you not only enjoy sleep as soon as you go to bed; you get the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*



You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

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Faster, Please!

A SO-CALLED town about a hundred miles south of San Francisco displays a road sign which reads somewhat as follows: "Speed Limit 90 Miles an Hour—Small cars do your best."

The road is wide and straight, intersections and houses are few and the ironical advice seems to be generally followed. The average motorist passing that way does go at forty miles an hour, or faster.

Motor cars are now designed for speeds in excess of the rates permitted by the law in most states. Where the traffic law does not fit driving conditions, it is ignored, and properly ignored.

Many cities and villages post signs announcing twenty or twenty-five miles maximum legal speed while policemen passively watch streams of cars moving at rates considerably in excess of what the law allows.

Everybody who uses a motor car or who has anything to do with traffic recognizes that within temperate limits illegally fast driving is not an offense. Speeders are arrested chiefly when they actually drive dangerously or when some policeman or community is in an ugly mood. In other days when the traffic officer and the minor courts profited directly from the fines imposed upon motorists, arrests were more numerous, more arbitrary and more corrupt. Once the temptation to extortion is removed, common sense seems to rule the enforcement of the law.

The impracticable traffic statutes and ordinances are nullified by common consent but too often they are not repealed. So long as they remain they are a source of injustice and sometimes of political corruption, and encourage disrespect for law.

Great Britain, which once was distinguished by the most foolish of all traffic laws, has lately taken a great step forward. Beginning November 1st, speed limits for private motor cars will be abolished but at the same time the license to drive will be more strictly regulated and all motor-car owners will be compelled to insure themselves against injuries to others.

This is reasonable. Safety isn't written on the dial of a speedometer. What is fast for one car or one driver is slow for another. Equipment varies and people vary. What the government has the right and the duty to demand is that motorists operate considerately and with due regard to the rights of others.

Motor manufacturers have produced cars capable of high speeds and quick stops on good roads. States and local authorities have built and are building magnificent roads designed for fast transportation. Yet many states retain upon the statute books laws which forbid the reasonable use of sound cars on safe roads.

Tennessee, for example, set twenty miles an hour as the maximum legal speed. Municipalities in that state may set twelve miles an hour as the maximum allowed. Missouri fixed twenty-five miles an hour as the fastest legally allowed. South Dakota prescribes the same limit. New York holds to thirty miles an hour.

New Jersey, among the more progressive states in these matters, has a limit of forty miles an hour. This limit is tacitly ignored in New Jersey as everywhere else. In fact, the effort of highway authorities is to keep traffic moving in a rapidly flowing stream and not to slow it down.

In that state Motor Vehicle Commissioner Harold G. Hoffman is conducting a campaign against the slow driver, the "road hog," who persists in keeping to the center of a wide road and blocks other motorists who wish to pass. In New York, Rhode Island and other states slow driving of this character is prosecuted. Actually it is much more dangerous than competent driving at rates exceeding what the law allows. The slow driver should of course keep to the right side of the road.

Curiously enough, although impracticable speed limits are set up in many states, relatively few license drivers or make any serious effort to keep the reckless or the unfit off the road.

Many states, among them Ohio, do not license drivers of private cars. Others, among them Kansas, permit fourteen-year-old boys and girls to drive.

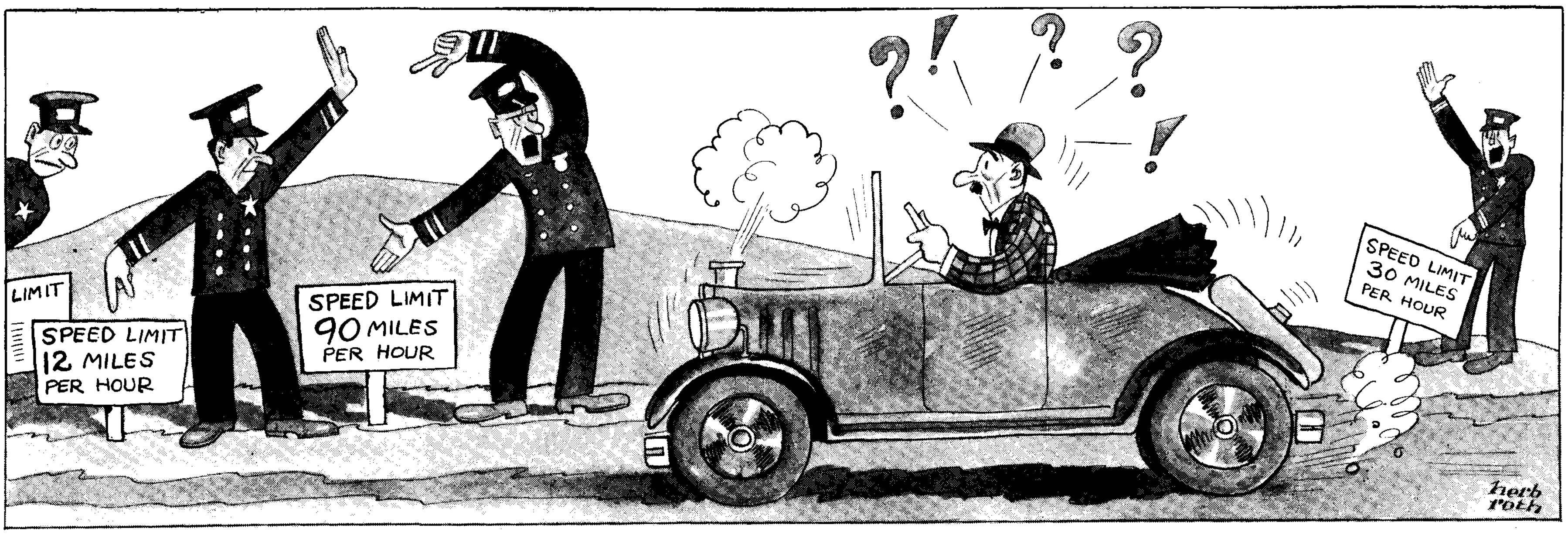
A few states, however, Connecticut conspicuously, have modernized their traffic code. In general, intelligent regulation in this country and in Great Britain follows the same principles.

Speed limits are wiped out but drivers are required to operate cars considerately with regard to the rights of others.

Licenses are issued after the applicant proves his fitness. Driving under the influence of alcohol is cause for the cancellation of the license. Insurance must be provided against injury to others.

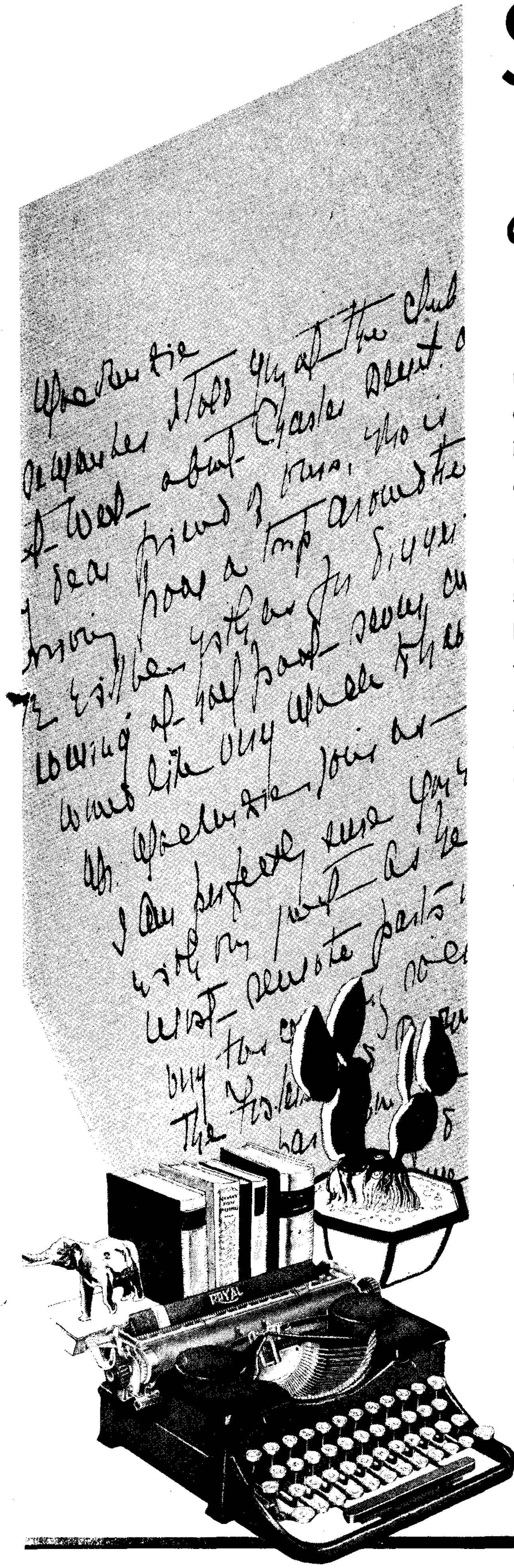
Behind this legislation is a highly thoughtful effort to make possible the full use of the modern motor car and at the same time to assure safety.

The more rapidly our state legislatures rewrite our traffic laws to conform to actual conditions, the sooner driving will be made safe and the law respectable.


?!??
!
LIMIT
SPEED LIMIT 12 MILES PER HOUR
SPEED LIMIT 90 MILES PER HOUR
SPEED LIMIT 30 MILES PER HOUR
herb roth

Such handwriting!

Someone should tell her about "VOGUE" Type



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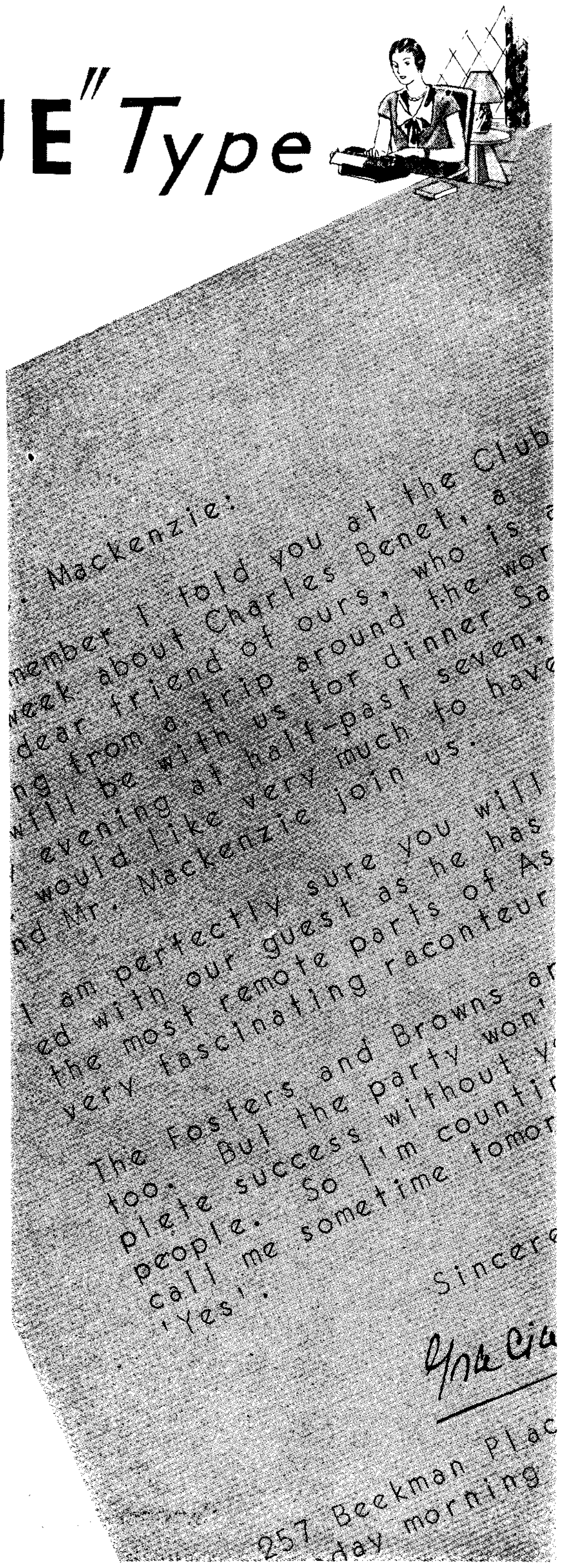

. Mackenzie:

member I told you at the Club
week about Charles Benet, a
dear friend of ours, who is
ng from a trip around the wor
will be with us for dinner Sa
evening at half-past seven,
would like very much to have
nd Mr. Mackenzie join us.

I am perfectly sure you will
ed with our guest as he has
the most remote parts of As
very fascinating raconteur

The Fosters and Browns ar
too. But the party won'
plete success without y
people. So I'm countin
call me sometime tomor
'Yes'.

Sincere

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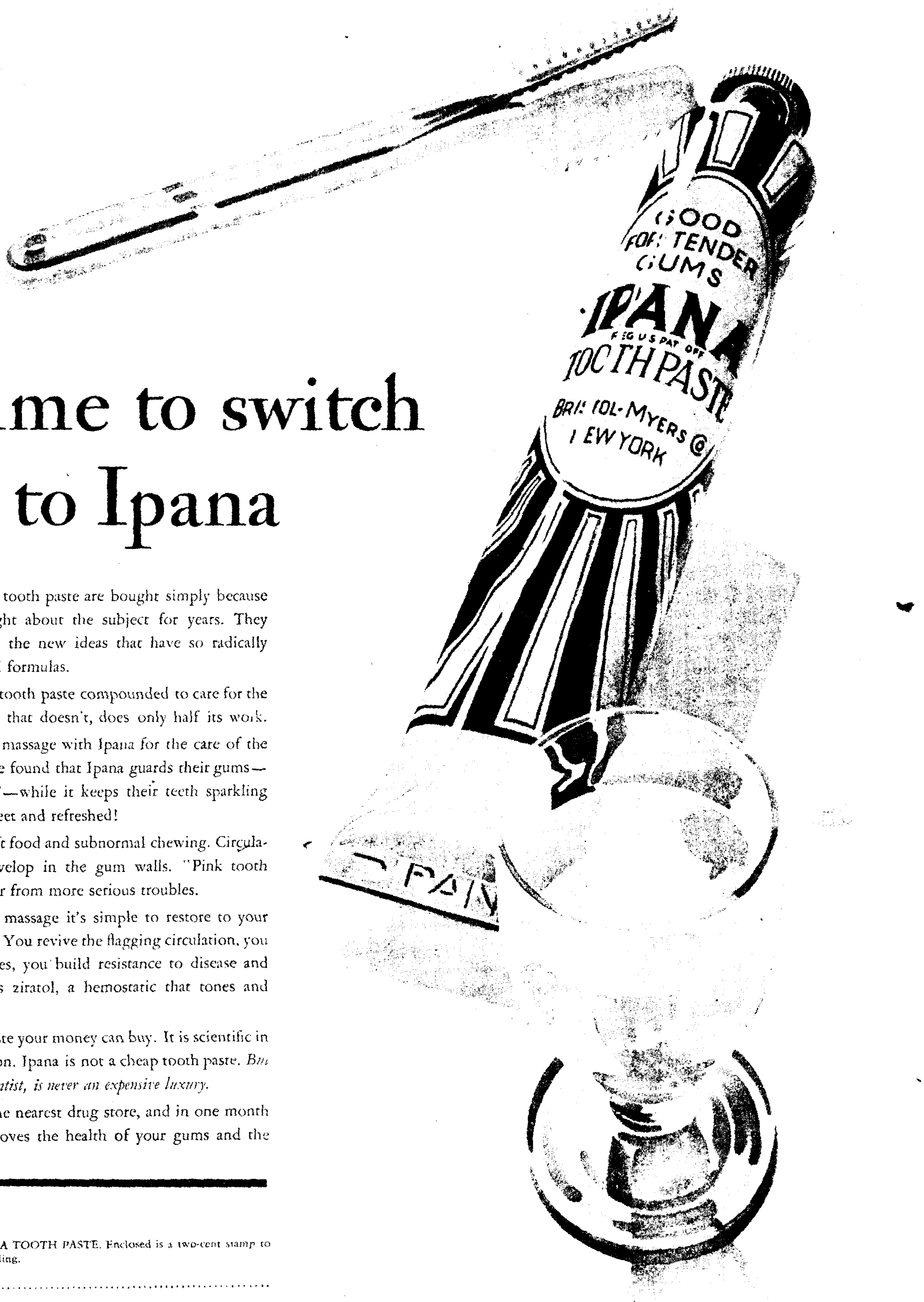
day morning

Royal Portable

TYPEWRITERS

Tender gums . . . "pink tooth brush"?



High time to switch to Ipana

THOUSANDS of tubes of tooth paste are bought simply because their users haven't thought about the subject for years. They overlook the sound progress, the new ideas that have so radically changed old methods and old formulas.

Before Ipana came along a tooth paste compounded to care for the gums was a rarity. Today, one that doesn't, does only half its work.

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